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In This Issue

ETHEL M. DELL
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
GENE STRATTON-PORTER
RUBY M. AYRES
LEROY SCOTT
VINGIE ROE
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

THIS IS THE FAMOUS FILM
STAR V. McMEIN DECLARES, IS
THE MOST BEAUTY AMONG THE
DOZEN WOMEN SHE HAS
SELECTED BEING THE TWELVE
LOVELIEST IN THE COUNTRY. MISS
McMEIN IS DRAWING THESE BEAUTIES
FOR McCALL'S AND HERewith IS
PRESENTED HER DAZZLING PORTRAIT
OF THE POPULAR MISS JOYCE.

KEEPING HOUSE IN THE TIME OF KING TUT-ANKH-AMEN *In This Number*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



She thought of the floor also

A BEDROOM should be lovingly furnished. The niceties of decoration should be observed, the harmonies of color considered, and no detail overlooked.

The floor of a tasteful room is not a detail. The floor is important. Here the decoration selected is an attractive carpet design of Armstrong's Linoleum, and see how it completes the room!

At once you note how the color in the floor relates to the rugs and walls and offers the curtains and fittings their chance for effective contrast.

The linoleum floor gives more than decoration to a room. It gives relief to the housekeeper, for linoleum is the easiest of all floors to clean and care for. It is economical because it never needs expensive refinishing, and it gives comfort because linoleum is cool in summer and warm in winter.

Armstrong's Linoleum is not a floor covering to be tacked down.

It is a real floor. Modern linoleum is a material of substance and body—made of oxidized linseed oil and powdered cork pressed on strong burlap. It does not tear easily. Armstrong's Linoleum is easily identified by the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

Good furniture and department stores can show you Armstrong's Linoleum in beautiful Jaspés or two-tone effects, parquetry inlaid, carpet inlaid, marble tile inlaid, and attractive printed designs; also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

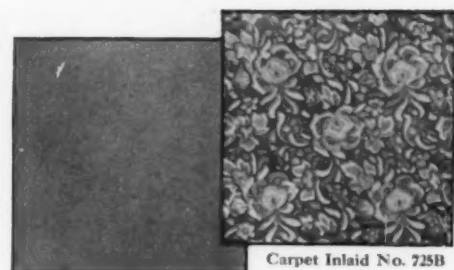
Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in your scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

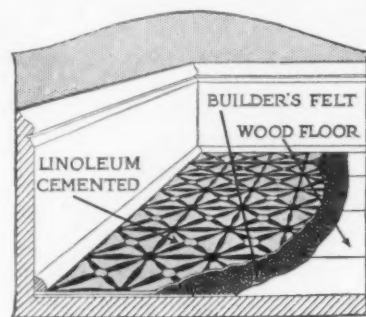
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color-plates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

811 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



If you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated here to the one shown in the picture (No. 8324), order by number from any good linoleum merchant.



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

Celebrating the Nation's Birthday On McCall Street

ALL UP and down McCall Street now the flags of the Fourth are flying as we keep the memory of the founders of our nation. For their courage, their resolve, their readiness to sacrifice their all in freedom's cause, we pay them every honor; but let us not forget that behind the Signers, behind the minute men of Concord and Lexington, behind the unflinching patriots of Valley Forge, stood always, staunch and steadfast, the mothers and the homes of the nation.

The greatness of Washington, of Ethan Allen, of Paul Revere, was not learned and developed in schools nor in community welfare groups. It

was a heritage from the homes which gave them birth. *The home is the great training ground of the race.* Here it is that we receive the most precious part of our education—our training in the *fine art of living.* Books, colleges and lecture courses—all the educational activities fostered by progressive communities—are good, but there is an education *beyond these* without which the others are meaningless. *This is the education of the heart.*

It is the home only which can give us this. No school or institution however scientifically equipped, can take its place. A census of our prisons has revealed the startling fact that no less than seventy-five per cent. of the inmates were brought up in institutions—that is, without the benefits of a normal home during childhood's years. It would seem that our sanity, our safety, our stability as a nation depend therefore on the homes of America. In the hands of the mothers and homemakers, then, lies the fate of our future.

The home is essentially individualistic. It can never be stabilized like our schools, nor made obedient to an inflexible system of management. Such a process would rob it of its birthright. Every real home has its unique personality as marked as any in the group that gathers around its hearth. And in this individuality lies not only its charm, but the secret of its power.

The home of today is very different from the homes of Colonial America. Scientific inventions have proved good fairies in lessening the actual labor of the household; the telephone and parcel post shorten distances between farm or ranch house and the town. But the essential quality of the home remains whether it stands among green corn fields, or elbows its neighbors on the city street; whether it is a cabin in the north woods, a skylight apartment, or a "real" house.

To the American Home—as frankly individual as the types which make our people—McCall's is dedicated, and to its strengthening, broadening and developing we pledge all our facilities and faculties on this, our Nation's birthday.



Contents

WHAT CAN I DO FOR MY COUNTRY? . . .	Page 2
By Gene Stratton-Porter A Fourth-of-July editorial.	
THE STORY OF AUNTIE FLO. (Short Story) . . .	Page 5
By Ruby M. Ayres The love story of a Plain Princess. Was her life a triumph or a failure?	
THE MISSING WIFE. (Short Story) . . .	Page 6
By Leroy Scott In which the lovely Mary Regan again plays a rôle of mystery.	
WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO LIVE IN KING TUT-ANKH-AMEN'S TIME . . .	Page 8
By Robert Forrest Wilson	

ERIS	Page 10
By Robert W. Chambers The year's greatest novel of the year's most lovable heroine.	
THE USE FOR A MAN. (Short Story) . . .	Page 12
By Owen Oliver A man takes the last desperate means to save the woman he loves—does he succeed?	
TETHERSTONES	Page 14
By Ethel M. Dell The second instalment of this great novel brings a rescue and a mystery.	
NAMELESS RIVER	Page 18
By Vingie E. Roe Conclusion.	

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE	Page 20
By Hendrik Willem van Loon The tragic story of the very strong man, Samson.	
A WHITE HOUSE WITH GREEN SHUTTERS	Page 34
Designed by Aymar Embury II	
NERVOUS JOHNNIE VISITS THE DOCTOR	Page 74
By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.	
THE HEART PROBLEMS OF WOMEN	Page 76
By Winona Wilcox	

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Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, August 3, 1892, at Columbus, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; Decatur, Ala.; and Galveston, Texas. Post Office, April 10, 1922. Copyright, 1923, by The McCall Company. All rights reserved. Published monthly by THE McCALL COMPANY, McCall Building, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York, U. S. A.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

July, 1923

Volume L, Number 10

\$1.00 PER YEAR
Canadian postage, 50c; foreign postage, 60c extra

Main Office: 232-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Baylton St., Boston, Mass.; 85 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.
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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



Regardless of everything to give the ultimate proof of what their country means to them

What Can I Do for My Country?

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American Author of "Freckles,"
"The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

WHAT any man or woman can do for his country depends largely upon that man or woman. Some of us can do precious little; some-

where among us there is the man or woman who can take the helm and steer a safe course when the ship of state is headed straight toward the rocks. But I think it is a truth that there is no man or woman living who cannot do just a little bit more for their country than they realize if they really would

go about it in the spirit of loving their country above themselves. When time of stress comes, when invasion is upon us, we suddenly realize the full extent to which we love our country; we realize it when that thing called "patriotism" sweeps over us in a wave, and men lay down their struggle for gold, leave their wives and children, their parents, their brothers and sisters and sweethearts, their homes, leave the life they love whether they have previously known whether they love it or not—and despite misgivings and fear and certain physical suffering, certain mental suffering, probable mutilation of the most horrible kind, probable death, they fall in step and march straight

ahead regardless of anything and everything, in order to give the ultimate proof of what their country means to them. Some way, stepping to the rattle of drums, answering the call of a bugle, marching with eyes fixed on the flag, appalling as it may seem, when a final analysis of its import is indulged in, comes easier to most men than the daily grind of little things. Under the spur of impulse and excitement the blood leaps high, and men throw themselves into the vortex of battle with seemingly only one thought.

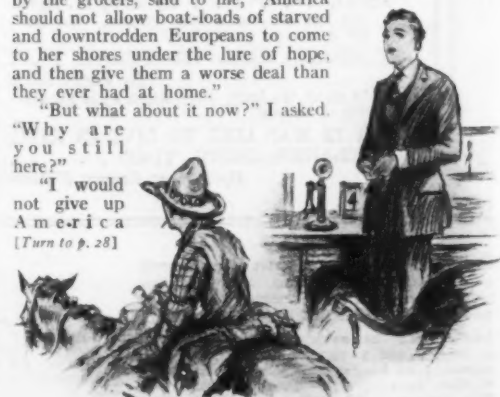
But when there is no band playing, no bugle calling, no flag waving, when life is a steady, dull grind of getting up in the morning, dragging through the work of the day, earning enough to pay for the food and the clothing and the roof for a clamoring nest of youngsters, it is not so easy to do things for your country. As a matter of fact, in such circumstances a good many men forget just why they have a country, and what it stands for. They are apt to think somebody's else country is better than theirs.

Recently a woman of foreign birth who was lured to this country by wonderful stories of its riches and op-

portunities and then spent three months walking the streets of New York living on crumbs of stale bread thrown away by the grocers, said to me, "America should not allow boat-loads of starved and downtrodden Europeans to come to her shores under the lure of hope, and then give them a worse deal than they ever had at home."

"But what about it now?" I asked. "Why are you still here?"

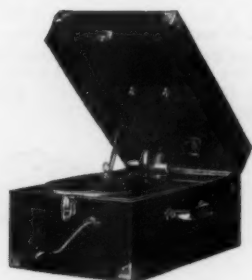
"I would not give up America [Turn to p. 28]"



Despite misgivings and fear they fall in step



Victrola VI
\$35
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 50
\$50
Mahogany or oak



Victrola IX
\$75
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 220
\$200
Victrola No. 220, electric, \$240
Mahogany or walnut



Victrola No. 240
\$115
Mahogany or walnut



Victrola No. 100
\$150
Mahogany or walnut

Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola!

There are no better judges of performance than those who themselves perform. Practically without exception, all those who represent most in the world of musical art choose the Victrola as the one best instrument to perpetuate their achievements. The purchase of a Victrola therefore carries with it assurances of satisfaction which can be obtained in no other music-reproducing instrument.

Hear these Victor Records by the world's greatest artists:

For You Alone	Caruso	87070	\$1.25
Song of the Volga Boatmen	Chaliapin	88663	1.75
Ol' Car'lina	Galli-Curci	66014	1.25
My Laddie	Gluck	64183	1.25
Caprice Viennois Violin	Kreisler	74197	1.75
Mother Machree	McCormack	64181	1.25
Good-Bye	Melba	88065	1.75
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10 Piano	Paderewski	74788	1.75
Spinning Song Piano	Rachmaninoff	64921	1.25
Danny Boy	Schumann-Heink	88592	1.75

Go to the nearest dealer in Victor products and ask him to play these records for you. They are representative of the great Victor Catalog. You will be thrilled by their music and realize as you never have before your need of such music as the Victrola and Victor Records used together can produce.



Victrola

Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



"I'm terribly sorry to have kept you waiting, Jane," Mrs. Jollyco is saying, "but Elektra is ill and I've been washing the luncheon dishes."

"I've just been through the same experience for a week," replies Mrs. Latham. "And just look at my hands! Did you ever see anything so red and rough?"

"Why, Jane, dear, how awful! I never have to worry about my hands—see how smooth they are! Of course, we always use Ivory Soap for dishes. It seems to prevent any of that roughness or redness."

"Well, of all things! I never thought of that!"

To assure protection to all things that need summer cleaning

Women who take good care of their sensitive skin know that Ivory Soap is a faithful protector against the glare of summer suns.

The purity that makes Ivory thus beneficent for tender skin also renders it kind to delicate garments and to all those hangings and household furnishings which so readily collect the dust that swirls through summer's open windows.

A special large size for protection and economy

For the washing of all such things—silks, sheer cotton voiles and dimities, delicate-hued blouses and skirts, summer chintzes, table-linens and bed-spreads—a special laundry size of Ivory is made.

This fine, big cake of Ivory is exactly the same soap as the Ivory you use on your face—pure, mild, gentle, white.

Indeed, it is as fine a soap as skill can make and money can buy,

yet it is economical enough for general household use!

Harsh soap is destructive to fine fabrics and tender hands

Harsh soap is destructive to linens and cretonnes and silks. Harsh soap shrinks and mats delicate woolen fabrics. Harsh soap soon ruins varnished surfaces and linoleums. And when you use harsh soap for washing dishes, you know only too well what happens to the tender skin of your hands.

So it is only natural that, in seeking a means of protection both for these precious possessions and for your hands, you should turn with confidence, like so many millions of other women, to Ivory Soap.

May we suggest, therefore, that when you buy the smaller size of Ivory for your toilet and bath, you also buy, for both protection and economy in your general cleaning, several cakes of the large size, also?

We have published a booklet called "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap." We shall be glad to send you a copy free. A post card will bring it.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



"Mr. Jollyco, excuse me, sir, but I understand you have specified Ivory Soap for washing the office linoleums. Don't you think that's pretty expensive?"

"I've done that, Jimson, because the linoleum manufacturers wrote me last week that strong soaps rot the fibre base and soon ruin the linoleum itself. They have tested every soap on the market and found that Ivory is one of the very few soaps they are willing to recommend. So I guess we'll save money in the end."

"Well, that's certainly news to me, sir. I supposed any soap was good enough for linoleums."

No, Mr. Jollyco is right. Linoleums are very sensitive to soap. Ivory is the only generally known soap that appears on the approved list. We'll be glad to show you the evidence.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE IT FLOATS





He was wonderful enough, anyway, to make her tremble with joy when, at last, he claimed the supper dance for his own

The Story of Auntie Flo

By Ruby M. Ayres

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart



UNTIE FLO'S doom, matrimonially, was sealed on her eighteenth birthday when her grandmother, looking across the room at her flushed, eager face, said: "Poor Florence! What a pity she's so plain! I'm afraid that with such a pretty sister she will never get married."

Fortunately Florence did not hear. Her thoughts were too far away in a future which, to eighteen, appeared rosy and glowing enough. It was especially so at that moment since, at her birthday dance that night young George Wheeler was to be present, and he had already asked, bashfully, the honor of the supper dance. It was for this that Florence's color was high and her heart beat fast, and she ignored the remark of her grandmother.

For in the days when Auntie Flo "came out," a birthday party was a ceremonious and important function, an affair indeed that was talked about for weeks beforehand and weeks afterward.

The house had been in a turmoil of preparation for two days, but now at last everything was ready, and Florence's mother sat down with a sigh—to "a hard-earned rest," as she expressed it—before putting on her best silk frock and preparing to receive the guests. The schoolroom had been cleared and the floor polished, the fireplace was filled with

evergreens and holly, and long paper streamers hung from the gas-brackets, crossing and intercrossing one another in the center of the room. The piano had been pushed into a corner and a pianist engaged, who would play the lancers and quadrilles till his hands were numb and his muscles ached, winding up the evening with "Sir Roger de Coverly." And down in the dining-room long tables were set, laid out with piles of sandwiches, with pink blanc manges and little silver dishes of chocolates and favors for the guests; and on the sideboard stood large glass jugs of home-made lemonade and weak claret, and rows and rows of coffee cups. For all these things were considered the correct refreshments for a youthful party in the days when Auntie Flo was a girl.

And in the bedroom on the right at the top of the stairs, a very new, starched, muslin frock with an apple-green underslip, was laid out on the bed, and beside it white

shoes and stockings and a wreath of tiny pink rosebuds to bind her hair. Somewhere in a family album, hidden from sight at the back of a cupboard now, there is still a photograph of Auntie Flo taken in that frock, standing stiffly beside a rickety table with an artificial palm on it, a scared expression on her face. For having one's photograph taken was a serious business in those days, and one which proved thoroughly exhausting to the victim.

Only the other day Auntie Flo's eldest niece, Margery grown up now and with a baby of her own, came across the album and looked at the photograph with tender eyes. "That was Auntie Flo," she said to her tall husband.

AND he laughed and said: "What a rum little cuss!" "She was a darling, a perfect darling!" Margery answered with tremulous lips. And her father, standing at the window looking into the garden where the autumn leaves were blowing about, frowned heavily—a habit he had when he was seriously disturbed about anything—and his thoughts went back fifty years to the night of Auntie Flo's eighteenth birthday; because, you see, he was the George Wheeler with whom Auntie Flo had danced the supper dance in her starched muslin frock.

[Turn to page 25]

The Missing Wife

Another Mary Regan Story

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

MARY REGAN, in her last appearance in one of the short stories which Leroy Scott is writing about her mysterious escapades, had been involved in a blackmail plot. Clifford, who had given up the chance of a brilliant legal career to indulge his interest in the detection of crime, had just saved the pretty victim of the plot—and found himself involved in a peculiar situation of his own. For apparently Mary Regan, that charming daughter of a "gentleman crook" whom he had married in the hope of reforming her—Mary Regan, who had almost broken his heart by disappearing immediately after the ceremony—was working hand in glove with the unscrupulous Bradley, who, Clifford shrewdly guesses, is using his agency as a blind for his criminal activities. What, then, is Clifford to think of the woman to whom he has been secretly married, whom he still loves—even while he believes that she has reverted to the teachings of her underworld childhood?

Each of these stories is complete in itself, but all of them are woven around the fascinating figure of the lovely Mary and all take up her further adventures with Clifford in New York's underworld.

"Thanks for warning me. Detective Clifford arrests wife—quite an ugly story for the papers!"

"I also want to tell you," he drove at her, "that I know you are working with Bradley. Bradley, the ablest and most ruthless crook in New York!"

"There's certainly no doubting his ability, since you haven't caught him after all your chances!"

"But I'll get him yet!" Clifford exclaimed. Then his bitterness became still more accusing; the thing plainly hurt him terrifically. "To think that you would choose to line up with Bradley, after what I've tried to do for you and with you, when you know that his real business is blackmailing on a vast scale,

since she might not be home until very late. I was tired and slept through the night. This morning Marjorie had not returned. I thought she had remained with her mother. But when I called up her mother this morning to ask about things, I was told she had not been there for days."

"And the telephone call from her mother?"

"There had been no call."

"What has your father done about the matter?"

"As soon as I phoned him what had happened, he put Mr. Bradley on the case." Clifford was not greatly surprised by his answer. Bradley again!

"Pardon me. Since Mr. Bradley is already engaged, just why should you come to me?"

"I received a very urgent message advising me to put my end of the affair in your hands."

"From whom was this message?"

"I don't know. It was typewritten—without signature—delivered by messenger. But it was most urgent."

"Strange," thought Clifford: a mystery in itself. Only a few weeks before that Mrs. Fownes, who had previously engaged Bradley, had also been sent to him by anonymous message.

"Dick," she mumbled thickly. "Dick" — and with her husband's name on her lips, she was again instantly in her stupefied sleep

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



HERE had been days of bitter debate with himself, before Clifford had decided to have the matter out with Mary Regan. Now that he was at last in Mary's sitting-room at the Grantham, he gazed accusingly at her composed face; the proud face he had once loved so well. He held himself firmly to his resolution.

"There is but one conclusion to be reached from your actions," he declared in a voice which he tried to keep coldly judicial.

"And that conclusion?" she asked.

"You have simply reverted to type," he said, gazing straight into her black eyes, eyes that gave back a straight gaze into his own. "Your father was a confidence man, regarded as brilliant by his kind; so was your uncle Joe Russell. And you were brought up under the influence of their cynical philosophy of life; their philosophy naturally became yours. It was only logical that you should have developed an ambition to become the cleverest woman criminal of your day. But I thought I got hold of you in time to stop you; I thought you had definitely turned in the other direction. But I was mistaken, I see."

"Is it to tell me this that you asked to see me?" she inquired in the same cold, self-possessed voice.

"That's part of my reason, yes. I wanted you to know that I had you figured out," he responded grimly. "But there's more to my reason. I had promised you to keep the secret of our marriage. I am here to tell you that I will keep that secret only so long as you play a straight game. If you don't play straight and I catch you, I'll arrest you. Then everything will come out."

hidden behind the front of his detective agency! And you, knowingly, consent to act as the chief woman tool of such a man! Well, I'll get him—and when I get him, I can hardly help getting you!"

"If that is all you came here to tell me"—But the ringing of her telephone interrupted her. She took up the receiver, listened a moment, then handed it to Clifford.

"It's your office, calling you."

"I left word where I could be reached," he explained, as he accepted the receiver. He listened for a space, then said: "If he insists on seeing me, tell him to wait. I'll be right over."

He hung up and turned again to Mary.

"Yes, that is all," he said grimly, summing up his points. "I wanted you to know that I finally realize that you are a case of reversion to type, and that I shall arrest you if I catch you, even if you are my wife. Good-by."

"Good-by," she returned with unbroken composure.

CLIFFORD had never before that afternoon seen the anguished young man awaiting him in his office. But he knew much about him; for who in New York City—or the whole country, for that matter—did not remember the sensational marriage of Richard Hendron—and its consequences?

"Mr. Clifford," young Hendron began—he could hardly have been more than twenty-six—"I want you to find my wife! She's missing, and there's no trace of her! She went last night to visit her mother, who is sick. The nurse telephoned that her mother wanted to talk to her about a private matter. Marjorie told me not to wait up for her,

chance to study. Clifford decided that young Hendron was clean, straight, self-reliant; that despite his difference with his father, he was proud of the old Hendron name; that he had a puritanical sense of morality, which a jealous nature which might be devastating. Fine, yes—but a most dangerous combination of qualities.

The story Richard Hendron told was in itself one of those commonplace romances that are ever being spread upon the first pages of our newspapers. He had fallen in love with Marjorie Phillips when she had had her first, small part in a Broadway play. The proud father had been furious over the affair, had done his best to break it off; and on their marriage had severed all relations with the two, and had cut off every penny of his son's large allowance. Young Hendron, who had been studying to be an architect, had gone to work as a draughtsman.

"A few questions," said Clifford, when the story had been completed. "You and Mrs. Hendron have lived the year since your marriage on your thirty-five-dollar-a-week salary."

"Yes."

"And you've been happy?"

"Perfectly."

"Suppose you tell me all your story," said Clifford, "including the details about meeting your wife, and the trouble with your father."

Clifford was not primarily interested in this recital. He knew the story—or most of it; he was more interested in the character of the young husband, which the telling of the story would give him a



At last her blinking eyes fixed upon Gerald Lawson. "What's all this mean, Gerald? Who are all these men and how do they come here?"

"She has had no regret over being a poor man's wife? I believe she was making much more on the stage before her marriage than you are now."

"She never spoke one word of regret—though I've felt it for her. She was always saying she was sure I'd win out on my own."

"So . . . You spoke of your father trying to block this marriage. I suppose that was because of his family pride?"

"Yes. And then I guessed he loved me in his way—a fierce way. He wanted me to marry into one of the families of our own social and financial level: the old thing."

"What methods did he use to try to block your marriage to Miss Phillips?"

"He tried to dig up some scandal about her. He put this in the hands of Mr. Bradley. But nothing was found—nothing at least that matters to me."

"What did your father do next?"

"He saw Miss Phillips and put the matter to her on a sordid money basis. If she went ahead with the marriage, he told her, we'd be paupers. If she'd break with me, she could have two hundred thousand cash at once. She told him she wouldn't touch his money."

CLIFFORD was thoughtfully silent for a moment, the while he regarded the sensitive, jealous face of the young husband. Finally he said, "I'll take your case on just two conditions."

"I haven't very much money, but everything I have—" "I'm not referring to money. I'm referring to your relations to your father. Unless it is definitely proved that unavoidable accident has caused her death—"

"You think she's dead?" cried the young man.

"That must always be considered a possibility. My second condition is this: unless it is later definitely proved that your wife left you of her own free will, you are never to resume relations with your father. These are my terms. Do you agree?"

"I agree!" When young Hendron had gone Clifford sat for a space, considering possibilities, reviewing the complex marital mysteries and dramas of New York. No city in all the world had such dramas. What a place New York was, with its six or seven million people, its riches, its ambitions, its glitter, its possibilities to hide safely in the city's multitudes, for anything to happen and yet not be known! Yes, anything might happen! For instance, there was his own strange marriage. . . .

OUT of the many possible solutions, Clifford saw one solution that required that two men should be warned, be made to hesitate. Therefore, half an hour later, Clifford was sitting beside the desk of the older Hendron, a gray, dominant man of fifty-five—the kind of man, Clifford judged, who considered his way always right and who considered any method right that would gain his way.

"I don't see why that young cub of mine should have gone to you with this matter," Mr. Hendron said brusquely, "when he knew I already had Mr. Bradley on the case."

"I presume that, since he's not on good terms with you, and you did not like his wife, he wanted an investigation made on his own account."

"Well—what do you want from me?" demanded the older man.

"Two or three things. First I'd like your opinion on your daughter-in-law's mysterious disappearance. Do you think it is due to death?"

"I do not!"

"Then to what?"

"I'll tell you what!" snapped Mr. Hendron. "You know what she used to be: an ordinary, cheap little actress, who liked her good time, scheming to marry some saphead for his money. The same old hold-up! I tried to buy her off;

she refused, thinking she could outstay me and get more by being taken into the family. Outstay me? Not in her life! I outstayed her; she knew she was licked, she got tired of the Harlem-flat game she'd been playing, she couldn't stand the gaff—and she's quietly disappeared into a life of luxury with a man she likes and who can pay for the luxury!"

"In any event," said Clifford, "it would suit you to have that as the explanation. For if I don't misjudge your son, such a situation would break things up between him and his wife and send him back to you?"

"It would prove to him that I was right from the start."

"And you'd be willing to pay a great deal to prove this?"

"Certainly I would! When he knows the truth, he'll come back to me and be what I want him to be!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hendron. I've asked all I wished to ask you. But I wish to tell you something. You want your son back. If your daughter-in-law is dead, and it is not proved to be an accident—or if your own hypothesis turns out to be the seeming truth, and it is not proved to be true to its last detail—then you will never get your son back. You know he is a stickler; he has given me his promise."

MR. HENDRON had come choking to his feet. "Damn you! Are you intimating—threatening—"

Clifford had also risen. "Rather say that I am advising you, Mr. Hendron, for your own good. You've got to have a case without a flaw."

Within another half-hour Clifford was in Bradley's outer office asking to see his enemy. There was no attempt to avoid him; within a minute he was in Bradley's presence. Bradley asked him to be seated; but did not offer to shake hands; there was formal courtesy between these two, but no pretense—they knew each other too well.

[Turn to page 49]



Tournaments and pageants gleaming with gold and silver completed the marvellous spectacle

What It Was Like to Live in Tut-Ankh-Amen's Time

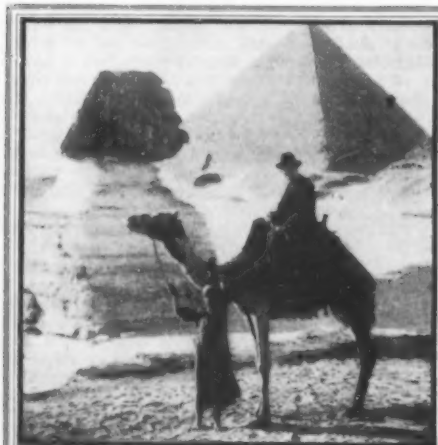
By Robert Forrest Wilson

Captain, Chemical Warfare Service, in the late war, and attached to office of Secretary-of-War Newton D. Baker; co-author, with Assistant Secretary-of-War Benedict Crowell, of "How America Went to War," in six volumes

With Illustrations in Color by E. F. Ward



The hawk-headed god, Quibsenut



Robert Forrest Wilson in the shelter of the Sphinx and the Pyramids

then on through the incredibly green levels of the cultivated lands on the western side until they reached the edge of the desert. From this point a causeway of limestone rubble, its surface already powdered into white dust by the funerary traffic of two centuries, wound upward through a narrowing canyon four miles into the heart of a range of bleak mountains where, threading a narrow pass, it ended in an austere, sun-drenched amphitheatre which we call today the Valley of the Kings.

The priests and mourners in this cortege walked afoot, but the catafalque was borne on a sledge dragged by several oxen yoked abreast. It was a splendid creation, this sarcophagus or tabernacle—a huge wooden box elaborately carved and incrustated on all four sides and on top with gold and with brilliant blue faience, in which were worked friezes, hieroglyphic legends, magic signs, and other decorations. As the desert sun beat mercilessly down upon the procession, the casket coruscated like an immense jewel.

AS for the poor dead clay reposing within such magnificence, it had been embalmed, loaded with golden ornaments, bandaged in fine linen, and anointed with fragrant oils; for this was not ordinary clay. Weak as it had been in its brief existence, it was nevertheless the body of a king, a royal Pharaoh, the earthly embodiment of the great god Amon Ra. It was the body of Tut-Ankh-Amen, whose name we can translate as "The Living Image of Amon."

Tut-Ankh-Amen was not a great Pharaoh. The one event of importance in his short reign was that he restored to Thebes the religious and political supremacy which had been temporarily wrested from the city by the dead king's predecessor, Akhnaton the Heretic. And in this act Tut-Ankh-Amen was probably nothing more than a pliant tool in the hands of the scheming Theban priests, who took advantage of his adolescence and his illness.

Yet it is to this very obscurity of Tut-Ankh-Amen's that the sophisticated world of today, paused in its preoccupation with troubles to draw refreshment from a glimpse of its own forgotten youth. Tut-Ankh-Amen was no foreign conqueror. For him there was no spoil of Asia or of Nubia with which to

endow a college of priests to maintain his tomb worship and guarantee him an eternity in blessed Yaru, the Egyptian's paradise. Weak and afraid, he came up to the portal of the dark world of demons trusting blindly that posterity might leave him undisturbed in his final resting place.

Posterity was kinder to him than it perhaps meant to be. Within fifty years Tut-Ankh-Amen was forgotten, and the powerful Rameses II was scornfully usurping the boy's statues, and monuments by hammering out Tut-Ankh-Amen's name and substituting his own cartouche on them. Within two hundred years the very location of the tomb itself must have been lost; for at that time Rameses V, going into the same Valley of the Kings to choose a site for his tomb, selected a spot in the yellow cliff immediately above the

cavern where Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy still slept. Such a selection, it is reasonable to suppose, Rameses would not have made, had he been aware that the rock was hollow underneath.



In King Tut-Ankh-Amen's time the modish dress for men was elaborate with embroidery and ornament

ON a glittering morning some thirty-three hundred years ago, a group of Theban priests escorted from the Nile to a hastily prepared tomb in the desert cliffs, the body of a consumptive boy.

Many a time in centuries past similar processions had traveled that route, crossing the Nile in cedar boats, and



In a gorgeous procession six miles long they followed their young king to the temple

McCall's special correspondent, dispatched from America to Luxor expressly to render for our readers a full account of the remarkable revelations now being made at Tut-Ankh-Amen's famous tomb, in this first article, just received, brilliantly reconstructs the fascinations and mystery of existence on the Nile three thousand years ago.



Thoth, the recorder

The slaves of Rameses V, tunneling the cliff, dumped the limestone debris down upon the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen and buried its entrance under tons of material. Thus it happened that when a few years later the organized bands of tomb robbers found an El Dorado in this valley, the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen went unmolested, while the endowed and guarded burial places of monarchs mightier than he were thoroughly plundered.

Thus, too, it came about some months ago that two English explorers in the Valley of the Kings, after eight years of systematic excavation, but digging now where they had no reason to expect to find riches, came to the top step of a flight of stone stairs leading down toward the bowels of the mountain. They followed down these steps and in a

few days stood before a closed door, the seals of which indicated that this was an unviolated tomb of a Pharaoh.

This has been the dream of the Egyptian archeologists ever since excavation has been going on—to find an emperor's tomb intact, its treasures untouched by the dynastic robbers. Hundreds of tombs had been found, but not one royal mausoleum in which the vandal had not preceded the scientist. Yet the possibility of such a find was always recognized; for the Egyptian Government, in its contracts with the excavators, usually specifies that if an unviolated tomb of a king be found its entire contents shall belong to Egypt.

We can imagine the excitement of the English explorers, the Earl of Carnarvon and his chief archeologist, Mr. Howard Carter, as their shaking hands explored these marvelous seals. No treasure hunter, guided by a water-stained map to some secret location and finding there an iron ring set into the lid of a buried chest, could have been more lifted up. Everyone knows now that the promise of the closed door was fulfilled. Except for the pilfering of portable gold and silver objects (the thievery, no doubt, of priests who had access to the tomb shortly after the Pharaoh's death), the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, with its great store of funerary furniture, remained just as it was when that ancient procession left his mummy there.

The ancient Egyptians believed that whatever a deceased person was to use or enjoy in the hereafter must be buried with him in his tomb. Poor persons had to be content with the bare necessities, but a Pharaoh demanded that he be interred with every luxury to which his royal life had accustomed him.

Not only did he make certain of an eternal supply of his favorite wines and table delicacies, but he took with him his entertainments and his other pleasures—his musicians, his slim-bodied dancing girls, wild animals for the chase and weapons to hunt them with, chariots and boats for his travel. He furnished his eternal house with beds and chairs of ebony, ivory and gold, and for his table he brought vessels of alabaster, gold and silver. He took with him to the tomb his wardrobe of embroidered linens, and whatever other objects his imagination dictated, not forgetting the slaves to work his celestial plantations.



Skirts were sometimes as tight as the "hobble" skirt of hated memory

Why McCall's sent Mr. Wilson to Egypt as Its Special Correspondent

THE entire reading world was thrilled when the cables across the Atlantic Ocean flashed the news that Howard Carter, American Excavator, working under patronage of Lord Carnarvon of England, had discovered the undisturbed tomb of Pharaoh Tut-Ankh-Amen who ruled Egypt thirty-three centuries ago.

The newspaper dispatches, necessarily brief and disjointed since they chronicled each day's news, gave no complete picture of the daily life of this ancient people.

McCall's believed it is precisely such a picture that the public wished to gain and immediately sent to Luxor a noted American magazine writer, Robert Forrest Wilson, who by examining at first hand these antiquities, should re-create for American readers the life and times of King Tut-Ankh-Amen.

In three capital articles Mr. Wilson has done this with painstaking brilliancy. Herewith is presented the first of these. Together they will give readers a faithful view of what sort of life was led by our predecessors who lived in luxury and civilized magnificence when only wild tribes still occupied most of Europe and all of America.

The tombs of kings and high nobles were hewn with infinite labor from solid rock. Even in the largest of the tombs—and these went three hundred feet or

[Turn to page 71]

ERIS

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Flaming Jewel," "Cardigan," etc.

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

What Has Happened So Far:

FROM semi-starvation and sleeping in Central Park, Eris Odell rose to stardom on the screen and the leadership of her own film company, financed by Albert Smull.

She had fallen in love with Barry Annan, writer of "best sellers," and now, to complicate her happiness, came Eddie Carter, a counterfeiter, who had married her early in her life when she lived in the country and who had deserted her immediately after the ceremony. On the evening of his return, Eris took pity upon the ex-convict, who was apparently on the verge of starving, and gave him food and a couch in her Greenwich Village apartment. That very day she had quarreled with Smull, whose admiration of her beauty had caused him to become obnoxious to her.

Part Six

IN the living-room Eris flung scarf and reticule on the sofa, stood for a moment twisting her fingers in helpless revolt; then, fighting off nervous reaction, she paced the room striving to think what to do, what was right to do in this emergency. Did she owe this man anything more than she owed to any sick stranger?

She went slowly back to the kitchen. Hearing her approach, her husband had crossed both arms on the table and dropped his marred face in them.

"Are you really very ill, Stuart?" she asked calmly.

"No, I'll go—" He tried, apparently, to get to his feet; fell back on the chair, whimpering.

There was a small room off the pantry where, in emergency, Hattie sometimes slept on a box-couch. "You can lie down there for a while if you wish," she said. She helped him get up; he stumbled toward the pantry, guided by her, to the couch in the little room beyond. Here he sank down and dropped his head between his hands. She had turned to leave but halted and looked back at him from the pantry doorway.

"I had better call a physician," she said, frightened by his deathly color.

He might have explained that his skin was pasty from prison pallor and drugs. Instead he asked for a little more whisky. "I don't want a doctor," he muttered; "I'll be all right after a nap. This whisky will pull me together. You go to bed." After a while he looked up at her, rested so, his shadowy eyes fixed on her with a sort of stealthy intendment.

"You'd better sleep if you can," she said. "I'll have to wake you soon. It is growing very late."

"Oh God!" he burst out suddenly, "what a wreck I've made of our lives!"

"Not of mine," she retorted coolly; and turned to leave.

"I'm sorry," he whined. "I didn't mean to get you in wrong. I meant to go straight after we were married. But they got me wrong, Eris, they got me wrong! It was the very last job I ever meant to do. I gave up the plates. That's how they let me off with a light one. I'm out over a month, now—"

"Were you in—in prison?" she demanded with an overwhelming surge of disgust.

He began to snivel. "You couldn't get over that, could you, Eris? And what I did to you—getting you in wrong—disgracing you that way—"

"I can forget you, in time, if you keep away from me. But it is terrible to see you—terrible!" He licked his dry lips, furtively, always watching her.

"If ever you would let me try to make amends, if you'd just let me work for you—slave for you—" For an instant she stared at him, incredulous that she had heard correctly. Then wrath set her cheeks ablaze; but her voice remained controlled, and she chose and measured her words.

"Listen to me, Stuart: I wouldn't let you lift a finger for me; I wouldn't let you touch me. I don't expect ever to see you again. I don't want even to hear of you. And that's that!"

He began to snivel again, seated on the edge of the box-couch, swaying from side to side. "I know I shouldn't have married you. But I wanted to go straight. I was madly in love with you, Eris—and I haven't changed. Haven't you a word for me?"

She gazed at him with a loathing in which no saving spark of anger mitigated the cold disgust. She said, slowly: "All I need ever say to you can be said through a lawyer. That is all that concerns you. If you wish to lie down, do so. I don't want you here; but I wouldn't turn a sick snake out-of-doors."

She left him and went back to her bedroom. For an hour she sat there, unstirring, waiting, listening at moments. The flush remained on her cheeks; and into her eyes there came a glint at times, as where storms brood behind gray horizons.

The day, indeed, had bred storms for Eris, daughter of Discord, sitting here in her dim chamber all alone.

AS Eris was entirely alone in the apartment at night, it had been her custom to lock and bolt her chamber door.

So now, when the rapping on her bedroom door aroused her, she rose mechanically, still drugged with sleep, made her way blindly to the door, and unlocked it. As she opened her door so that Hattie could enter and draw her morning bath, the sight of the woman's agitated features startled her.

Suddenly a glimpse of Graydon in the living-room beyond brought the girl to her shocked senses. She walked straight into the room where her husband slouched against the mantel, his hands in his pockets, an unlighted cigarette sagging over his chin.

"Get out of this house!" she said in a low voice that quivered.

"Send that wench of yours to the kitchen," he retorted coolly.

Suddenly something about this man frightened her. It was a vague, formless fear. But it was fear. She felt the chill of it.

"Will you leave this house?" she managed to say.

"You listen to me first." Again a swift, indefinite fear silenced her. Danger was written all over this man. What menaced her she did not know, had no vaguest guess. But never before had she looked into eyes so perilous.

"You may start breakfast, Hattie."

"Start some for me, too," added Graydon, without removing his gaze from Eris.

And, when the lingering servant had gone,

Graydon laughed, fished in his soiled vest for a match, lighted his cigarette: "You've condoned whatever I've done, Eris," he said.

"What!"

"You've no case. You've condoned my offense. I guess you'll have to remain married to me, Eris." For a full minute she failed to understand, watching him intently, searching for the sinister import of his words. Suddenly her face flushed scarlet.

He flung his chewed, wet cigarette into the fire-place; he was trembling all over. "You may think it's because you're making a wad of money that I'm trying to get you back! That's all right, too; I'm glad you are on easy street. I need money, but not much."

"It's you I want. And whatever you say or think, I was in love with you when I married you. I had to beat it. It drove me almost crazy to leave you. Two years in prison drove me crazier. I've been sick. I'm sick now. I'll get well if you take me back. . . . And if you won't—" He came closer, looking intently into her eyes. "If you won't—well, there's one man who isn't ever going to get you, Eris, and his name's Albert Smull; and the next time I find him loafing around you, you'd better kiss him good-by. For I'll fix him good!" The girl seated herself on the arm of a chair. Her head was reeling a little, but she kept it high.

"How much money do you want?" she asked.

"I guess five hundred won't crimp you."

Her check-book was in her desk. Seating herself she opened it and wrote out the amount he had demanded, blotted the strip of yellow paper, gave it to him.

"Now," she said, "I've paid you to keep away from me until I free myself. After that the police can take care of you if you annoy me."

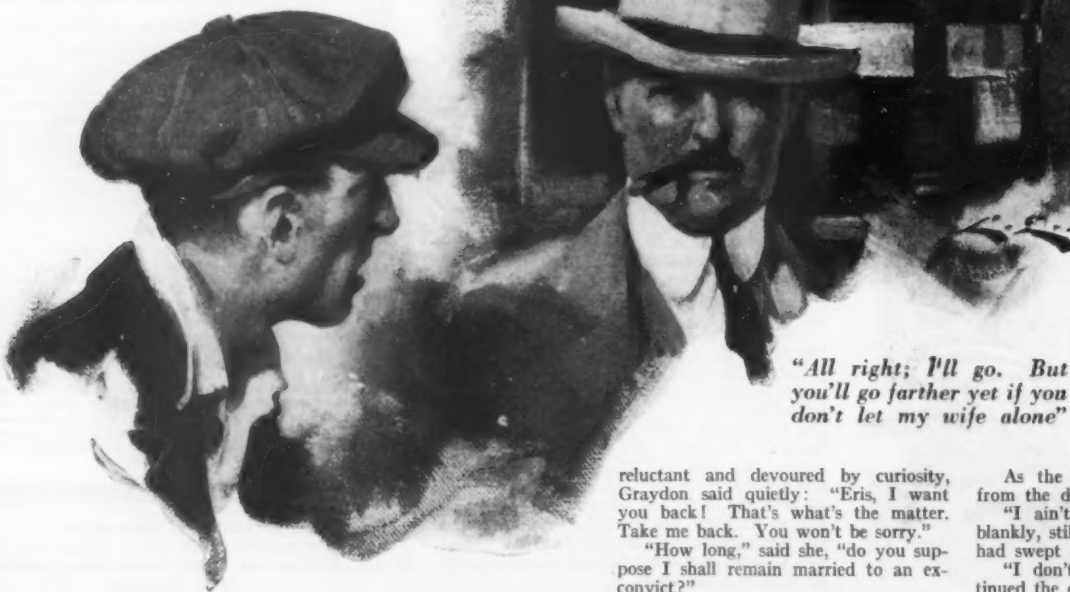
AS he stood there, stricken dumb, his bony frame was shaking slightly and sweat chilled his face. He groped for control of what mind his drugs had spared him, strove to clear it of chaos, formulate some thought, some charge of misconduct against her—something to involve her with some man. After a long while he passed his scarred fingers over his face, wiping the sweat from his eyes. Then he turned, slouched toward the door, opened it.

"You win, Eris," he mumbled. He went, shambling, dull eyed, ghastly, picking at his face with long, scarred fingers.

As the door closed behind Graydon, Hattie appeared from the dining-room and sullenly confronted her mistress.

"I ain't a-going to stay," she said. Eris looked up, blankly, still pale and confused by the gust of passion that had swept her.

"I don't have to work in no such kinda place," continued the colored woman doggedly, "and I ain't a-going to."



"All right; I'll go. But you'll go farther yet if you don't let my wife alone"

reluctant and devoured by curiosity, Graydon said quietly: "Eris, I want you back! That's what's the matter. Take me back. You won't be sorry." "How long," said she, "do you suppose I shall remain married to an ex-convict?"



Something in Annan's eyes had alarmed her and a vision of Smull's heavy black pistol and a swift intuition that Smull was capable of using it on anybody except himself—these thoughts paralyzed her tongue

Mah week's up Friday, but you pay me up to las' night, an' I'll go now." The girl comprehended. A painful color surged over her face to the roots of her hair.

"Very well," she said in a low voice. She went to her desk, opened an account book, then drew a check for the balance of the woman's wages. Hattie took the check, hesitated. "Of co'se," she ventured, "if yo' wishes me to stay, Miss Eris, mah wages will be jess ten dollahs mo' a week. Any real lady would be glad to gimme that foh all I does—"

"I don't need you," said the girl quietly. "Go as soon as you can get ready."

WHEN Eris had disappeared, the negress waddled to the gas stove, lit it, and started to make herself a cup of tea. She meant to do what gastronomic damage she could, short of theft. Before the kettle boiled, the telephone rang. To ignore it was a haughty pleasure for Hattie; but presently African curiosity prevailed and she got up and waddled to the telephone, muttering to herself.

"Yaas, suh?" she replied to some query.

"No, suh, Mistuh Annan, she ain't home. Dey's nobody home 'cept'n myse'f."

Annan said: "I've some flowers. I'd like to arrange them to surprise Miss Odell. Could I bring them around, Hattie?"

"Suit yo'se'f, suh. It ain't botherin' me none."

Annan arrived in a few moments, laden with long, flat boxes of pasteboard. He remained very busy for half an hour or more, arranging the sheaves of fragrant bloom, and carrying each vase to its proper place in the three rooms.

When he had finished, and on his way out, he stopped to speak to Hattie at the dining-room door.

"Please ask Miss Odell to call me up when she returns," he said.

"I suppose she has gone to the studio," he added.

"I don't know, suh. Miss Eris' husband he stayed here las' night. I guess she's payin' him a call, maybe." Annan stared at her as though she suddenly had gone mad.

"Yaas, suh," continued the negress, "I'se quit, I has. Too many doin's in this here flat to suit me. I guess you all didn't know Miss Eris had a husband sleepin' here," she added with a bland malignance that stunned him. He inspected her in silence for a moment, then turned sharply on his heel and went downstairs. His taxi was waiting. He drove directly home, entered his study, and sat down to the sorry business of waiting.

All the morning and afternoon he waited there, his face white and set, his grim gaze fixed on space. About five o'clock he called up. The house did not answer. Eris had asked him not to call her at the studio for obvious reasons; but now he decided to do so.

He got the doorman, Flynn.

"Yes, sir; Miss Odell come in half an hour ago."

"Is the company working?" inquired Annan nervously.

"No, sir, nobody's here today except Miss Odell and Mr. Smull. Hold the wire, please."

After a minute or two the doorkeeper's voice: "She's busy, sir. She can't talk to you now—"

"Did Miss Odell tell you to say that?"

"No, Mr. Smull told me she couldn't talk to nobody just now."

"Call up Mr. Smull again and tell him Mr. Annan wishes to speak to Miss Odell at once!"

Annan waited. Suddenly Smull's voice: "Annan?"

"Yes."

"Sorry, but the little lady can't be interrupted just now—"

"Yes, she can. She isn't working. Tell her to come to the wire!"

"There's a business conference—"

"Will you kindly say to her that I wish to speak to—"

"Sorry," interrupted Smull, and hung up in his ear.

Annan picked up his hat, descended the stairs, and went out.

About five minutes after he left the house his telephone rang.

Mrs. Sniffen answered it, and recognized the voice of Eris inquiring for Annan.

Eris hung up the receiver of the telephone in the directors' office at the studio, where Smull stood.

"Now will you believe me?" he demanded. "And for God's sake, be charitable and overlook what a man says and does when he's drunk—"

"I don't think you were—"

"I was, I tell you! I carry it that way. I turn ugly. When I get a few highballs in me I'm a different kind of man. . . . Look here, Eris, if you'll be a sport and call it off, I'll give you my word, as long as you and I are friends, never to touch a drop of anything!"

"I wish you would let me alone," she said colorlessly.

"Listen, Eris. After all, I've given you your chance, haven't I? I've backed you with real money. Except for that one break last night I've played square, haven't I? All right. Are you going to quit me cold?"

"I've got to."

"You're going to put this outfit on the bum? You're going to walk out on us?"

"It's what you've done, Mr. Smull, not I. You've spoiled any pleasure I might have had in working for you. I couldn't go on here. I couldn't do good work. When you told me, last evening, that I was out, you were right."

SHE walked slowly past him to the door and out across the great, barnlike place all littered with the lumber and canvas of half-demolished sets, to her dressing-room—a built-in affair with its flimsy partition adjoining the director's office.

[Turn to page 26]

The Use for a Man

By Owen Oliver

Illustrated by Walter Hayn

*A tale of dark, desert vengeance,
and of the opportunity it gave a
man to retrieve a worthless past*



FRANKLAND had knocked about the reckless parts of the English-speaking world till the age of thirty-five.

Then he took refuge in Morocco, over a matter of man-killing. True, the man deserved to be killed; he had done a dishonorable thing, but the English law against murder is not appeased by these considerations.

It was not searching for Frankland too diligently, however, and it would never have caught him in Morocco, if he could have kept quiet; but he couldn't. This time it was a matter of a super-sheik's sister or wife. Frankland did not know which. The super-sheik sought for him diligently enough, and would have caught him in Morocco. So Frankland came down to Hajaba, the queer little port, Tunis way, and gave himself up at the English Residency, to be sent home for trial for his prior offense. Orderly hanging was, he reasoned, the lesser of the evils which threatened him; and besides, he would plead self-defense, and, alternatively, unendurable provocation, and a fair fight.

The Resident was greatly embarrassed by the presence of the huge, Moorish-clad fugitive within his gates and of the super-sheik and his wild followers and the snarling local mob without.

"It is touch and go whether they'll respect the Residency," he told the prisoner. "I don't care for myself, but—damn it all!—I've my sister here."

"If they threaten to attack your place," Frankland said, "I'll give myself up, of course; but I think they'll respect the old rag."

By this he meant the British flag. They did respect it, and merely urged legal and diplomatic reasons for the surrender of the prisoner to them. The Consul resisted these arguments firmly. The man was a British subject, he stated, and he held him for trial for a British offense—a capital offense—and he had already Marconigraphed for the liner *Armado* to call in and take him home—and the sooner the better.

"But in England," the super-sheik protested, almost tearfully, "they only hang."

"That is about the size of his deserts," the Resident retorted. He said as much to his sister, a well-favored lady of thirty years and a hundred whims, who had come out to Hajaba to keep house for him, and to one Davis, who had come out after the sister.

Davis agreed, but his sister demurred. "He was ready to give himself up rather than endanger us," she protested. "There ought to be a better use than hanging for a man like that."

"Sheik's sister and so on," Davis sneered.

The Consul's sister's ideas about six-foot men were the bitterness of Davis's life. He was only five feet seven;

but a ten-foot giant could not have wanted her more.

"I daresay you would do the same if you had the chance," she retorted.

She was sharp-tongued, as ladies of thirty are apt to be. Davis went white with rage, and for once

dared to be rude to her, retaliating with equal bitterness. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you would. Those big, fair ruffians have an extraordinary attraction for some women." Davis was only five feet seven.

"Naturally," she said calmly, though she was pale with anger too. "He is big and fair; a very handsome man, and brave. From what I hear from Lucy Green, he only did what a man would do, a real man. He is that, I think."

"Anyhow," Davis snarled, "he will hang." That was when the Resident's sister made up her mind that Frankland should not hang, if she could prevent it.

SHE spoke to her brother first about the subject.

"After all," she observed, "he's a fellow Englishman; and Lucy Green wrote that it was a fair duel, and with a man who said things about his mother; and they do fight in the Colonies—the wild parts of them."

"It wasn't in a sufficiently wild part," the Resident commented. "That was his mistake. I'm dashed if I blame the beggar much; but I don't make the law, Beatrice. And he's a pretty loose fish anyway."

"I suppose you wouldn't be sorry if he escaped?" she inquired.

"Nowhere to escape to," the Resident observed. "He has the option. You know that he isn't even guarded. He isn't such a fool as to leave sanctuary. Don't you be a fool."

She spoke next to her most trusted Moorish handmaiden. The handmaiden considered it a woeful pity that such a fine man should hang; but that, she thought, was better than falling into the hands of the super-sheik. There was certainly no escape from Hajaba, she assured her mistress. The sheik and his friends were watching everywhere. There

was a cordon round the Residency; no less real because unobtrusive.

Then, it was that the Consul's sister resolved upon a desperate expedient—an appeal to Davis, whom she always expected to manage.

"I am sorry I hit you on the raw upon the matter of height, Ivor," she said with a friendly laugh; "but you're too big to bear malice. I look upon your chivalrous stature as seven feet! Really, that chap is a fellow Englishman, you know! Don't you think—?"

DAVIS looked at her; and thought: A wild-minded woman; possibly capable of throwing him over for this wicked fair giant, but the giant was safely locked up; he couldn't get away. So he might as well preserve Beatrice's idea of his chivalry by assisting him to try!

"If it's a matter of disguises, or anything of that sort," he said slowly, "I'll speak to him, if you like."

"No," she said. "I will."

"You ought not to have anything to do with him," Davis objected. "You might—" He paused.

"Might what?" she demanded sharply. "I'm not a sheik's sister, as you insinuated I was."

"You are the woman I want to marry," Davis told her. "You know that."

"Well, don't make it impossible by displaying the fact that you'd never trust me to speak to another man!"

"It wasn't a matter of mistrust," he informed her, "but of common sense. They'll be watching. Most of those dirty beggars hanging about outside the gardens will be spies of the sheik. If they see you talking to him, they'll watch you."

"It will be a good thing to draw suspicion to me, if you are going to be the one to do it," she countered. "Obviously you mustn't talk to him. So I must, because there's no one else. I shall keep him in his place, don't you fear!"

The talk had occurred that afternoon. They had put the fugitive in an outhouse in the Residency gardens, which were sanctuary; unguarded, because it meant capture by the sheik to step outside. The Resident's sister walked in the garden while her brother and Davis were having their siesta and she should have been having hers; passed down the walk between the giant cactuses and enormous plantains,

*"Most of those dirty beggars hanging
about outside the gardens will be spies
of the sheik . . . they'll watch you"*



"Some men are born with a devil in them—" he said. "And some women—women like the Sheikh's sister!"

into the little grove of plebeian prickly pears and aristocratic palms which stood before the outcast's hut; stalked on past it, with her haughty little head in the air, ready to be spoken to and to snub. He did not speak, just rose and bowed and sat down again and went on with his cigarette, leaning against the door post of the hut, and gazing through half-closed eyes at the blue bay and the blue waters beyond, which merged almost imperceptibly into the blue sky. It was a day, he was thinking, most repugnant to hanging . . . and the Resident's sister looked like a goddess against the sky. A woman with a burning volcano under that cool white drill! . . . Nice little nose!

She walked back presently; looked at him; half passed; stopped. "How did you come to this?" she asked abruptly. "You probably know as well as I," he suggested. "No doubt your brother has told you the sheik's account. I expect you may take that as pretty correct."

"I think he kept some back," she remarked shrewdly. "We did not make out if it was his wife or only his sister."

"Neither did I!" said Frankland. "Then," the Resident's sister charged him, "you are guilty of both offenses! That wasn't what I referred to, however. What, precisely, are you going to be sent to England for?"

FRANKLAND set his teeth and looked up at her then; and she had a little thrill of fear of him. Somehow she rather liked the feeling. In her ideal of six-foot manhood there had always been a thrill like that! Davis was a good man and well-to-do, and many other things, but he did not make her feel like that. "I have not," Frankland said quietly, "many days to look at the blue sea, and the blue sky, or to bask in the sun. Soon it will be a prison cell, and afterward another, or, anyway—Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day." You learned that at school, I suppose? One doesn't appreciate it, until it is interpreted by circumstances. Why should your curiosity disturb one of my measured moments by raking up bad memories?" "Because, perhaps," she told him, "it isn't only curiosity." He looked very hard at her then. A very nice little nose; and in a nice setting.

"If," he said, "you have a kindly thought that I might escape—? Disguises and all that—? Kind lady, it is no use. The place is closely watched. I probably shouldn't go fifty yards before being seized. Even if I did, a stranger in any of the villages round here would be noted and detected at once. There is no escape; but I thank you for the thought."

"You assume that I had the thought," she remarked. She fanned her face with her handkerchief. He picked a fanlike plantain leaf and gave it to her.

"You had," he said. "Hadh't you?" "I could have found you disguises," she murmured, "if that had been any use."

"Again I thank you," he acknowledged. "They would not be of use; and ten to one those who furnished them to you would at once warn my friend, the sheik. Do you know, I am very grateful—very grateful."

"And you won't tell me about—it?" she asked. "Oh!" he said. "That! I met a man out from England, who said things of my mother, in years past. It was a fair fight; and I killed him. That is all."

"They won't hang you for that," she declared. "Penal servitude is worse," he commented. "If I have the chance on the voyage, I shall go overboard."

"You will try to swim to shore?" she asked eagerly. "Shore? Oh, we shan't be near that; except when we go through the Straits of Gibraltar. If I could get out there—I don't suppose I can get out at all;—and if it were at night—it probably won't be;—and I were not noticed—"

"Wait!" she cried. "Wait! The wireless said that the *Armadillo* would be here at four. Yes. It should go through the Straits at night. It is just over thirty hours' journey; and she will leave here at about six in the evening. Can you swim for several miles?"

"Probably. If we were near the Moorish coast—Ape's Hill and all that—I might do it. They wouldn't know of me up there. Make a slave of me probably. I'd get away some day, with luck. But they'll hug the Spanish side. I'd have to land at Gibraltar, if at all. There they'll know of me; or make inquiries."

"What you want," the Resident's sister reflected, "is a boat to pick you up and land you in Spain."

"Or an airplane," he laughed, "or a large-size dove to catch me up in its talons and bear me to an ark or a Mount Ararat. Nothing else is of any use, kind lady. Don't worry about me. I get my deserts."

"I—don't—know," she murmured. "I don't think you quite deserve—the trial in England. You do deserve to be caught by the sheik, of course. Why did you do it?"

"Well," he said reflectively, "I suppose a man must do something!"

"He ought," the Resident's sister told him severely, "to be of some use in the world."

"Use? Use means use to somebody," Frankland said thoughtfully. "When there isn't a 'somebody—'"

"That," she cried, "is no reason why there should be 'anybodies!' If I *did* find a way of helping you to escape, I should expect you to become very different."

"The leopard doesn't change his spots," he said. "Some men are born with a devil in them—" "And some women," murmured the Resident's sister. "Women like the sheik's sister, I mean. Well, I hope she was only his sister."

"I hope so," Frankland agreed.

"What an exciting picture you must have of me in a super-sheik's tent with a beautiful Oriental! Ah well, I saw only her garden, into which her slave enticed me, the little hussy. I can't help being a mortal man and not a very bright specimen. I am not, however, without the grace to see the worshipful in others. I mean *you*." He rose and towered above her earnestly. "The memory of your wish to help me will be one of the pleasant things I'll have all my life. At the end, if—"

"Sh!" She stopped him. "You must try to escape." "There is no escape," he declared; "and very probably that's best for the world. I seem to be a man who isn't very much use to anybody."

"But you might be if you tried," she mused. "I wish I could think of a way— I must go in now. They will look for me, when they wake up."

"They?" Frankland questioned; but she did not answer. She went indoors and sat reflecting, with her chin on her hand, till Davis came from his siesta and found her.

"He says it's not the slightest use trying to escape in a disguise," she stated. "They'd find out. I suppose they would. Ivor, I can't stick the idea of the man's being hanged; a great hearty fellow like that. Be a big chap and help me to find a way of escape for the poor devil."

"What is he to you?" Davis wanted to know, almost fiercely.

JUST an Englishman," she declared. "He is rather—rather a type that I idealized, I think."

"A warning to give up idealizing and settle down to—er—practical life," he told her. "Look here, Beatrice. You've known for four years that I—"

"Yes, yes. I'll think of it, Ivor. . . . I have an idea how it could be done. Listen. . . ."

"Well," said Davis slowly, when she had finished, "I tell you candidly that I'd just as soon the fellow was hanged or drowned. I wouldn't run any risk for him; but since you want my services for your whim I can't refuse them."

[Turn to page 46]

What Has Happened in Part One

FRANCES THOROLD felt that Youth and the possibility of Love lay far behind her. She had drudged away the best years of her life as secretary to an English bishop, a man whose fanatical devotion to his church left him scant room for dispensing personal kindness. A nervous breakdown coupled with the Bishop's chance discovery of Frances and his nephew, Montague Rotherby, alone together in the moonlit garden of the palace, led to an abrupt dismissal of Miss Thorold by her employer.

Rotherby, strangely moved by the girl's plight, offered her a position. Somewhat hesitantly, Frances accepted, and, following Rotherby's advice, went for a few weeks' rest to a little town on the moors. Rotherby has just driven out and seen for the first time, the transforming effects of her convalescence.

Part Two



HE description that Frances had given of the lodging she had found for herself in that little Devon village on the edge of the moors gave a very fair impression of the hospitality she enjoyed. The place was scrupulously clean, and, beyond this, quite comfortable. The fare was cottage fare of the very plainest. Her hostess was content to bestow upon her lodger the bare necessities of life and no more.

But she had been happy during that fortnight of enforced rest after leaving the palace. The solitude and the boundless leisure of her days had brought healing to her tired soul. She was beginning to feel equipped to face the world afresh. She was looking forward to taking up secretarial work again of an infinitely more congenial character. She was prepared to take refuge once more in professional absorption, resolutely banishing all misgivings regarding the man who had hidden with her in the bishop's garden.

They had been cast forth as Adam and Eve, and neither of them would ever enter that garden again. Their intercourse since that night had been of the very briefest. Rotherby had obtained from her an address by which he could find her at any time. His attitude had been as businesslike as her own, and she had been reassured. She had agreed to take a three weeks' holiday before entering upon her new duties, and now had come this. He had followed her to tell her that he would not now need her until the winter.

It had been a blow. He would have to understand that she could not wait; but he had shown her great kindness, and if he really desired her services, she would try to find some temporary work till he should be ready.

SO ran her thoughts on that summer evening as she waited for his coming with a curious mixture of eagerness and reluctance. She marveled at the kindness of heart that had prompted his interest in her. If she had been an ardent, animated girl, it would have been a different matter. Her youth was gone, she thought, had fled by like a streak of sunshine on a gray hillside, and only the grayness remained. It was thus that she viewed herself, and that any charm could possibly have outlived those years of drudgery she did not for a moment suspect.

There came the click of the garden-gate, and she started with a sharp jerk of every pulse. Again, before she could check it, the hot color rushed upward to her face and temples. She stood, strangely tense, listening. He came up the path with his easy saunter. She knew it for the step of a man of the world. None of the village men walked thus—with this particular species of leisurely decision, unhurried assurance. He strolled between the line of hollyhocks and sunflowers and spied her by the window.

"Ah! Hullo! May I come in this way?" He stepped over the low sill into the room. It was growing dusk. The air was extraordinarily sweet.

She gave him no word of greeting. Somehow the occasion was too unconventional for that. Or was it merely the manner of his entrance—the supreme confidence of his intimacy with her—that made conventional things impossible? He entered her presence without parley, because, obviously, he knew she would be glad to see him. The breath caught oddly in her throat. Was she glad?

The tension of her limbs passed, but she was aware of it still mentally—a curious constraint from which she could not break free. She laid her sketches before him almost without words.

He took them and looked at them one after another without obvious interest. "You've got the atmosphere!" he said. "And the charm! They're like yourself, Miss Thorold. No, it isn't idle flattery. It's there, but one can't tell where it lies. Ah, what's this?" He was looking at the pictures with an even closer interest.

"That is the little child at Tetherstones," she said. "It is only an impression—not good at all. I couldn't get the appeal of her—only the prettiness. It isn't even finished."

"But this is clever. You must finish this." Rotherby laid the sketch aside and turned to her. "Miss Thorold, I've come for a talk—a real talk. Don't freeze me!" He began to pace the narrow room restlessly, impatiently.

"You accused me of letting you down this morning," he said. "And I protest against that. It wasn't fair. You've got a wrong impression of me."

She replied with that slight humorous lift of the eyebrow that was characteristic of her. "I really didn't put it quite like that—even in my heart, Mr. Rotherby. I owe you too much for that." He flung round as if at the prick of a goad. "What do you owe me? Nothing whatever! Let's talk sense, Miss Thorold! You don't owe me anything

—except perhaps some sort of reparation for the restless nights you have made me go through."

Frances stood quite straight and motionless. She did not attempt to answer. She only faced him very steadily in the failing light.

"Do you know what I mean?"

She only made a movement of negation and stood as one awaiting an explanation.

He bent toward her. "Don't you know what I mean, you wonderful woman? Haven't you known from the very beginning, you Circe, you enchantress?" His arms came out to her with the words. He caught the slim shoulders, and in a moment he had her against his breast.

"Oh!" gasped Frances, and said no more, for he pressed her so closely to him that no further words could come. She did not resist him. Burningly, afterward, she remembered her submission, remembered how, panting, her lips met his, and were held and crushed till blindly she fought for breath but not for freedom. She was as it were borne on a great wave of amazed exultation. That he should love her—that he should love her! Ah, the marvel of it—and the gladness that was like to pain!

ONCE in the night she arose and went to the little cottage window, since sleep was impossible. There came to her there the echo of the words:

"I tell you to go, because I cannot stop your sinning until you have endured your hell and—if God is merciful—begun to work out your own salvation." So clearly they fell upon her consciousness that she felt as if they had been uttered by her side.

As if stricken with blindness, she stumbled back into the room and lay down. All her former doubts swept over



Suddenly she saw him stiffen and realized that they were no longer alone.

Tetherstones

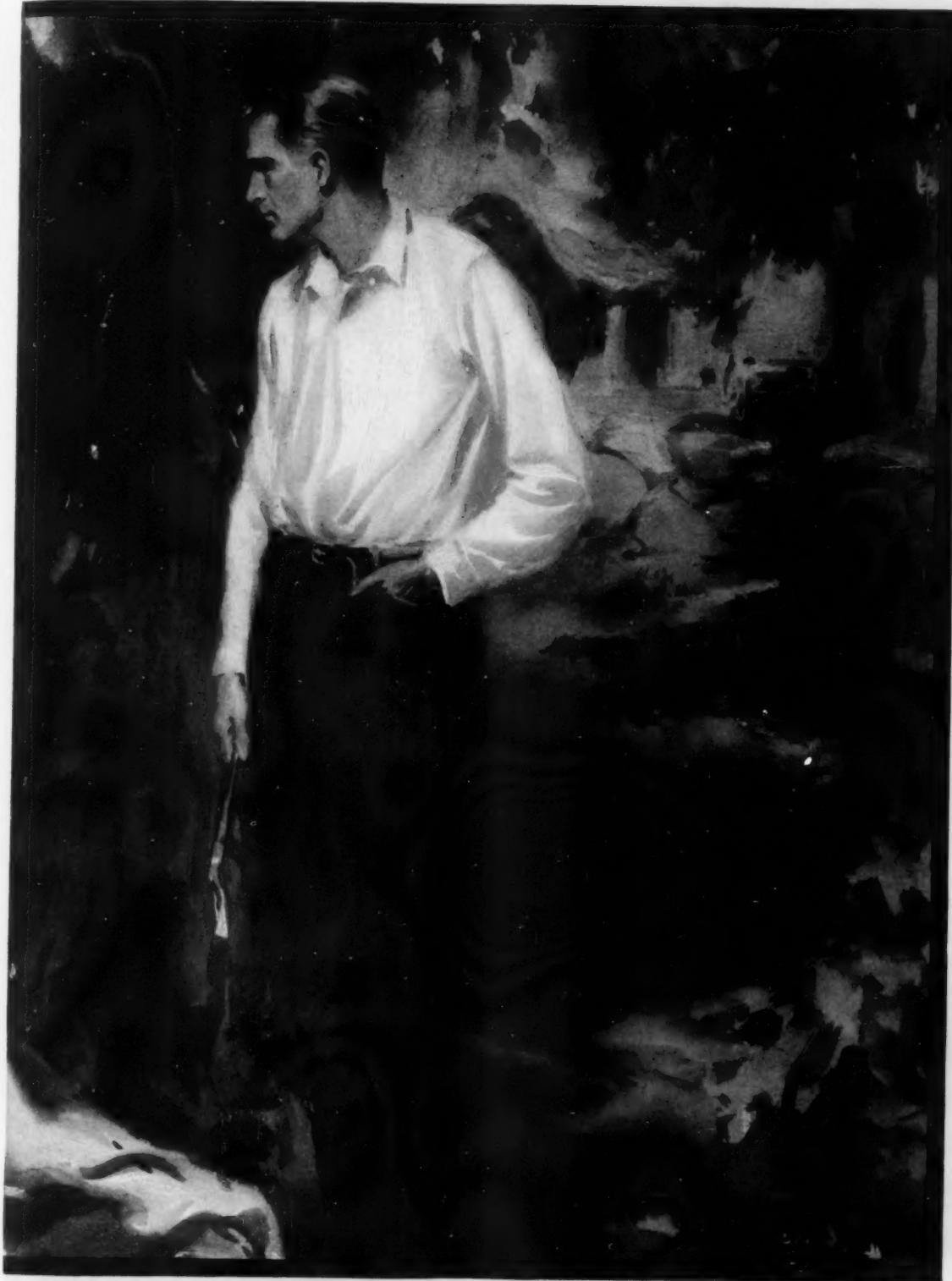
Illustrated by H.R. Ballinger

her afresh in a black cataract of misgiving. So she lay, chastising herself with the scorpions of shame and fear, because she had dared to dream that love could ever come to her. At last, in that terrible vigil, she found words wherewith to pray, "O God, keep me from making a mistake! Let me die sooner! Let me die!" And though no answer came to her then, tears came instead and washed the burning anguish away. Afterward she slept.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, she set forth on a three-mile tramp to the nearest town to buy a newspaper, promising herself to spend the afternoon answering advertisements. About a mile from the village, she came to the farm called Tetherstones, and here, somewhat to her surprise, she was joined by the dog, Roger. Beaming and jolly, he refused to pay any attention to her efforts to discourage him.

They went on together till Tetherstones was left far behind. Then, at last, Frances, growing weary, sat down to rest, and Roger came to lie beside her.

After a time there came a tramp of hoofs along the white, sandy track, and she saw a man on horseback coming toward them through the glare. Roger sat up sharply and, gulping, ceased to pant. She saw that his eyes were fixed upon the horseman. She waited with a strange expectancy. The dazzling sunshine made it impossible for her to see what manner of man the rider was until he was abreast



The bent figure of an old man was coming toward them over the grass

By Ethel M. Dell

Famous Author of "Charles Rex"
"The Lamp in the Desert," etc.

of her. Then she realized that he was broad and heavy of build. He wore a cap drawn down over his eyes. The sudden checking of the horse made her start. "Roger!" a deep voice said. "What the devil are you doing here?"

Roger started also, and she felt his quiver of guilt. "Roger!" the newcomer said again. Roger crept forward with a slinking air as if he yearned for a deep hole in which to bury himself. The man on horseback waited, quite motionless, till the dog reached his foot, then suddenly he leaned down and struck him a stinging cut with his riding-whip. Frances, her hands gripped in the heather on both sides of her, uttered an involuntary exclamation. The horseman, preparing to go on, paused. "Did you speak, madam?" he asked, scowling at her from under the peak of his cap. She collected herself and rose to the occasion. "No! There are no words for a thing of that sort," she said, icily contemptuous. He put up a hand, ironically courteous, and saluted her. The dog fell in behind and meekly followed him.

She arose and pursued her way. Fordestown was a long way off, further than she had anticipated, and she began after a while to wonder if she had done wisely in attempting the walk. She felt lonely after Roger had left her. The great spaces of the moors had a bewildering effect upon her tired senses. After what seemed an endless period of walking, she came to a cross-track with no indication as to whither the branching by-path led. There was no

habitation in sight, no sign of life beyond that of the larks singing interminably in the blazing blue overhead, no possibility of knowing in which direction she ought to turn. Her heart began to fail her a little, and she sat down again to consider the problem.

The distant hills swam before her eyes. She sank deep into the heather and closed her eyes. She slept for hours, and she would have slept for hours longer, but for the interruption. She sat upright in the heather, gasping, still trammelled in the meshes of sleep, defenseless, to find the day nearly spent and a curtain of mist surrounding her; and, within that curtain, most terribly alone with her, she also found Montague Rotherby.

"Found!" he said, and laughed with a triumph that seemed to stab her. "I've had a long hunt for you. Have you been hiding here all day?"

"No," she said, through lips that felt strangely stiff. "I lost my way. I fell asleep. I am just going to Fordestown."

"Going to Fordestown! Why, it's miles away! Why were you going there?"

UNWILLINGLY she answered him: "I had a bad night, and I decided—in the morning—that—I had better look for work."

"Why did you decide that?" he said. She made a more determined stand against him. "It's natural, isn't it? I have always been independent."

"Till you met me," he said. She summoned her courage and faced him, though she knew that she was crimson and quivering. "I shall go on being independent," she said, "until we are married." She expected some subtle change of countenance, possibly some sign of discomfort, as thus

THIS is the second instalment of what is unquestionably destined to be one of the most discussed novels of the year, by Miss Dell, the world's most widely read novelist.

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boldly she took her stand. But at once he defeated her expectations. He met her announcement with complete composure.

"Oh, I think not," he said. "After what happened yesterday, we won't talk nonsense of that kind today. What is the matter, sweetheart? Has someone been troubling you?"

The reproach of his tone pierced her. She hid her face against his breast. "I couldn't help it. You must make allowances. There has been no time for—love-making—in my life."

"There's time now," he said, and again she heard in his voice the note of triumph that had so deeply disquieted her. "Frances! Put your arms around my neck and tell me you are mine!"

She shrank, hiding her face more deeply.

"I can't," she whispered back.

He felt for her face and turned it upward. "You will presently," he said, and bending, kissed her, holding her lips with his till she broke free with a mingled sense of shame and self-reproach.

"Don't you realize that I love you?" he said.

"Do you think I am going to lie awake all night for you, and then not hold you in my arms when we meet?" He laughed as he uttered the question, but it had a passionate ring. His lean, sunburnt face had a drawn look that oddly touched her pity. She was even moved to compunction.

"I am sorry," she said. "I thought—perhaps—it was just—a passing fancy."

"My fancies don't pass like that," said Montague. She could not answer him. He had her defeated, powerless. But still deep in her heart, the doubt and the wonder remained. Was this indeed love that had come to her? If so, why was she thus afraid? Yet she met his lips with her own, for somehow he made her feel that she owed it to him.

"That's better," he said, when he suffered her to go again. "Now, what are your plans? Are you still wanting to go to Fordestown?"

She looked at him. "Do you know—I haven't had anything to eat all day—not since breakfast?"

"Good heavens!" he said. "You've been wandering about the moor starving all this time?" She smiled. His concern touched her. Not for years had anyone expressed any anxiety for her welfare.

"Not wandering about much," she said. "I got as far as this this morning, and then, while I was considering which way to go, I fell asleep."

She glanced about her uneasily. "Do you think this fog is going to get any worse?"

"Oh no!" he said lightly. "They often come up like this in the evening. But look here! I can't have you starving. We had better make for Fordestown after all."

"Oh!" she said with relief. "Then if we can only get there, you can motor me back to Brookside."

"The point is to get there," said Montague. He drew her hand through his arm with decision and began to lead her up one of the sandy tracks.

LOOKING back upon that walk later, it seemed to her that they must have covered miles. It was not easy going. The track was rough, sometimes stony, sometimes overgrown. She stumbled often from weariness and exhaustion; and still they went on endlessly over the moor. It began to grow dark, and at last Frances became really anxious.

"I am sure we are wrong. This path leads to nowhere." "It leads to Fordestown," he declared stubbornly, "if you keep on long enough."

"I don't think I can keep on much longer," she said. "I told you it was miles," said Montague. She heard the sullen note in his voice, and her heart sank. Progress was becoming increasingly difficult. Very soon they would not be able to see the path. She stood still suddenly, obedient to an inner urging that would not be denied. "Oh, let us go back!" she said. He pressed her arm to his side with sharp insistence and drew her on. "Don't be ridiculous! Do you want to spend the night in the open moor?"

She yielded to him, feeling she had no choice. But her alarm was increasing with every step she took. It seemed to her that they were actually beginning to climb one of the tors! Now and again, they stumbled against boulders. And it was growing very cold. The drifting fog had turned to rain. Her feet had been wet for some time, and now her clothes were clinging about her, heavy with damp. She felt chilled to the bone, and powerless to do anything but go whither she was led. And then quite suddenly she seemed as it were to reach a point where endurance snapped. She pitched forward.

"I can't go!" she cried out. "I can't go—any farther!" He caught her as she fell. She was conscious of the brief physical comfort afforded by the warmth of his body



She sprang up in wild alarm. In the midst of the din she thought she heard a woman's voice crying frantically for help

as he held her. Then, oddly, over her head she heard him speak as if addressing someone beyond her. "That settles it," he said. "It's not my fault."

"From all evil and mischief, from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil . . ." Someone was saying the words. Frances opened her eyes upon blank darkness, and knew that her own lips had uttered them. She was lying in some sort of shelter, though how she had come thither she had no notion. The rain was beating monotonously upon a roof of corrugated iron. She lay listening to it, feeling helpless as a prisoner clamped to the wall. And then another voice spoke in the darkness, and her heart stood still.

"That's right. You're better. Gad, what a fright you gave me! Now do stop raving! You're only tired and a bit faint."

I AM not—raving," she said. "I am only—I am only—praying."

"Well, don't! It isn't the time for saying prayers. I want you to attend to me. You know what has happened?" His voice sounded curt and imperious. She peered into the darkness, wishing she could see his face.

"I don't know," she made answer wonderingly. "I brought you here," he said. "You fainted. Now you've got back your senses, for heaven's sake keep them! This is just an old cattle-shed on the moors, and it's all the shelter we shall get tonight."

"Oh!" said Frances, and in her voice dismay and relief were strangely mingled. It was better than the open moor.

He spoke again with a species of humorous ruefulness. "Here we are, and here we've got to stay! The fog has defeated us. We can't hope to move before morning."

A hand suddenly touched her, and she started with involuntary shrinking. A great shivering came over her, and for a space she struggled to control her chattering teeth.

"You are cold," he said.

"Yes; dreadfully cold. But never mind! It—it's better than being out in the open, isn't it? You have no idea where we are?"

"I lost my way," he said moodily. She reached out to him a trembling hand, and realized that he was standing propped against the wall beside her. He stooped quickly, grasping her cold fingers.

"Frances, we've got to face it. You may as well give in to circumstances. We're both of us helpless." His voice had an odd urgency. It was as if he pleaded with her.

"Oh, I quite realize that," she said, and she strove to force a practical note into her reply. "We've been very unlucky, but what can't be cured must be endured. We shall come through it somehow." She would have removed her hand, despite the physical reluctance to relinquish the warmth of his, but he held it fast.

"You don't want me to go?" he said.

"Oh no!" she returned briskly. "I am not so selfish and unreasonable as that. We must just make the best of it. We must just—just—" She broke off. Her teeth were chattering again, and in the effort to check them, she forgot the words she was trying to utter.

SHE felt him bend lower, and found him kneeling by her side. "It's no good offering you my coat," he said. "There's no warmth in it. Besides, it's wet through. But I'm not going to let you die of cold for all that—just for the sake of an idiotic convention. Frances, sweetheart, I'm going to hold you in my arms."

Fear stabbed her—sharp and agonizing. "Oh no!" she said, and drew back from him. "Not here! Not now!"

"That means you don't trust me," he said.

"I would if I could," she made desperate answer. "But—but—"

"But—" he echoed grimly, and let her go. She heard him get up from his knees, and breathed a sigh of thankfulness.

A MOMENT later there came the rasp of a match and a sudden glare in the darkness. Her eyes turned instinctively, though dazzled, to the light. She saw his face, and again instinctively she shrank. For in the eyes that sought her own there burned a fire that seemed to consume her. He was lighting a cigarette. He looked at her above it, and his look held a question she dared not answer. Again a terrible shivering caught her. The light went out, and she covered her face. The man spoke no further word. He smoked his cigarette in the darkness till presently it was finished, and then he threw down the glowing end and ground it under his heel. The silence between them, like the darkness, was such as could be felt. Only the drip, drip of the rain sounded—oddly metallic, like the tolling of a distant bell.

A sense of unreality descended upon her. She must have dozed, for suddenly, as one returning from a long distance, she started to the sound of her name, and realized Montague once more—Montague whom she had forgotten. With a great start she awoke to find herself in his arms. She made an instinctive effort to free herself; but he held her to his breast, and she was too numbed to resist.

"I can't stand it," he said. "I can't stand by and let you die. Frances, you are mine. Do you hear? You are

[Turn to page 22]

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

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You know how smooth and rich and delicious a vegetable puree can be! With many people it is the favorite kind of soup, not only on Fridays, but also for lunch or dinner any day. Here's delightful variety for your choice in these famous Campbell's purees, made without meat. They are pure vegetable blends—the tonic juices of ruddy tomatoes, the daintiness and nourishment of tender peas, choice asparagus or snowy celery, enriched with golden butter and seasoned by a master hand. Frequently you will wish to enjoy the extra richness of Cream Soups, so easily prepared with milk or cream, as described on the labels of Campbell's Tomato, Pea, Celery and Asparagus Soups. Wonderfully wholesome for the children!

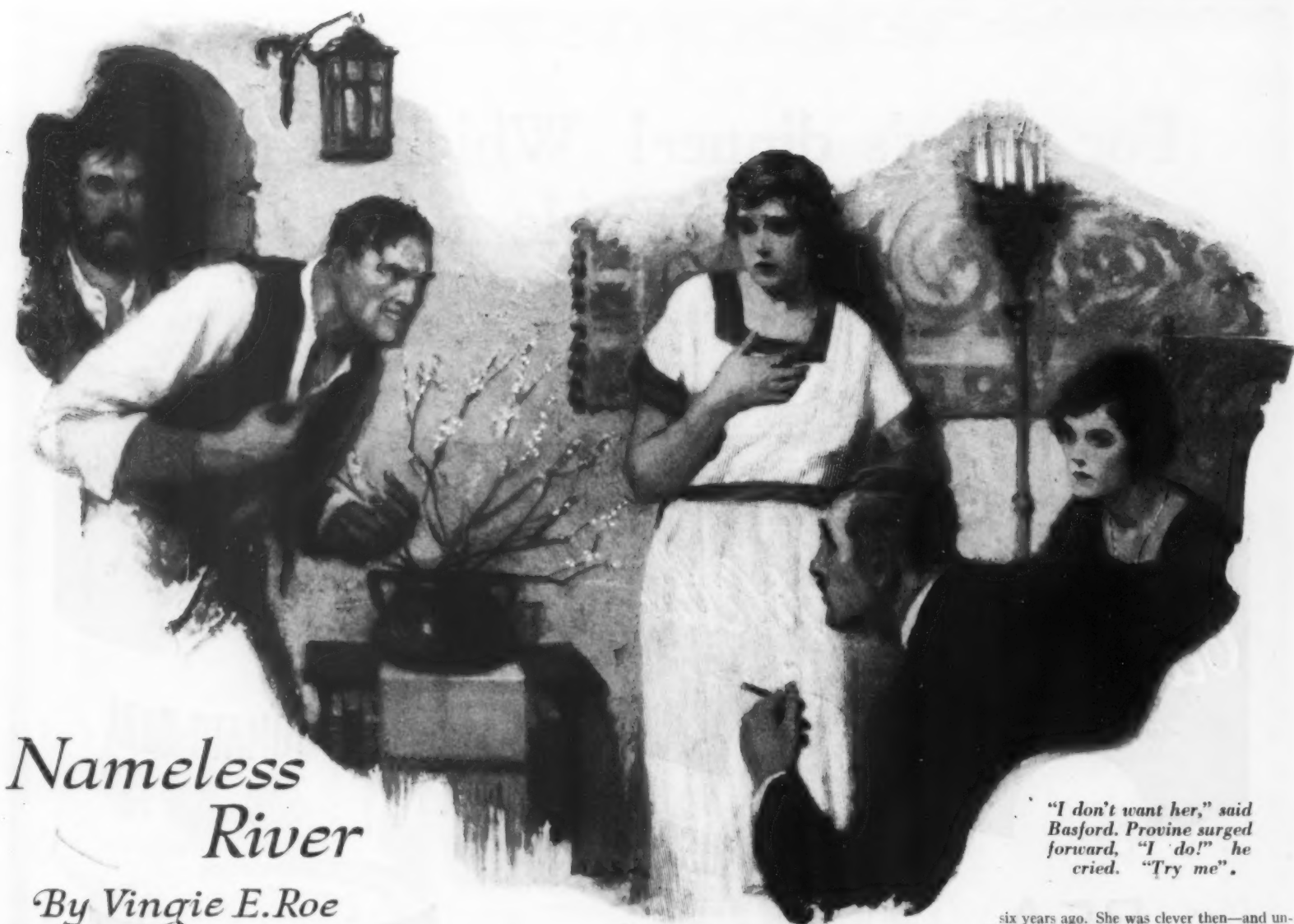
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Nameless River

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Conclusion

SHERIFF SELWOOD had a visitor. The prospector, John Smith, rode into his ranch yard and sat judging him with shrewd eyes. "Sheriff," he said, "I've a notion that you and I could have a pleasant and perhaps a profitable talk. Will you saddle a horse and ride out with me?"

Selwood went into his stable and soon came out leading the lean bay, mounted and followed as the other turned away. They rode for a while in silence. Then the stranger slouched sideways in his saddle and looked at Selwood.

"I'm going to tell you several things, Sheriff," he said, "and show you some more. And I want to make a pact with you. It's about Cattle Kate Cathrew and the Allison family. I'm a stranger hereabouts, but I'm not a happen-so. I've hunted Kate Cathrew for two years."

At that, Price Selwood became alert in every nerve. "What?"

"On horseback—and by rail—from New York to this side the Rockies. Are you willing to let me line up with you in this matter?"

"I'm willing to do anything under heaven that's square to get that bunch of rustlers, for so I'm convinced they are," said Selwood, "and to do it quick, for I'm afraid if we don't, something will happen to the folks on Nameless that can't be mended."

"So am I. Miss Allison was shot in her doorway a few nights back."

"God!" cried the sheriff. "What's that?"

"Just a scratch on her arm—but it was meant for her heart. I was there at the time. The ball came from across the river—a high-power gun." The sheriff groaned.

"That's it! The same old stuff, shoot from ambush!"

"I've heard about the disappearing cattle," said the other, "and I've done a bit on my own hook. I may as well tell you now that my name is not Smith, and that I've been in Blue Stone Canyon for nearly two months." Selwood looked at him in astonishment.

"If you will, I'd like you to ride up the canyon with me," said Fair, "to where the right wall falls away beyond the mouth of Little Blue. It's early and we can make it by noon, I think."

They fell silent for a while, threading the hills that rose in a jumbled mass to the south of Nameless Valley, and after an hour or so reached the river. They crossed on the rifle where Nance was accustomed to ford on her way to Blue Stone, and entered the mouth of the great cut.

"We'll keep to the water as much as possible," said Fair, "because there are other eyes than ours here sometimes." They passed the empty cave where Nance had found Sonny and Dirk and followed the stream on up to the mouth of Little Blue.

"From up in there," said Fair, riding ahead, "I saw one of the Cathrew riders—a man named Provine—driving a red steer up this way."

"Ah!" said the sheriff, adding to himself, "—and so did Nance Allison."

"He went on north and disappeared. I followed next day and came upon a mystery, and—well, I am going to show you something that may set you guessing."

Through pools and over shale wherever they could they put their horses, avoiding the sand, and presently, when the

sunlight had crept almost down to the floor of the canyon, they came out at the spot where the right wall fell away abruptly showing the plains stretched out like a dry brown floor, dotted with sparse bunch grass. On the left the great precipice continued unbroken. Fair went on ahead, still keeping to the water, though both horses were pretty well winded with the hard going it afforded, and at last drew up to let Selwood come alongside. He sat still for a moment. "Look closely at the wall. Watch that clump of willows yonder," said Fair.

He pointed ahead and to the left where a dense green growth stood alone against the rock face. Selwood looked and for a moment his face did not change. Then, suddenly, his eyes grew wide with astonishment.

"Great Scott!" he said. "They're blowing out from the wall! There's a wind behind them!"

Fair moved forward and dismounted, leaving Diamond in the stream. The sheriff followed. "Here," Fair said, "that red steer and the man who drove it went into the wall. I found their tracks that day. They've been obliterated by the shifting sand since then." He pushed aside a feathery branch and the sheriff at his shoulder craned an incredulous head to look into what seemed the mouth of a cave.

"It's not a cave," said Fair, "it's a prehistoric underground passage. It leads straight into the heart of Mystery Ridge from this end, and it has an opening somewhere, attested to by this current of wind. This mouth is just wide enough to admit one steer at a time, one horse and rider—but what more do you want?"

"Great Scott!" cried Selwood again. "Of all the impossible things! And not a soul on Nameless knows about it!"

KATE CATHREW and her riders know. That open plain yonder, it leads out to a town, doesn't it? On the railroad?

"Marston, yes. A long way across."

"Exactly," said Fair. "Now sheriff, find the other end of this subterranean passage and I believe you'll have solved the mystery of the disappearing steers." Price Selwood held out his hand. It was trembling.

"I can't tell you what I owe you for this information. It means more to me than I can say."

"It means as much—or more—to me," returned Fair and turned away, heading Diamond back down the canyon.

"For the present," he said, "I'll keep to the background. This woman would recognize me and be instantly alert for trouble. Another thing, sheriff, those men with her are not cattlemen. They are, without exception, criminals who have been defended by one of the ablest lawyers in New York and acquitted. They owe him a lot, and he has something more on each one of them, so that they are his henchmen in every instance. This man is Lawrence Arnold."

"Kate Cathrew's partner! He owns half of Sky Line!"

"Exactly. When he gets hold of a man he wants to use he apparently sends him here. I have recognized three of these riders already, though none of them knew me."

"Excuse me, sir," said Selwood, "but how do you happen to know so much?"

"You've a right to have that question answered. Kate Cathrew was a New York woman—I knew her there some

"I don't want her," said Basford. Provine surged forward, "I do!" he cried. "Try me".

six years ago. She was clever then—and unscrupulous, always playing for her own advancement. It was along that line that she did the deed for which I have hunted her down. What it was I am not ready to say, nor to whom it was done. It must suffice for the present to tell you that it ruined one life and bade fair to ruin another until I stepped in. These two lives were very near my own, and for their sake I have become a wanderer, searching the lone places of the west to find this woman and bring her to justice. I watched Lawrence Arnold for three years before I started and I knew he was in touch with her, that between them some way they were making money, but I could never get track of her through him. He was too sharp for me. Now you know what I am, and why I'm on Cattle Kate's trail like a Nemesis. I think, if we work together, we'll land her soon—and land her hard and fast where she belongs."

"Amen to that!" said Selwood fervently.

IT was August. In every cup and hollow of the Deep Heart hills the forage was deep and plentiful. Cattle, scattered through the broken country, waxed sleek and fat with nothing to do but fill their paunches in the sunlit glades and chew their cud on the shadowed slopes.

At Sky Line Ranch there was activity. Kate Cathrew was gathering beef. Riders were coming in daily with little bunches of cattle, which they herded into the corrals. Day and night the air was resonant with the endless bawling.

It was a little early for the drive, but then Cattle Kate was always early. And this year she had a particular reason for precipitancy. One of those New York letters had said " . . . would like to come a little sooner if possible, so let's clean up promptly." The word of those letters was law to her. If they had said "ship in December" she would have tried to do so.

The corrals were choked with cattle. Sky Line was ready for its drive. On the last night before the start there was a peculiar tenseness in everything about the busy place. Kate Cathrew was everywhere. She saw what horses were ready for use, spoke sharply with every rider to make sure he knew what he was to do, and told Rod Stone once more to get out of the kitchen. The boy laughed, but Minnie Pine glanced after her with smoldering eyes.

"She's a devil—the boss," she told Josefa. "I hate her." After the early supper Caldwell, Provine, Basford and four others saddled fresh horses and rode away. It was the dark of the moon—as it was always when Sky Line gathered beef—a soft, windy dark, ideal for the concealment of riders, the disguising of sounds. They dropped down the mountain at an angle, heading northwest to circle the end of Mystery, and they followed no trail. All were armed and all wore dark clothing. The only point of light about them was the gray horse which Provine rode.

Kate Cathrew had remonstrated about that horse, but the Texan, who feared neither man, beast, nor devil, had slapped its rump affectionately and refused to ride any other.

"If that nosey sheriff hits my trail on his long-legged bay I want old Silvertip under me," he had said. "I don't aim to decorate no records for him."

"Are you saying you won't obey me?" the boss asked.

"Yes, ma'am, in this particular instance."

"Do you know Lawrence Arnold will soon be here?"

"Well?"

"You know what he can do to you."

"Shore. But—I'll risk it—for Silvertip."

So he had deliberately mounted and the woman was thankful that none of the other riders had heard the insubordination; for Provine was invaluable, and she was forced to hold her peace.

[Turn to page 31]



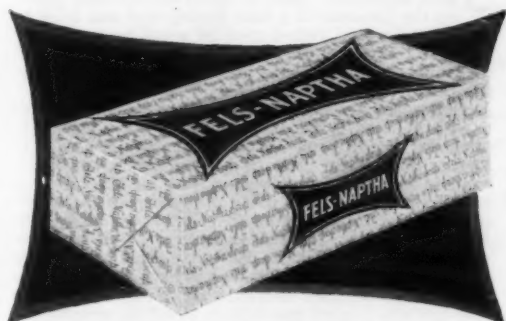
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Wash Baby's woolen shirts, bands, and socks in lukewarm suds of Fels-Naptha Soap. Rinse thoroughly in lukewarm water. Rinsing is so important. Diapers washed with Fels-Naptha are easily and thoroughly cleansed, with the least possible handling. Soap! Soak! The real naptha and soap together quickly do the work. And the fabric is left soft—soothing to the tender skin.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

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Because—the clothes are given a *double* cleansing; they are naptha-cleaned and soap-and-water cleaned.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves the body oils that hold the dirt fast to clothes. Thus the naptha makes the dirt let go by soaking it loose, with only a light rub on extremely soiled places. All the poisons, body oils and perspiration in the clothes are taken out. The naptha having done its work, vanishes completely, carrying away all odors. Then the soapy water flushes away the dirt. The clothes are thoroughly purified. They are sanitary—with that sweet, wholesome, clean-clothes smell!

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FELS-NAPTHA

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DURING the time that they had not been fighting outside, the Jewish tribes had quarreled among themselves, and even in the hour of victory, these quarrels continued with terrible bitterness. Some of the soldiers accused others (who belonged to the tribe of Ephraim) of having been lax in their duties. The Ephraimites, who unfortunately for themselves had arrived upon the field of battle just when the enemy began his retreat, answered that they were sorry but that they could not help being late. Jephthah, however, accepted no apologies, and would listen to no explanations. He sent guards to all the fords across the Jordan and rounded up all the men who were suspected of belonging to the treacherous tribe. It was easy to detect them, for in their part of the world the common Hebrew word "shibboleth" (which meant river) was pronounced "sibboleth," as the Ephraimites could not make the liquid sound expressed by the letters "sh." Every man who looked as if he might be an Ephraimite was made to say "shibboleth." When

The Story of The Bible

by Hendrik Willem van Loon

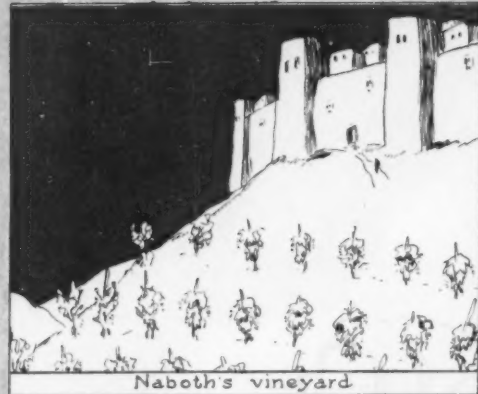
IN the preceding instalments of this remarkable outline of the Bible, by the famous author of "The Story of Mankind," we have seen the gradual development of a wandering desert tribe into a great nation, through the leadership of such inspired teachers as Moses and the Prophets, who fostered the belief in the one all-powerful God. We come now to the tragic Old Testament story of the mighty Samson, told in Dr. Van Loon's fascinating style, and with his great historical insight.



Elijah appears at the gate of Ahab's palace



Jehu drives over the body of Jezebel



Naboth's vineyard

he said "sibboleth," he was taken to the gallows and executed.

In this way, so the Old Testament tells us, forty thousand Ephraimites were killed, and after this had been done, Jephthah rode home to keep a vow which he had made to Jehovah just before he had broken the ranks of the Ammonites. He had promised that he would sacrifice the first living thing which came to meet him when he reached his home. He had probably thought of a favorite dog, or perhaps of a horse, but unfortunately, it was his only daughter who rushed forth to greet her father.

Jephthah kept his word, and peace reigned once more in the land of Israel.

Erelong, the Philistines and the Jews were once more at each other's throats. The fighting was more ferocious than ever, and whole Jewish communities were exterminated. Then Samson, the great national hero of the Jews, made his appearance. He was the son of a man called Manoah, and even as a child he was known for his tremendously strong arms. He never combed his hair, and he let his beard grow wild; he had hands like a pair of hammers, and he did not know the meaning of the word danger. He gave his parents a great deal of trouble, for when he was eighteen or nineteen, he fell in love with a Philistine woman and insisted upon marrying her.

On the way to Timnath to claim his bride, he was attacked by a lion. With his bare hands he picked the animal up as if it had been a kitten and he killed it and threw the carcass into the bushes by the side of the road. But when he passed the same spot a short while afterward, he found that bees had made a home in the mouth of the dead animal and were busily gathering honey. Samson took the honey and ate it and continued his journey. Finally he reached the village where his bride lived, and there were many parties given for the happy couple. Samson played the part of the merry groom and one evening, when all the guests were amusing each other with riddles, he offered to tell a little story of his own. He promised thirty suits of clothes to the guests if they could give him the correct answer.

This is what Samson asked: "He who ate was himself turned into food, and out of the strong, sweetness poured forth. What is it?"

THE people of Timnath hated to look foolish before this stranger who hailed from the hated land of the Jews, and they went to Samson's bride and said: "This man loves you. He will do anything for you. Make him tell you the answer to his riddle." The woman was not very clever, or she would have foreseen what was about to happen. She made Samson's life miserable until he snapped at her that he had meant the dead lion, whose carcass was now a prey to all animals and whose mouth had been turned into a beehive. Then the Philistines laughed and were happy. They went to Samson and shouted: "Your question was easy. Of course we know the answer, for what is stronger than a lion and what is sweeter than honey?"

Then Samson understood that a trick had been played upon him. He grew terribly angry and without another word he left the wedding feast and he left his bride. He walked to the city of Ashkelon where he came upon a group of harmless Philistines. He killed them all, thirty in number. He took their clothes and sent them to the wedding guests with his compliments as a reward for solving his riddle. Then he returned to the house of his parents and sat and sulked. For he was deeply in love with this Philistine girl and he could not keep away from her. He suffered the separation as long as he possibly could and then went back to her in the hope that everything might be set right. But he came too late. A



Elijah hears the voice in the desert.



Elijah's sacrifice



Elijah in the midst of an earthquake

few days before, the girl had been married to another man of her own tribe. That was too much for Samson's pride, and he meant to have his revenge.

He went into the mountains and he caught three hundred foxes. He took them two by two and tied their tails together and then he fastened a burning torch to the tails of each couple and let them run wild. They scattered all over the countryside and in their agony, in order to extinguish the flames, they rolled themselves around in the grain fields that were standing ready for the harvest. The dry grain caught fire. Next the flames spread to the vineyards and to the olive trees, and in one single night the land of the Philistines was ruined by one enormous conflagration. The people in their anger did a very foolish thing. They placed all the blame for their misery upon Samson's former bride. They attacked her house and lynched the girl together with her father. When Samson heard of this, he gathered together all the men who would rally to him and he invaded the land of the Philistines and he slew hundreds of them, from sheer joy of killing. Just then there happened to be peace along the border, and Samson's little private campaign made him very unpopular with certain men of the tribe of Judah who happened to live in that particular part of the country and who wanted to maintain amicable relations with their Philistine neighbors. They captured Samson and bound his hands and they carried him to the Philistines. They did not wish to be responsible for the death of a fellow citizen. They therefore decided to leave the actual execution to the Philistines, while they themselves stood by and looked on.

SAMSON quietly waited until the Philistines had almost surrounded him. Then he jerked himself loose, picked up the jaw-bone of a dead donkey that was lying by the side of the road, rushed upon his would-be executioners and beat them to death, right and left. From that moment on, the enemies of the great Jewish hero knew that all open attempts upon Samson's life were hopeless.

One evening the Philistines heard that Samson had gone to visit a friend in the town of Gaza. They closed the gates and waited for morning. Samson would be obliged to pass through the gates on his way home, and half a hundred well armed men were waiting for him. Samson must have heard of this plan. He got up in the middle of the night. He left the house. He tore the heavy gates from their hinges. He loaded them upon his back and carried them from Gaza to Hebron. There he left them standing as a warning to all his enemies. Apparently the man was invulnerable, and even the Jews (who did not love his high-handed ways) were forced to recognize his rights as their leader. They made him their judge and for almost twenty years, Samson ruled over Israel. He might have died in the full glory of his fame as a strong man and a frontier fighter; but when quite an old man, he became involved in another love affair with a Philistine woman. The girl was called Delilah. She did not care for Samson the least little bit. Her own people, however, had threatened to kill her unless she marry Samson and then discover the source of his incredible strength. She was promised a thousand Philistine dollars if she would betray her husband, but if she failed (so she was told) she was sure to be stoned to death. As soon as they were married, she began to flatter her husband because he was stronger than other men. One thing, she said, she had always wanted to know. How did her clever husband happen to have such broad shoulders and such powerful arms? Samson merely laughed and told her a foolish story. His strength, so he answered, would disappear if any one tied his hands with seven fresh twigs.

[Turn to page 60]

"Conspicuous nose pores grow
larger if neglected"



You cannot conceal Conspicuous nose pores —but you can reduce them

BY a special treatment you can reduce conspicuous nose pores.

On your face the pores are larger than on other parts of the body. On the nose, especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere.

Unless your skin is in an active condition, the fat sometimes accumulates and hardens in these glands, with the result that the pores become enlarged.

Don't let your skin suffer from this very noticeable fault. Begin tonight to use the following treatment, and see what a simple thing it is to correct this trouble:

WRING a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the regular daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will notice a marked improvement. You must not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued neglect. But make this treatment a daily habit, and soon you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

**There is a special Woodbury treatment
for each type of skin**

The treatment given above is only one of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

These treatments are based on years of scientific study of the skin and its needs. Thousands of girls and women, by using them regularly, have been able to overcome the faults in their complexion, and to build up a fresh, clear, flawless skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet wrapped around it, find the right treatment for *your* skin. Begin using it tonight! Within a week or ten days you will notice the difference it makes — the new brilliance and loveliness it gives your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

**Three Woodbury skin preparations — guest
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A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

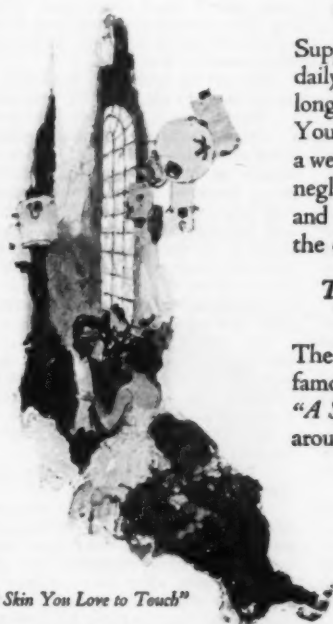
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"A Skin You Love to Touch"

Tetherstones

By Ethel M. Dell

[Continued from page 16]

mine. Whatever comes of it, I'm not going to let you go again!" She heard the rising passion in his voice. It was like a goad, pricking her to action. For a few seconds she lay passive, waiting as it were for strength. All her life she was to remember the strange calm of those waiting moments.

And then quite suddenly deliverance came; she knew not how nor stayed to question whence. She realized only the presence of a power beyond her own, uplifting her, succoring her. She put away the arms that sought to hold her, and even as she did so, there came the sound of a child's voice singing a little tuneless song to itself out in the darkness.

Frances gasped and uttered a cry. "Is that you, child? Is that you?"

The song ceased. A child's voice made reply. "Is that the pretty lady who gives me flowers?"

Frances was on her feet. The man behind her never stirred. "I have lost my way, little darling," she said. "How did you get here in the dark?"

"I don't know the dark," said the child. "What is dark?"

Frances, groping, touched and held a small figure standing before her. "Can you take me back, Rosebud?" she said. A tiny hand, full of confidence, found and clasped her own. "I will take you to Tetherstones," said the child. They went out together, into the dripping darkness.

BRING her to the fire, poor thing!" said a woman's voice, soft with pity. "Mind how you lift her, Arthur! That's right, Oliver. You lend a hand! Where did you find her, Ruthie?"

"Up in the old shed near the Stones," said the child. "I expect she was frightened, too. She was lost."

"Let's give her some hot milk!" said the motherly voice that had first spoken. "Give me the cup. I'll see what I can do." It was another voice speaking—a man's voice, short, decided.

And then Frances felt the rim of a cup against her lips. She drank—at first submissively, then hungrily. Her free hand came up to support the cup, and her eyes opened. She looked into a man's eyes—the hard, steady eyes of Roger's master.

What happened to her afterward she never clearly recalled. She was in the hands of strangers who yet in some inexplicable way were friends. They waited upon her, tended her till at last, safely and warmly in bed, the awful shivering passed. She drifted into sleep. No, she was not lost any longer, but she was ill, terribly ill. Then followed days of suffering and anguish that racked her body, days when she lay in the cruel grip of a torture such as she had never imagined in all the hardships of her life.

There was always someone with her, springing up at her slightest movement to help her. Maggie—the rosy, rough-haired girl who milked the cows—spent two hours each morning and evening after milking-time in ready service upon her. They divided themselves, the six girls, into special watches of four hours each. Frances got to know the time by these watches, for they never varied. Milly, the second girl, used to come to her in the afternoon and in the very early hours of the morning. She liked Milly, who was sensitive and anxious to please, not very strong or very capable, but always full of sympathy and never-failing attention. Elsie, the third girl, was of the boisterous, open-air type.

Then there was Dolly—a girl of considerable character and decision—Nurse Dolly, Frances used to call her, for she was the only one of them who had any real aptitude for nursing. Lucy and Nell were the youngest—girls of twenty and nineteen. Their watches came consecutively and they used to whisper a great deal in the sick-room when one of them relieved the other.

There was someone on the farm, she learned from the girls' talk, for whom everyone had the profoundest contempt. Lucy and Nell always spoke of him as "the Beast." But who the Beast was and why he was always thus described did not transpire. There was also Arthur, Roger's master, who, she gathered, knew how to assert his authority even over the sometimes mutinous Nell, and commanded her unbounded respect in consequence. Then there was Oliver—"Oliver Twist" they called him. He was evidently a humorous person and his comic sayings often caused fits of suppressed giggles behind Frances' screen. But most of all she loved little Ruth of the blind eyes, and Ruth's granny—the patient, tired woman with the mother's voice who had pitied her on that first evening. Frances grew to look for her coming with eagerness, so deep were the knowledge and the understanding in the grave kindly eyes.

The doctor—whose name was Square—was a bluff old countryman.

"You've got some pluck," he said to her once, when he had watched the application of a poultice that caused her acute pain. And then one day he looked at her with eyes that fairly beamed their congratulation. "You've done it!" he said.

"You're through the worst, and, madam, you're the bravest woman it has ever been my lot to attend!"

Frances left alone one morning, lay listening vaguely to the summer sounds that came through her window: the occasional lowing of a cow in the meadow beyond the garden where the chattering stream ran, the cooing of the pigeons on the roof of the old barn and the cry of the wheeling swallows that nestled in the eaves. She felt soothed and too tired to speculate as to the meaning of a half-heard discussion below her window, content to drowse the time away as long as Nurse Dolly would permit. Then, just when the spell seemed complete, there came a sudden and violent interruption, so startling that she sprang up in a wild alarm, not knowing whence it came. It began like the bellow of a bull—a terrific sound that sent all the blood to her heart; then she realized that it came from somewhere in the house, not the farmyard, and sat there palpitating, asking herself what it could be.

It went on for many seconds. Sometimes it seemed to her strained senses like the shouting of an angry man. Suddenly she thought she heard a woman's voice crying frantically for help, and then there came a frightful crash, and all sound ceased. Frances sank back upon her pillows, completely unnerved. Something terrible had happened. But what?

Ah! A sound at last! A step upon the stair! The door opened with quiet decision and Dolly entered. She looked exactly as usual, her face perfectly calm and unclouded. "I am sorry," she said, "but I am afraid it is a little too cold for you in the garden today. The wind has changed." Frances gave a gasp, between relief and incredulity.

"Is there anything the matter?"

With an effort Frances made reply: "I thought—something had happened—such a strange noise—it woke me."

Dolly looked at her with a kindly smile. "Ah, you've been dreaming," she said practically. "People often get nightmares after a bad illness. It's just weakness."

She came and felt Frances' pulse. "Yes, I think you are well enough. I have a letter for you here. Mrs. Trehearn sent it up this morning. One of the girls will be in with your cocoa directly. I must go down and help mother with the bread."

When Frances looked at the letter in her hand her heart leaped.

There came again to her as a somber echo in her soul the memory of the bishop's words: "... until you have endured your hell, and—if God is merciful—begun to work out your own salvation."

But had she yet endured her hell? Of the hours spent with Rotherby on the moor before the coming of the child her memory was vague. A long wandering, coupled with a growing fear, and at the last an overwhelming sense of evil that she was powerless to combat were the only impressions that remained to her. But with a great vividness did she remember how she had surrendered herself to him the evening before, and burned with shame at the memory. No, she never wanted to see him again, and she longed to destroy his letter unread. The very touch of it was horrible to her.

Yet she tore open the envelope with a gesture of exasperation. Of course she was sure of herself! "Circe, my beloved!" So the note began, and before her eyes there swam a mist. No man in the whole world had ever called her beloved before! "I lost you on that night of fog, but I have found you again, and I have been waiting ever since. They tell me you are better, but I can't meet you among strangers. When will you come to me? Come soon, Circe beloved! Come soon!"

I am yours,
M. R.

Somehow she had thought that he would not have deemed it worth his while to wait for her. A curious dazed feeling possessed her. He was waiting for her still! The ordeal was not over yet. How was she going to face it? There came a knock at the door—Nell's boyish knock.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said.

"Is anything the matter, Nell?"

Nell's chin quivered at the question. "Oh, there's been a frightful row," she said. "But I mustn't tell you anything about it. Arthur would be furious if he knew."

TWO days later, Frances went out into the garden. She leaned upon Dolly's arm, for she was very weak, and Lucy came behind, carrying rugs and cushions. They settled her on a couch under the great

cedar-tree that spread its branches over the lawn. Left alone she grew drowsy, was on the verge of slumber when a rustling sound close at hand suddenly recalled her. She came to herself with a sharp start. The rustling ceased immediately, but she had an acute sense of being watched that sent a strange uneasiness through her. Her heart was throbbing and she was conscious of intense weakness, but she managed to drag herself into a sitting position and to turn her head in the direction whence the sound had come. At first she perceived nothing, for a screen of nut-trees that bounded an orchard beyond the garden effectually concealed everything else from sight. Then, as though drawn by some magnetism, her eyes became riveted. She saw two other eyes peering at her through the leaves, and vaguely discerned a figure crouched and motionless, a few yards from her.

The blood rushed to her heart in a great wave of apprehension. There was something ominous in its utter stillness.

Suddenly from across the lawn she heard the deep tones of a man's voice. She turned her eyes swiftly in the direction whence it came and, with a throb of mingled relief and embarrassment, saw Arthur Dermot crossing the grass toward her, little Ruth holding his hand. She glanced back swiftly again into the green of the nut-trees, but the space whence those eyes had glared so fixedly at her was empty. Without a sound the watcher had gone.

An acute wave of reaction went through her—an overwhelming sense of helplessness. She sank back upon her cushions, weakly gasping.

"Miss Thorold!" said a voice. She looked up with an effort, seeing him through a mist. "I am quite all right. Just—a passing faintness!"

"It has been too much for you, coming out here," the man called Arthur said.

"I am quite all right," she assured him again tremulously. "I am only sorry—to have given—so much trouble so long."

She felt his fingers close upon her wrist and wondered a little, for there was something very quieting in his touch.

"You mustn't attempt too much at a time," he said. "Square told me so only two days ago. You are not wanting to leave us yet, are you?"

The direct question, coming from him, took her by surprise. Her vision was steady, but an odd flutter of agitation still possessed her. She did not know how to answer him for the moment.

"I must go—yes. I have been here much too long as it is."

His fingers left her wrist, but he still stood above her, motionless, looking straight down at her, yet not as if he watched her, but rather as if he debated something with himself.

"May I ask a question?"

She felt herself color. There was something unexpected about this man. She wondered why he embarrassed her so. She tried to smile in answer to his words though his expression was grave to soberness. "If it isn't too hard a one," she said.

"It's only this," he said, in his quiet, rather ponderous fashion. "Have you anywhere to go to—if you leave us?"

"Oh, that!" said Frances, and knew she had betrayed herself before she could formulate her reply. "Why, yes. I have—a brother." She found herself explaining further as if under compulsion. "In the north, a businessman. He would take me in."

"Have you any intention of asking him to?" Somehow the question stung her. She did not answer. Before the straight regard she could not lie. He waited a moment or two, then to her surprise he sat down upon the grass by her side.

"Ruth," he said to the blind child standing silently beside him. "Go to the house and find my tobacco-pouch. Will you?"

Ruth went with instant obedience, and Arthur Dermot took off his cap and laid it on the grass. "Now, Miss Thorold," he said, "I am going to ask you another question. I want to know," he said, "what it was that scared you so up at the Stones the night you came to us."

"Ah! I can't tell you that," she said. He was silent for a space, but she was conscious of his eyes still upon her, and she had an urgent desire to escape from their scrutiny. They were so intent, so unsparing, so full of resolution. "Someone was up there with you."

She clenched her hands to check the swift leap of her heart. "I don't think you have any right—to press me like this," she said, her voice very low.

"No right whatever," he agreed, and in his quiet rejoinder she caught an unexpected note of relief. "I knew you had had a fright, and the Stones have a bad name hereabouts. I wondered what boggy had frightened you. But apparently it wasn't a boggy this time."

He smiled a little with the words and she felt the tension relax. She lifted her eyes and met a gleam of friendliness in his. "I shouldn't go to the Stones again in the dark if I were you. It's not a healthy spot."

"But the child goes!" she said in surprise.

"The child!" He lifted his brows. "The child is different," he said briefly. "The child goes everywhere."

His tone did not invite comment. She wondered and held her peace. After a moment he went on, his jaw set in the fighting fashion she had come to associate with him. "All this is beside the point, though you've satisfied me in one particular. Now, Miss Thorold, to return to the charge! Why must you go from here before you are fit?"

"I am going to work," said Frances, with decision.

"What is your work?" he asked.

She answered him without reserve, for his manner had undergone a change. "I am a typist. I have been secretary to the Bishop of Burminster."

"Burminster!" He repeated the name sharply. "Dr. Rotherby?"

"Yes, Dr. Rotherby. Do you know him?"

She asked the question with a certain hesitation, but he answered it immediately. "I knew him once—before he came to Burminster. What is he like now? Did he treat you decently?"

"He never treats anyone decently," said Frances.

"Well," Frances added, after a moment, "that is a closed chapter now. I am looking out for another post."

"They are not very easy to find, are they?" he said.

The indomitable courage that Montague Rotherby had admired in her sounded in her reply. "Of course they are not easy. That's just the best of life. We've got to work for everything worth having."

"Some of us have to work for what isn't," he said. He dropped his eyes again moodily, and she found her own resting upon the silvery gleam of his bent head. "Life can be pretty damnable," he said. "Most particularly to those who have a sense of duty."

"It is more damnable if we rebel," said Frances quietly.

"You speak as one who knows," he said. "Yes. I do know." She uttered the words with conviction. "I have been a rebel. But that is over. I am going back now to work in the furrows—if a place can be found for me."

He frowned at her words. "Those infernal furrows! We plough our very souls into the soil! And to what end?"

"So you are a rebel too!" said Frances, with the suspicion of a smile.

He threw her his sudden, challenging look, and she thought he was angry. But in a moment, somberly, with eyes down-cast, he said, "Yes, I am a rebel too."

There fell a silence between them that was curiously sympathetic. Frances reflected later that it was that silence that banished all her former embarrassment. She knew when he spoke again that it would not be as a stranger. Somehow they had ceased to be strangers.

He looked up at her again at length.

"Miss Thorold, I want to ask you something, and I don't know how to put it. I've lived among clouds too long to express myself with much delicacy. Will you make allowances for that?"

She met his look with frankness. "You do not need to ask me that," she said.

"Thank you." His eyes held hers with a certain mastery notwithstanding the humility of his address. "I have no intention of being offensive, I assure you. But I know—I can't help knowing—that you have come through a pretty bad passage lately. I don't want to ask anything about it. I only want to lend a hand to help you back to firm ground. Will you let me do this?"

"I have already accepted too much from you," she said.

His look hardened. "I know. So you think. But you only see one point of view. I want you to realize that there is another. And if you leave Tetherstones now, well, you won't have done all you might toward lessening what I believe you regard as an obligation."

"What do you mean?" she said. "I thought you wanted me to go."

"You thought wrong," he returned with finality. "There is room for you here, and no reason whatever why you should go back to old Mrs. Trehearn, who is utterly unfit to look after you. Square says it would be madness. I beg you will not contemplate such a thing for a moment."

Instinctively she sought to temporize. "It would be quite impossible for me to stay on here indefinitely. You have all

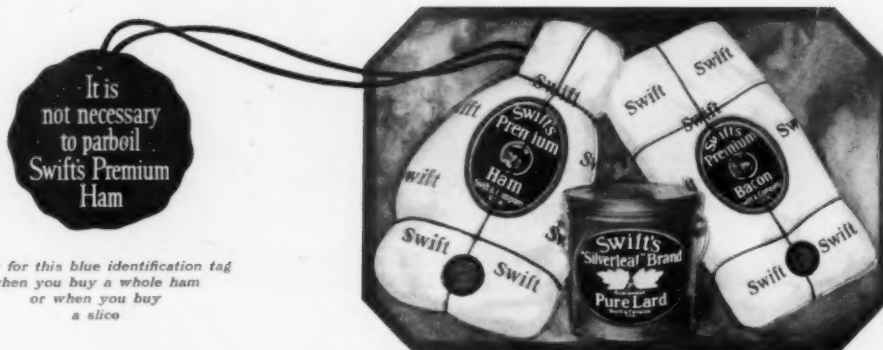
[Turn to page 70]



It's just as delicious served cold

For lunches; for cool suppers on the porch; for those picnics that so often come impromptu on Sunday nights—a Premium Ham, baked, *ready*. Premium Ham, noted for its tenderness, its unvarying delicacy of flavor!

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To bake your Premium Ham: Place it in cold water, heat slowly and simmer gently, allowing 20 minutes to the pound. Cover with brown sugar and sprinkle lightly with cinnamon (stud with cloves if you like); bake in a moderate oven about one hour. Serve cold with a fruit salad, or in sandwiches.

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*Even baby knows
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Tissue Face Powder? It
builds the tissues as well
as beautifies.*

The Story of Auntie Flo

[Continued from page 5]

But George Wheeler had not known, that other night so long ago, how fast the young girl's heart was beating at the thought of him before the party began. Had he been in the morning-room three hours before the expected guests began to arrive, he would have heard Florence's mother say briskly: "It is time you girls began to dress."

At which there was an immediate flutter of excitement. The color flew to Florence's cheeks and her sister Effie, who had been whispering to the school friend who was visiting them for the occasion, looked up sharply. "Time to get dressed? Well! We can be done first, can't we?"

Mrs. Desmond smiled indulgently at her pretty younger daughter.

"I think not. It is Florence's birthday party, you see, so she must come before you and Grace." She spoke quietly and held out her hand. "Come, Florence."

That was the only time in her life Florence could ever recall having been put before her sister, and all her life she remembered it as an emperor remembers his coronation, or a bride her wedding-day.

The next three hours in the Desmond home were all excitement and breathlessness until, at ten minutes to eight precisely, Mrs. Desmond in the stiffest of stiff silk frocks—the skirt, taken off, would today be yards and yards by itself—stood at the entrance to the drawing-room to receive her guests. Florence, beside her, was hot and flushed, her wreath of tiny rosebuds (that were a little inclined to escape their fastenings) tilted over one eye, too excited to realize yet what was happening. And then, across the hall, she saw tall George Wheeler. He was busy unwinding a long muffler from about his throat, and his nose looked cold. But to Florence he was handsome enough and romantic enough to take away one's breath. He was wonderful enough, anyway, to make her tremble with joy when, at last, he crossed the shiny schoolroom floor and claimed the supper dance for his own. It was a waltz—"valse" they spelled it on the little pink-and-blue programs in those days—and it was slow and stately, and George held her in the approved "not-too-tightly" manner, and she laid her hand on his shoulder, her elbow nicely pointed, to the extreme danger of other couples who ventured near. And, for the few moments it lasted, Florence lived in a delirious dream.

Then Mrs. Desmond said in her most stately manner: "Will you all take your partners in to supper, please." And George obediently offered his arm, and Florence laid a trembling hand on his sleeve, and together they headed the long stream across the hall. Florence felt herself a princess in a fairy-tale, for that night at least. And when she went to bed—soon after midnight—she fell asleep with a happy smile on her face, the pink program on which George had scribbled his name for the supper-dance and one extra, clasped tightly in her hand. Meanwhile, downstairs the grown-ups—George's father and mother—were holding a council of war. Grandmother had gone to bed or she might have had something to say; and George's mother and Florence's mother were in a far corner of the room discussing a new pattern for crocheted lace, and trying to pretend that neither of them had the least idea what George's father and Florence's father—at the other end of the room and each with a glass of fine old tawny port—were talking about.

But the result of it all was that, a few weeks later, young George called and was discreetly shut up in the drawing-room with Florence. After fidgeting and stammering and getting absurdly red in the face he said: "I . . . I should awfully like to marry you." Florence flushed an unbecoming scarlet, and tears came into her eyes as she answered gratefully: "Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

So they became engaged—only it was called "betrothed" in those days—and the fathers discussed marriage settlements over glasses of tawny old port and the mothers gave an "afternoon" inviting all their friends and circulating the news.

These were happy days for Florence! For all that she saw very little of her George, she knew that he was hers, trusted him and was content. Effie was at boarding school at the time (a select seminary for young ladies, the prospectus put it) but she was to come home for the wedding to act as one of her sister's bridesmaids.

As a matter of fact she came home a month before the wedding. And the first night that young George saw her again he stared in amazement, the eyes almost popping from his head.

That night Effie sat on the bed in Florence's room and asked numerous questions about young George. "Flo, is he frightfully in love with you?"

Florence blushed and did not answer. She loved George so deeply that she felt

it impossible to discuss him, even with her sister. Effie was so utterly different from herself.

"He's very handsome," pursued Effie, after waiting a moment. Then, seeing that no reply to her question was forthcoming, she got up and went to look at herself in the mirror. She and George would make a handsome couple, she was thinking, he so tall and dark, and she so small and fair. She rather liked to imagine his arm about her, and her head on his shoulder.

That was a month before the wedding, and it was just a week before that the tragedy happened. One morning the family found a note pinned to the cushion on Effie's dressing-table saying that she had run away with young George. Her bed had not been disturbed.

Eventually Florence had to be told. The poor child was summoned to a council of relations in the drawing-room. She came with wide, rather scared eyes, wondering at the profusion of smelling-bottles and the anxiety in her mother's eyes.

"I have bad news for you, Florence dear," said Mrs. Desmond gently. "I hope you will try to be brave."

Florence stiffened. "George is dead?" Ah! if it had only been that. . . . Then they told her. They waited for her to faint. They waited for her to burst into heart-broken sobs. Instead she stood like a statue, white and silent.

Florence was not yet nineteen then, but she grew old from that hour. She never went to another party or troubled about her appearance again. Silently and alone she bore the burden of her heart, and all efforts on the part of her mother failed to stir her. Her life was over.

Effie was forgiven, of course. She was too pretty to be kept for long in disgrace. The two fathers once again put their heads together to decide what could be done for the young couple. But before they reached a decision Effie's father failed in business. That ended any talk of marriage settlements. George's people moved away from the neighborhood shortly after, and George was given a clerk's job in the offices of an uncle in the city. Together he and Effie began the desperate struggle of making both ends meet.

Florence had never seen her sister since that terrible day when she had eloped with George. So she was surprised a year later to receive a letter in her former lover's handwriting. She carried the heart-broken appeal to her mother. Effie was ill; she had just had a baby, a poor, sickly little thing, the letter said, and George was at his wits' end to know what to do. Mrs. Desmond herself had been ill and was still in bed, and there was both pity and anxiety in her eyes as she looked at her eldest daughter. "Do you think you ought to go, dear?" she asked.

Florence answered quietly: "I suppose it is my duty."

So Florence packed her modest wardrobe and went to Effie's. The little ill-kept house in a dreary part of Clapham, George had chosen because of the cheap fare to the city. When she arrived Florence found Effie in bed, but more fretful than ill. She complained bitterly. "I was a fool to marry him; love doesn't last. Oh, I was a fool! How can we live on what he makes? I shall never be able to have any new clothes . . . and now there is the expense of the baby. I'll never have another. . . ."

But she did. She had three more, two girls and a boy, at long and short intervals. Mrs. Desmond was dead by this time and Mr. Desmond had suffered a stroke. Florence lived patiently on at home, and it was not until her thirty-first birthday that her father died.

She was free now to look after Effie's neglected children. The old heavy furniture was sold and the small sum realized invested in government bonds for Florence by the old family lawyer. "It will bring you in a little—enough to live on if you are careful," he said.

So she went to live with Effie. They still lived at Clapham, only now in a larger house facing the Common, for young George, contrary to expectations, was doing very well for himself. The night she arrived, Florence found two of the girls in bed with measles and Effie, in a soiled morning wrapper, was lying stretched out on a couch reading a novel. Effie, feeling a trifle ashamed of herself, blushed as she rose to meet her sister.

"I'm worn out. I've been on my feet all day," she said.

Though she knew it was not the truth, Florence pretended to believe her. "Oh, I'll see to things!" she said.

And she did. From that day forward the management of the house took a turn for the better, and George began steadily to advance along the road to success. Though George and Florence hardly ever spoke together, George knew who it was that attended to his small comforts. He knew too who helped the children with

their lessons. Night after night he would watch Auntie Flo's patient head bent over columns of figures and French exercises. He knew her to be an indifferent scholar herself, but for the sake of blue-eyed Margery, and long-legged Tom—who was so like his father—and Bee, and the baby of the family, he saw her force herself to master difficult subjects in order to help them. She would hunt up old nursery rhymes and invent fairy-tales to tell them when they were in bed, or when they had colds and would not go out to play.

Many a night George Wheeler heard her voice across the hall as he sat in his den poring over ledgers and accounts.

Meanwhile Effie, having no longer any reason to complain of poverty, looked around for some fresh ground for dissatisfaction. George's business was a one-man business now, and he had scant time for pleasure. "You never take me out! You put your work before me always!" Effie complained. "Anyone would think that I was an ugly woman."

As a matter of fact she had lost her girlish prettiness long ago.

"You can go where you like," George told her patiently. "I never refuse you money. I like you to enjoy yourself." And Effie took full advantage of the permission. She was at home less and less, leaving everything in charge of Auntie Flo, who was careful to keep all domestic worries from George.

And then one day Effie came tapping at her door in a terrible state of agitation. Little by little her story came out. She had made friends with some woman who had played cards. They had played for a small stake at first, but the sum had grown until—oh, horror! she dared not tell George—she now owed Mrs. Lingham thirty pounds.

Effie burst into hysterical tears. "George would never forgive me. He hates women like Mrs. Lingham, just because they are smart and go about so much. It's you who must help me, Florence, or I shall be ruined!" So that was it then. Effie knew that there was a little bit in bonds; it must have grown nicely during the last three years—would Florence be a dear, kind sister?

The money was handed over to Effie and Florence supposed that Mrs. Lingham was paid. Anyway, she heard no more about it for some months, and then the same scene was enacted over again. Only this time it was fifty pounds Effie had lost. "But I can't afford it," Florence protested with pale lips.

"Can't afford it!" Effie was magnificent in her scorn. "Not when we keep you—have kept you for years! I never heard of such base ingratitude."

Florence wrote for the fifty pounds and gave it to Effie. "But it's the last time. I can do no more," she said. But Effie had made her feel as though she were borrowing money instead of lending it.

In the end George found out. A friend of his overheard some idle gossip and thinking to do George a good turn, for he was that sort of man, spoke to him about it. "I wouldn't let Effie see so much of that Mrs. Lingham if I were you, old man," he said, with elaborate indifference which deceived no one. "She's not good company for a woman such as your wife."

Wheeler looked him straight in the eyes. "What do you mean?" he asked. And he was told. Effie was a gambler; she spent all her evenings, when she was supposed to be at home or drawing-room parties, playing cards with people of doubtful reputation. It was said that she was heavily in debt . . . but then, so many rumors of the kind were proved to be untrue, the friend apologized.

George went straight home and to his wife's room. "Is it true that you owe money to Mrs. Lingham?" he asked bluntly.

Effie was too taken by surprise even to lie. She stammered and hesitated, and finally threw the blame on Florence. "She has told you, the sneak! I knew she was working behind my back."

George's face hardened. "I hardly ever speak to your sister. I should certainly not discuss you with her."

"I might have known she would try to make mischief," Effie stormed. "It's a pity you didn't marry her instead of me."

George Wheeler's quiet face flamed. "Yes, I think it is," he agreed.

That frightened her, and she tried to conciliate him. "You loved me devotedly once," she whimpered. "Look how you begged me to run away with you. I've been a good wife to you—I've brought up your children—"

He interrupted her again with scant ceremony. "How much do you owe Mrs. Lingham? I will settle with her, but if you ever gamble again you must take the consequences."

He went out of the room and straight to Florence. He found her in the school-room, bending over columns of figures. She

[Turn to page 45]

rude

*She thought him rude
for staring at her
but he had a reason*

If she could have read his mind she would have known why.

At first glance, the girl opposite him in the train appeared exceedingly neat and well-groomed. But the moment she opened her lips to speak, he noticed that her teeth were dull, cloudy and untidy looking.

It was like seeing a well-dressed man wearing a soiled collar.

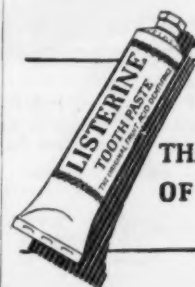
So many otherwise fastidious men and women forget that their teeth are probably the one most noticeable index of real gentility. Every word you utter fixes someone's eye upon your lips. And your teeth often have more to tell about you than what you actually say.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy (25 cents) or the free sample (mailed you by the makers upon your request) will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe anti-septic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans, yet it cannot injure the enamel.

Maybe you will need a little help from your dentist first, depending upon how long you have neglected your teeth. It is better to see him a few times a year anyhow. He should remove old tartar and watch for decay.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.



**IT'S MORE
THAN A MATTER
OF GOOD TASTE**

Mary Nash—famous for the grace and loveliness of her hands, posed for this picture. She uses Cutex and says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex is so easy to use, so quick and makes my nails look so well."



Photo by Nicholas Muray
Left.—In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Rinse the fingers and it wipes away.

THEIR WHOLE BEAUTY DEPENDS on Cuticle kept soft and smooth

UGLY little ridges of dead skin dried tight and hard around the base of the nail. Those little stiff shreds that you could not scrape away—nor cut away.

How often you have filed the nail tips, cleaned them and even polished them and yet there they were—those nails simply looked as if you had never spent a moment on them.

Do you know you could have spent less time on them and had them a thousand times lovelier!

The whole secret of lovely nails is the care of the cuticle. Keep it soft and smooth. Cuticle will grow hard to the nail, tighten and break. There is only one safe certain way of removing those little stiff particles of dead cuticle without injuring the soft new skin. That way is with Cutex.

With the little bottle of Cutex there comes a smooth orange stick and some fresh, clean absorbent cotton. Wrap a bit of this around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle, then pass the moistened cotton carefully over the dry dead cuticle. In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Then rinse your fingers and wipe the softened cuticle away.

As you dry the finger-tips, push the firm unbroken new cuticle back. How lovely, even and shapely it is. How clear and smooth the nail base.

And How Quick and Easy

You will find you need not do this more than once or twice a week.

But do not neglect your nails

between these quick manicures. To keep the nail rim soft and even always you must give them regularly the following slight attention. Every night, just as regularly as you "cream" your face and hands, so you must gently smooth a little cream into the cuticle of each nail. Any good cold cream will do, but Cutex has prepared a Cuticle Cream (Comfort) that is unexcelled for this purpose. It is rich in the oil that keeps both nail and cuticle smooth and healthy and it is especially good for keeping the cuticle soft.

Two Brilliant New Polishes

Cutex has lately perfected two new polishes. The new Liquid Polish dries instantly leaving the nails gleaming for a whole week. The Powder Polish gives a tinted lasting brilliance with just a few strokes on the palm of the hand.

Cutex sets come now in four sizes, at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c, at all drug and department stores.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. F-7, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. F-7, 114 West 17th Street, New York.
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new introductory set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name.....
Street.....
(or P. O. box).....
City..... State.....

Eris

[Continued from page 11]

For a while she was occupied with her make-up box; then, locking it, she opened her suitcase and began to lay away such articles as belonged to her. As she locked and strapped it, Smull appeared at her door, and she rose in displeasure, although the infraction of rule meant nothing to her now.

"Your check," he said, extending it.

"Thank you I don't want it."

"It belongs to you. You could hold me for the balance of the year if you chose, and not do a stroke of work." Her short upper lip curled shorter in contempt.

"I release you, Mr. Smull." She picked up her suitcase and make-up box. But he continued to block the doorway.

"Eris! Eris!" he stammered. "Don't do this—don't leave me! I want to marry you! I want you! I'll keep away until I can get a divorce—"

He caught her arm in his hot, red hands; suddenly clutched her body, crushing her face against his with an inarticulate cry as though strangling. And she fought him back, savagely, in silence, bruised, wild with the shame of it. Both chairs fell; he trod on one, crushing it to splinters, and his powerful shoulder tore the mirror from the wall and wrecked the dressing-table with it. With a desperate wrench she tore free of him. They stood, panting, watching each other for a full minute. Then her gray eyes dilated with horror, for he slowly took a pistol from his pocket, his near-set black eyes, all bloodshot, fastened on her.

"You listen to me," he said brokenly, his great chest heaving with every word. "I want you because I can't live without you. Will you marry me?"

"No."

"If you don't," he said, "I'll blow my brains out in your face."

She picked up the suitcase and make-up box. Watching him, she began to move slowly toward the door, passed him where he was standing, slowly, never taking her eyes off him. She reached the door.

"I swear I will do it!" he shouted. She looked at him coolly over her shoulder.

"You are too fond of yourself," she said. And walked on.

AT the head of the stairway Eris, carrying her suitcase and make-up box, encountered Flynn, the voluble doorkeeper, coming upstairs.

"Miss Odell," he began, half way up, "the same gentleman that telephoned you is downstairs askin' for you with a taxi-cab. I wouldn't leave him come up after what the governor told me. Was I right, Miss Odell?"

"I couldn't see any newspaper man now," she assented, nervously.

"So I told Mr. Annan, Miss," commented the doorkeeper, relieving her of her baggage.

"Was it he who telephoned? I—I understood it was a Herald man—" She continued on down the stairs, followed volubly by Flynn. Outside the barred gate she saw Annan standing beside a taxi-cab. Flynn opened the wicket. She went out.

"I didn't know it was you," she said. "They misinformed me. I'm so sorry." The girl looked white and tired. One shoulder of her frail summer gown was torn to the elbow and there were red bruises on the skin already turning darker.

"What is the matter?" he demanded bluntly, retaining the nervous hand she had offered. She noticed the damage, then, for the first time, the hot color swept her face.

"An accident," she murmured. "The place is impassable—a jungle of lumber and knocked-down sets. Will you please drive me home, Barry?"

"Where is Mr. Smull?" She lifted her gaze to the man beside her, then calmly turned to Flynn and bade him place her luggage in the taxi. Something in Annan's eyes had alarmed her. She did not answer. An instant vision of Smull's heavy black pistol and a swift intuition that Smull was capable of using it on anybody except himself—these thoughts paralyzed her tongue. She looked dumbly at Annan. The stillness of his drawn face terrified her. "Barry, come with me—"

"Wait a moment," he said; but she caught his hands desperately.

"Help me," she whispered. "I need you I tell you, I need you—"

"I'm going to help you."

"I want you to take me home," she said. "It is the first thing I ever have asked of you. Will you do it?" He hesitated. She had clasped his arm. Her weight on it was heavy; her face had grown deadly pale. She put out one hand blindly, reaching for the cab door; wrenched it open; sagged heavily on his arm. He almost lifted her into the vehicle; and she crumpled up in the corner, her eyes closing. Annan spoke to the driver, cast a quick, grim look at the gate, then turned and jumped into the cab.

"Now," he said, drawing her head to his shoulder, "we won't talk until we get

home. If you feel faint we can stop at a chemist's. Lie quietly, dear." She lay against his shoulder, perfectly inert—so still that, at moments, he leaned over to see her face, fearing she had fainted. Neither uttered a word. His thoughts had made glimmering slits of his eyes and had set the hard muscles working around his jaws. But all the girl thought of was to get him away from that heavy black pistol and from the man whose neck had swollen red behind the ears. For suddenly in that moment when she had seen that terrifying expression on Annan's face, a new and vital truth had flashed clear as crystal in her brain. She saw it; saw through it; knew it for Truth. She, Eris, knew now that whatever became of her career, this man beside her, who was her lover, was something more, too. He was a care. He was a responsibility. He was something to be defended; something to be guided.

DEAR," he said gently, "we are here. Do you feel strong enough to stand, or shall I carry you?" If her smile were faintly wise it also was tenderly ironical. She knew who it was between these two who would do the carrying; and who it would be who was carried by the stronger.

"Darling," she murmured, "you're so funny. I only needed a nap because I didn't sleep last night."

They climbed the bare and poorly lighted stairs. Eris fumbled for her keys, selected the right one, and opened the door. The whole place was sweet with the scent of flowers. As always, the girl's gratitude was out of all proportion for anything offered her; and now, in the living-room, she stood enchanted, gazing at the flowers, touching them here and there with finger tip and lip. "Oh," she murmured, "you are so sweet to me, Barry. And you must have brought them and arranged them while I was out." She turned, happily, and took both his hands. And saw the darkness of impending trouble in his clouded face. "Darling?" she exclaimed.

"It's nothing, Eris. That miserable wench of yours lied about you."

"What did she say, dear?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you. She said a man was here—all night—"

"Oh," she said disdainfully, "that was my husband. He pretended to be ill and starving and I let him in. When he got inside he tried to bully me. So I locked my door; and in the morning I turned him out." In the girl's healthy and flushed contempt, making of a sinister situation only a squalid commonplace, the boy's formless fears—all the tragic perplexity faded, burned out in a wholesome rage. But into her gray eyes came the swift shadows of anxiety again and she took hold of him, impulsively, by both elbows.

"Barry—Barry," she breathed brokenly, "you belong to me—you're my boy! You're all I ever owned in all my life that really belonged to me." She clung to him, strained him to her in an abandon of long-pent need, incoherent between convulsive tears and the sobbing laughter that shook her slender body.

"You want me, you need me, don't you, Barry? You're lonely. No boy ever should be lonely. It is the wickedest thing in the world—that any child should ever be lonely for need of love. . . . You are a child! Mine! You're all I care about. And I'm going to marry you because you want me to—because we both want to—Barry, my darling—my boy who belongs to me—"

NO sooner was it rumored that Eris Odell and Albert Smull no longer cooperated, than telegrams began to arrive from all sorts of people, responsible and irresponsible. Offers arrived from keen, clever, capable and ruthless producers, with releases guaranteed, and who wished to fetter her for years at the lowest figure; from enthusiastic people new in the game, with capital guaranteed but no release. All of these communications Eris laid before Frank Donnell. Theirs was a close and sober friendship, because Frank Donnell had been in love with her since her first awkward step in the Betsy Blythe company. The girl knew it; both knew, also, that the matter was hopeless. And for Frank Donnell, Eris was conscious of a gravely tender affection she never had felt for anybody else in her brief life.

Following his advice, an arrangement had been made possible for one year between her and a great producing company. And of this proposed contract she informed Annan. Together they consulted Annan's attorney, Judge Wilmer; and the first steps, in her suit for annulment of that unsummarized farce of her marriage, were taken.

Eris had not thought of going away that summer, although her contract did not call her to report for duty until October. But early in August she began to feel a desire

[Turn to page 68]



Your Five Miles of Pores

Are They Open Roads, or Closed?

END on end your millions of pores would make a pipe line five miles long. Are they *open* roads or *closed*? Are they carrying their normal traffic, or is the "closed" sign diverting it to other channels and so causing congestion and lowered vitality? In other words, are you *really* clean or only *nearly* clean?

Real cleanliness is pore-deep cleanliness. And pore-deep cleanliness demands a soap which will not leave behind a residue to clog the skin. For this reason more and more people everywhere are adopting *American white cleanliness*

which calls for *white* soap, a soap that soothes as well as invigorates, a soap which makes every pore an *open road* to health.

So, the ever-growing demand is for Fairy—the *whitest soap in the world*—soap in its purest form. In America's foremost baths, clubs and athletic institutions—*wherever cleanliness is a business*—there you will find Fairy Soap. There may be "prettier" soaps. There may be "smellier" soaps; but when it comes to honest-to-goodness, deep-down cleanliness, the call is for Fairy. It comes clean, it

looks clean, it is clean through and through, and it does a clean job.

Entrust your skin to Fairy. It works no harm—it does great good. It *more* than cleans; it helps the body *breathe*. And every clean-thinking man or woman knows how essential that is to well-being. Its shape is handy. It floats. It gives instantly a wealth of cleansing, quick-rinsing lather. It wears without waste to a thin wafer. It is a really-clean soap for really-clean people.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Factories in United States and Canada

The Whitest Soap In the World—The Soap of Really-Clean People

Ritz-Carlton Hotel
Broad and Walnut Streets
Philadelphia, Pa.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
New York City.
Gentlemen:—

The choice of a soap to be used in a representative hotel is a matter of considerable importance. We have found that Fairy Soap meets the particular demands of a high-grade clientele. Its whiteness, quick-cleansing quality and gentle tonic effect on the pores contribute largely to this preference.

Yours very truly,
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
Albert B. Brown
Director



FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



More Beauty Now

Millions show prettier teeth

Nowadays women take care of their beauty, and beauty has multiplied as a result.

One method is a new way of teeth cleaning—a way that combats the film. Millions now employ it. You see the results wherever you look. Teeth are whiter now, and people smile to show them.

This is to offer a ten-day test to those who don't know this method.

Don't leave the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth-paste effectively combats it.

As a result, the film absorbs stains. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that became alarmingly common.

Curdled and removed

To meet this situation, dental science sought ways to fight that film, and two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. For years, leading dentists the world over have been urging its adoption.

Effects on saliva

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Certain elements in our diets can do the same. Races which largely employ them are almost immune to tooth troubles.

With our average diet, the tooth paste should bring them.

It leaves no doubt

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. You can see and feel that it is doing what never before was done.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In a week you will realize how much this method means to you and yours. Cut out coupon now.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Ten-Day Tube Free ¹¹⁷⁷

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 83, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

What Can I Do For My Country?

[Continued from page 2]

today for all the rest of the world rolled into one, with the best of all of it in control," she said quietly. "The trouble is that people do not understand when they come here that they must keep on doing exactly what they have been doing at home. They must go straight ahead working for a living. The lesson that they have got to learn gradually is that they have more space in which to work, that they have wider opportunities for finding work, that they can receive better pay, that they may have longer hours of leisure, that they may have a social equality with their neighbors quite impossible in any land of Europe."

"Then," I said to her, "after twelve years among us it's really 'America the Beautiful' to you?"

She said, "Oh, yes. I took out my naturalization papers seven years ago. I am American now."

And then she went on to tell me what her daily life was, and I realized that, although her name might be Pilsudski, or Cammetti, or McLeary, that woman was a better American citizen at heart, and was willing to do more for her country, than many women I know who have lived here in person, and through ancestors for three or four generations. After all, a man's land is where his roof is, where his hearthstone is, where the wheat waves and the sun shines and the wind sings, and the justice of the peace occasionally renders a fair decision. And this brings me back to my original proposition, that what any man, woman or child can do for his country is a matter commensurate with ability. Some can do more, and some can do less, but there is no human being alive and navigating the highways of the world today, who has not some influence somewhere, and who cannot, if he makes a deliberate effort, do something.

It takes a broad vision, and at least a slight knowledge of higher mathematics to realize that the universe is something immeasurable. In figures we are ninety-two million miles from the nearest star, and beyond that, through millions and billions and trillions of miles, there stream away worlds without end, warmed and lighted by thirty suns, which can today be located and counted, many of them larger than our own. There is no end to space, no way of computing what lies beyond the range of the farthest telescope. Men are hard at work on the job. They have recently invented a camera which will photograph uncounted miles beyond the range of the farthest telescope, and all it records is still more worlds, more suns, more stars, more undoubtedly of our own condition stretching through space. And on these other worlds, lighted and heated by these thirty other suns, we can be absolutely sure that life is developing and progressing even as we are evolving in our own land today. And this, in total, makes a thing so stupendous that I cannot think of it without my mind instantly reverting to a thought of Deity, a form of worship, a controlling power, a developed mind at the back of all of it. I believe the best thing any man or woman can do for their country is to get this thought in mind, to allow it to be concrete in the person of Jesus Christ, to believe that the same plan of salvation thought out and offered to our world is today being put into force in the other worlds stretching through space.

Once upon a day, at a supposedly literary gathering, a man with whom I was not at all acquainted laid his arm across my shoulders and bringing his face close to mine, he whispered in my ear, "You don't believe in this Jesus Christ stuff, do you?"

I took one good look at him, and then, as quietly as I could, I stepped aside and said to him in as low a voice as he had spoken, "What is the difference what I believe so long as your beliefs are fixed?" And the poor fool spent the remainder of the evening telling his friends what a wonderful woman I was! He thought he had been paid a wonderful compliment; I thought he had been insulted. So, after all, most things in this world are relatively a matter of personal viewpoint. But what I am trying to get at is that the first essential to good citizenship is to try to realize that our world is ours; it is round; it is in the hollow of the hand of the Almighty. We have had many plans of salvation for the soul advanced to us. Out of all of them I adhere to the plan of Jesus Christ and I believe that I am a better woman, of more help to my own country and to the world at large for this belief. I would recommend it, plain and outspoken, for every man and woman of the world. "Show your colors," is a slogan in time of war. A house to house canvas is made and each house has to say definitely where it stands. This is a capital idea in time of peace. Keep right on showing your colors. Don't be afraid to let the rest of the world know that one little atom of your size on one little dust speck of this

incomprehensible universe has the big idea. When you get thoroughly imbued with the idea of an almighty force ruling the universe, and the fact becomes patent to you that you can help a little bit on your own little speck in this great scheme of things by having the love of God and the fellowship and self-sacrifice of Jesus Christ in your heart, then you can come down a step and realize the fact that as there must be laws on which the universe is constructed and by which it operates, so that each of us has living conditions, so, in each planet of the universe, there must be laws by which living conditions are operated for the people who have developed a civilization.

Next to loyalty to God it is the duty of every one of us to be loyal to our government, and when this loyalty extends to service, to influence, to financial support in the highest degree possible with each one of us, the world is going to be considerably better than it is today. It isn't fair to allow a few men and women to carry the whole burden. I don't know why I should be compelled to follow the spirit and letter of every law laid down by my government, and my next door neighbor should be allowed to break the law as he chooses. Last year a man of great wealth and influence in my community was talking with me on the subject of income tax. He asked me just how I made up my tax and I answered him, "Exactly in accordance with the spirit and the letter of the law in so far as I know and understand it." Pressed further, I explained to him from what sources I drew my income, to what exemptions the law says I am entitled, and how an experienced lawyer figured my tax on the remainder. He told me that I was all wrong; that was not the way to do. I was paying far more tax than I should. He explained to me that his business yielded him so much money that in order to live that he might earn this money, it was necessary for him to have a house, a family, servants and to contract living expenses. All these things he said were essential in the conduct of his business.

I looked at him aghast. "You don't mean," I said, "that you are asking the government to give you exemption for the clothes you wear, the house you live in, the servants you hire, the food you eat, and the coal that warms you?"

He said: "Most assuredly I do. That is a part of the expense entailed in earning my living."

"But," I objected, "the word of the law is absolutely clear. It is specifically stated as to what your expenses are in the conduct of your business. It is specifically stated that you are not entitled to exemption for your personal expenses and the expenses of your household, of dressing your wife in velvet and bedecking her with diamonds."

He insisted that he was; that he had always made his tax in this way and he always should continue to do so and that I was a fool for not doing the same thing. I carried the matter to my lawyer and he said he found in his business that the world is full of men like that and, every once in a while, one of them got what he deserved and went to the penitentiary. But just the same, I can't help feeling that for the one who goes to the penitentiary there is a large number who do not; and while I am not in favor of penitentiaries and greatly deprecate the fact that any human being should be confined in one, at the same time, I don't like laws which are for me and not for my fellow man. If I am willing to do what the laws of my country stipulate that I should do, then it is only fair that the remainder of the country shall do the same thing. The truth is that if every human being would be honest and report his taxes fairly, very soon the rate could be lowered for all of us, and the burden would not be so heavy. Such men are warts on the body politic who are not doing the fair thing yet who enjoy the protection and the benefit of a government that, although it is full of faults, at the same time is the best form of government that yet has been devised on the face of the globe.

One thing that everybody can do for his country is to do his share honestly and squarely, and this would immediately lighten burdens for everyone to a degree that cannot be computed in dollars and cents, because nobody knows at the present minute exactly the degree to which delinquencies and dishonesty occurs.

Naturally, every man and woman does something for his country when they educate themselves to the highest degree possible; when they exercise and develop the brain as they exercise and develop the body. The better brains we have in our land, the more clearly people are able to see, to think straight, to reason deeply, the better equipped we shall be when the day of stress comes, and brains are needed for our salvation.

[Turn to page 70]



Clean Hygienic
Refrigerators
 Insure
 Wholesome Food

You are naturally most particular about cleanliness in your refrigerator. Cleanliness means not only clean, but sanitary as well. Old Dutch Cleanser solves the problem of keeping your refrigerator clean, odorless and hygienic.

Old Dutch is so wonderfully efficient because its very fine, flat-shaped particles erase the dirt and wipe it away completely and easily, without scratching, making the surface clean and sanitary. Being a natural cleanser, it contains no hard, sharp grit to make scratches which collect impurities.

These are the reasons, too, why Old Dutch is so economical—a little does so much work. Use it for all cleaning.



A well-balanced food



THE most important period in a child's life is the early years when tissue and bones are being formed—and it is then that a mother should be most careful of the *kind* of food she serves her little ones.

A well-balanced diet must provide proteins carbohydrates and mineral elements to maintain life and promote growth.

Grape-Nuts with milk or cream is a *well-balanced food* which sup-

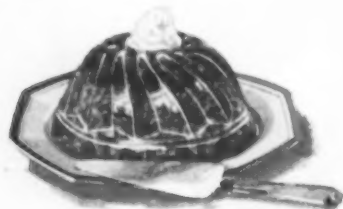
plies all the elements for perfect nutrition—vitamins, mineral elements, and other rich nutriment of wheat and malted barley. The long baking process makes Grape-Nuts easy to digest.

Crisp and delicious, Grape-Nuts is usually served as a cereal food; but it may be used in many different ways. It greatly improves the flavor and nutritive qualities of puddings, cakes, macaroons, fudge, ice cream and many other dainties.



Grape-Nuts Ice Cream

Prepare vanilla or any plain flavored ice cream in usual way. Just before the cream congeals in freezing, add Grape-Nuts (as it comes from the package) in the proportion of one-half cupful of Grape-Nuts to one quart of ice cream. The resulting flavor is unique. The Grape-Nuts granules taste like nuts only better.



Grape-Nuts Fruit Pudding

One package of lemon Jell-O dissolved in one pint of boiling water. One cup (half pint) Grape-Nuts. One-half pound of raisins or dates. As many walnuts as desired. Mix thoroughly and pour into a dish or mould to cool and harden. Serve with whipped cream.

"There's a Reason"
for **Grape-Nuts**

Sold by grocers everywhere!

Made by
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

Nameless River

[Continued from page 18]

Caldwell, leading, kept well up on the slope above the river. After two hours' hard going they were well around the northwest end of Mystery Ridge and heading down into the glades that broke the jumbled ridges of the Upper Country. Here Bossick ran his cattle and had his holding.

The men rode silently, alert to every sound, their nerves taut as fiddle-strings. When the slanting glades came down toward the river they dropped to the level and presently rode up along a smooth green floor that led directly toward Bossick's place. The outlet from the ranch to the river lay over this ridge and parallel to it. As they trotted up the glade the little wind that drew down from the canyon at its head brought the scent of cattle, and presently they came upon a horse and rider standing like a statue in the shadows. Caldwell drew rein sharply.

"Dickson?" he asked in a low voice.

"O. K.," came the answer as the other moved forward to join them. "Seventy-one head," he said quietly, "and all ready."

The seven men divided and circled the herd which was bedded and quiet. With silence and dispatch they got the cattle up and moving, forcing them down the floor of the glade in a close-packed bunch. At its mouth they headed south along the shore of the river and followed the stream for several miles to the place where Nameless curved and went down along the ridge's foot in a wide and placid flow. Here the drivers forced the cattle to the water and kept them in it, riding in a string along the edge. The bewildered animals tried at first to come out but everywhere along the shore were met with the crack of the long whips and the resistance of the string of horsemen, so that presently, following the several dominant steers which traveled in the lead, the whole herd splashed and floundered along the sandy bottom of the river, knee deep in water. This was the trick which had baffled cattle-land, and it showed itself both easy and clever.

And so Bossick's seventy-one head of steers were disappearing and there was none to see, apparently.

But there was one to see—one who had spent many weary weeks of night riding, of patient watching. Sheriff Price Selwood, sitting high on the slope above Kate Cathrew's trail, as he had sat so often.

It was well after midnight, judging by the stars in the dark sky, when Selwood suddenly held the breath he was drawing into his lungs. He had heard a cattle-brute bawl. He straightened up, every nerve taut. He heard the sounds of cattle, the crack of whips, the unmistakable commotion of moving bodies. Below him he caught the swish and splash of water, and knew he was at last witnessing one of the mysterious "disappearances" which had puzzled Deep Heart country for so long.

Presently he heard, directly beneath him where Kate Cathrew's trail crossed Nameless, the trample and crack of myriad hoofs taking to the rocky slope. The riders were turning the steers up toward Sky Line Ranch!

Sheriff Selwood had food for thought but little time to use it. He had only time for swift action.

As the cattle came up the slope, pushed by the many horsemen who completely encircled them, they left a broad trail, their tracks all going upward. What was to prevent him or any one else from riding straight up to their destination by broad daylight? And then on the heels of this question came a flash of comprehension. When that ninety head had vanished Kate Cathrew had been driving down—driving down from Sky Line—three hundred head of her own stock, all open and above board, properly branded, clear and fair! Three hundred head of steers whose moiling hoofs, going down, would trample out all trace of ninety going up!

Here was the chance to nail her crimes on Cattle Kate Cathrew, and Sheriff Price Selwood took his life in his hands and fell in beside the herd.

Dark, quiet, shadowy—he was a rider among the riders, to all intents and purposes one of Kate Cathrew's men—and he was helping to drive Bossick's steers up to the foot of Rainbow Cliff! From the few low-toned shouts and oaths he was able to identify the two men nearest him as Sud Provine and Caldwell, the foreman. After a long hard drive Selwood saw the rim-rock of Rainbow Cliff against the stars.

The herd was headed straight for the face of the cliff and he expected to see the riders swing them east toward the corrals of Sky Line, but they did not do so. When the foremost steers were close under the wall Caldwell rode near and called to him, thinking him one of his men.

"Get around to the right," he said, "and keep close to Sud, Bill. All ready?"

The last two words were a high call addressed to all the men. From all sides of the herd, come to a full stop now, came replies and Selwood and Caldwell rode away around to the right.

Turning his horse, the sheriff followed. As he neared the face of the precipice on the right he saw Provine sitting close on his horse, saw Caldwell circle in to the wall and cutting in before the massed cattle, go straight along its length. He heard the foreman begin to call "coo-ee—coo-ee—coo-ee"—and the next moment he could not believe his eyes, for horse and rider melted head-first into the face of Rainbow Cliff and disappeared! Caldwell's voice came from the heart of the wall, far away and muffled, calling "coo-ee—coo-ee." Provine edged in against the steers, shouting; he followed suit as to movement though he did not speak, and the dark blot of the mass began to flow into the solid rock of the spine that crowned Mystery Ridge!

Sheriff Selwood had solved the mystery of the disappearing steers—and now he could not get away with his knowledge quickly enough. He turned his horse away to the left, edged off a bit—a bit more—sidled into a shadow—slipped behind the pine that made it—and putting the bay to a sharp walk, went down the mountain. As the sounds behind him lessened he drew a good breath and struck a spur to his horse's flank. And right then, when there was most need, the good bay chap who had served him so long and faithfully, betrayed him. Throwing up his head, he flung around toward the strange horses he was leaving, and neighed—a sharp shrill sound that carried up the slope like a bugle. At the mouth of the Flange, Big Basford's mount answered. Once more came that challenge from below and Sud Provine came back out of the hidden passage on the jump.

"That ain't a Sky Line horse!" he shouted. "Boys—we're caught! Come quick!"

Selwood, far down the trail, knew with a surge of rage that the game was up and that he was in for it. He clapped down hard with both spurs, got a good grip on his gun, and sailed down the steep trail.

He knew now that he was out of six-gun range, but he knew also that Sud Provine carried a rifle always on his saddle. The roar of horses running under difficulty came down like an avalanche of sound, but there were no voices mingled with it. He knew he was holding his own in the breakneck race, and presently it seemed he was gaining slightly. And then he heard what he had been dreading—the snap of a rifle, the whine of a ball.

He dug in his spurs cruelly and the bay responded with a surge of speed. Just as the bay struck the waters of Nameless with a leap and a roar, it seemed to Selwood that the heavens opened up, that all the fire in the Universe flamed in his brain. His fingers dug into the wet mane like talons, he clawed desperately with his right heel and felt the spur hook in the cinch. And then, for what reason he could not have said, he screamed, a hoarse, wild sound, like the soul's farewell to its flesh. Perhaps he thought it was. Sud Provine, sitting his shivering horse where he had drawn it to a sliding stop on the trail above, deliberately shoved his gun into his saddle-straps.

"I guess that's th' last of you, my bucko," he grunted. And he turned back up the slope.

At dawn McKane, who slept in the store at Cordova, heard something—a rapping that seemed to come from the floor of the porch outside. He hurried into his clothes and opened the front door. A bay horse, gaunt and bedraggled, stood at the porch's shoulder-high edge, and hanging half out of its saddle, held only by the right spur still caught in the hair cinch and one arm around the pommel, was the sheriff—his ghastly face red with blood from a long scalp wound.

The trader leaped forward, jumped to the ground and caught him in his arms.

"My good God, Price!" he cried, "say you ain't dead!"

Selwood looked at him with eyes dull as ashes.

"—solved—mystery—" he said thickly. "—rustlers—raid—caught with the goods—they are—" The thick voice failed and Sheriff Price Selwood slumped down heavily on the shoulder of his one-time friend. It was to be long before he would finish his cryptic sentence.

At last Nance Allison knew the meaning of the great light that seemed to glow upon all the world of the Deep Heart hills. Instinct awoke in her and she beheld the face of Love.

"Mammy," she said at breakfast, "I've got to tell you something—you and Bud." There was a soft radiance about her long blue eyes. Her mother looked at her calmly.

"Sure, we know, Nance honey," she said gently, "an' we want to tell you, Bud an' I, how plumb happy we are, how glad we are to see happiness come to the best

daughter, the best sister, two people ever had on this here earth. Ain't we, Buddy?"

The boy swallowed once, then looked at Nance and smiled. It was not the least courageous thing he was ever to accomplish, that smile, and his mother knew it, for he adored the girl and she had been his only playmate all his life.

"I just don't seem able to grasp it all," said Nance happily, "it seems like our whole life has changed overnight. There is light where darkness was, hope again where I'd almost given it up—and now we'll never have to give up Sonny."

"Me?" asked a fresh little voice from the doorway.

"Yes—you," said Nance, "come here to your own Nance."

Sonny sidled in, holding up his hindering nightgown with one hand, the other shut over some small article. As Nance lifted him to her lap he laid this on the table's edge. "See," he said, "the pretty lady. She was in a bundle on your bed—where'd you get her, Nance?" And Nance Allison looked down into the pictured face of—Cattle Kate Cathrew.

She stared with dilating pupils at the small picture.

"Nance!" cried her mother, "Nance!" She raised her eyes and looked at Mrs. Allison and the latter felt a chill of fear.

"Take—Sonny, Bud," she said slowly, "and get his clothes."

When she was alone with her mother the girl held out the picture. "Brand told me—last night," she said haltingly, "that a package he gave me—to open in case anything happened—to him—held the face of—of—Sonny's mother. This is Cattle Kate Cathrew."

"Then—who's his—father?" Mrs. Allison gasped.

"Who d'you suppose, Mammy?" asked the girl miserably. "I'm afraid it's Brand—the man who says he loves me!"

The gaunt old mother came round the table and put an unaccustomed arm about her daughter's shoulders. "No," she said decidedly, "Brand Fair ain't a deceiver. I'd stake a lot on that. I feel to trust him, honey. Whatever is wrong in this terrible tangle, it ain't Brand, an' you can take your old Mammy's word on that."

CATTLE KATE CATHREW sat on the broad veranda at Sky Line.

She was clad in shining satin. A close-held excitement was visible in her whole appearance. She looked down across the vast green-clad slopes of Mystery and held her breath that she might the better listen for a sound in the stillness. For she was waiting for the writer of those letters, the man from New York who came at regular intervals to bask in the peace of Sky Line—for Lawrence Arnold himself.

Noon came and passed and then, far down, she caught the sound of hoofs and rose straight up from her chair, one hand on her thundering heart. When Sud Provine came out of the pines below with Bluefire and his rider in convoy she was seated again in the broad-armed rocker, to all intents as calm as moonlight on snow. Lawrence Arnold dismounted stiffly and handed his rein to Provine, then raised his eyes and looked at her. Over his white-skinned, aquiline features there passed a smile of the closest understanding.

Cattle Kate rose and came to meet him and her brilliant eyes returned the understanding.

They entered the house and Minnie Pine served the meal which had been waiting and which was the best Sky Line could produce, and afterward Lawrence Arnold reclined on a blanket-covered couch in the living-room and smoked in smiling peace. Kate Cathrew sat near and talked swiftly of many vital matters.

"You've done good work," he praised her. "You're a clever girl, Kate. We're making money fast. One thing more—have you succeeded in getting hold of the big feeding flats on the river?" Kate frowned. "No—that poor trash hang on like grim death. I've done everything but kill them and they're still there."

"H'm," said Arnold, "must be a pretty courageous outfit. Who are they?"

"Old Missouri mother—boy—and a big, slab-sided girl who's the whole backbone of the family. Impudent baggage. You remember when the old man—ah—fell down Rainbow a couple of years ago." Arnold nodded.

"Well, they're trash—trash," said Kate, "and stick to the flats like burrs. The girl's religious. Talked some drivel about the hand of God being before her face, and came out flat-footed and said—before a crowd at the store, too—that those flats would feed a lot of cattle and that maybe I had a—hope—concerning them."

"The devil she did!" said Arnold sitting up. "I rather think you do need another head to handle this."

There was a step at the door and a dusty rider stood there.

[Turn to page 32]

What does your dinner



do to your teeth?

THE FOOD that we eat to-day fails to give our teeth the work they need. Worse than that, this soft and creamy food deprives the gums of the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave them.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Gums are dull and logy; they get no exercise—no stimulation. Tooth troubles, due to weak and softened gums, are on the rise—the prevalence of Pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

How to clean teeth and protect your gums

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Nearly three thousand dentists have written us to tell how they are combating soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziralol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Send for a Sample

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettably good. Send for a sample today.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

Made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.



Bristol-Myers Co., 40 Rector St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Address.....
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How her soap became the family soap

The last cake again! It won't do to be without it either. Since adopting the use of Resinol Soap for the baby—and the men of the family insist upon it for the bath, it is useless to provide any other toilet soap.

Resinol Soap is *more* than a complexion soap. For years women have known that it cannot be excelled for preserving the healthy glow of a naturally lovely skin. They know, too, that if the complexion is not in the best condition, the soothing, healing properties contained in this healthful soap help it to clear clogged pores, and overcome undue dryness or oiliness, blotches, redness, roughness, etc. It is these very soothing properties, in addition to its other delightful qualities, that make Resinol Soap more than a facial soap.

Thousands of mothers have already discovered that as it so gently safeguards their own complexions, it is excellent for baby's delicate skin. It tends to prevent rashes and chafing and keep his hair soft and silky. Frequently the use of Resinol Soap alone is enough to overcome minor skin affections so common to babyhood.

Leave a cake of Resinol Soap where the head of the house can use it, and see how soon he will have that—and no other kind. Men like the quick, rich lather it gives, the glow of health it imparts, and its invigorating, refreshing Resinol fragrance.

There is one easy way to discover how its cleansing and healing properties benefit the skin and hair. TRY IT! All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell Resinol Soap. You can buy it by the box.

LET US SEND YOU A MINIATURE CAKE FREE. Write Dept. 3-H Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



Nameless River

[Continued from page 31]

"Want to report," he said, "that I've just come up the Pipe and that I found tracks—brushed out—at the mouth in Blue Stone—there were two men on foot. No hoof-marks. They looked in behind the willows."

Kate Cathrew rose straight up to her feet. "Hell's fire!" she said.

NANCE ALLISON was seized with a great restlessness that made inaction unbearable. "I think I'll ride the lower slopes of Mystery, Mammy," she said, "and look for that black shoat that's missing. I can't afford to lose it."

An hour later Nance, riding along a dim trail made by the traveling hoofs of deer, came out above a spring in a pretty glade. She dismounted and pushing back her hat from her sweated forehead, knelt on the spring's lip and putting her face to the limpid water drank long and eagerly. As she straightened up she caught a sound where had been deep silence before, and, turning quickly, she looked up into the grinning face of Sud Provine, the frowning one of the Sky Line foreman.

"Miss Allison," said the foreman, "you're just the person we wanted to see. We were sent this morning to fetch you to Sky Line, so you may as well go along sensibly, for we'll take you anyway."

Nance rose to her feet. A pink flush crept slowly along her throat. "Then you'll have to take me," she said curtly, "for I'll never ride a step with anyone from Sky Line."

But in a matter of two minutes Nance Allison was a prisoner, headed for Sky Line Ranch. The pink flush was gone entirely from her face, leaving it pale as wax.

She was conscious of a passionate longing for the feel of her Pappy's old gun in her hands. "Help me, Lord!" she whispered inaudibly. "Oh my God, be not far from me!" There was no fear in her, only a deep and surging anger that seemed to make her lungs labor for sufficient air.

At Sky Line, in one of the gorgeous chairs, Kate Cathrew, dressed like a princess, sat bolt upright. At sight of Nance in her faded garments, straight and defiant in her controlled anger, Kate's handsome face flushed.

"If you've got anything to say to me," Nance said coldly, "say it."

Kate Cathrew leaped to her feet, but the man Arnold put out a hand and touched her. As if a spring had been released she sank down.

"Miss—ah—Allison," said Arnold, "there is no need for dramatics. We wanted to see you—to talk business with you. The thing for you to do just now is—think. I'll give you ten minutes."

"I don't need them," said Nance. "I've thought for several years about my father's death, my brother's crippled body, my missing cattle, my burned stacks, and many other things. I'm thinking now about Sheriff Price Selwood—and Bossick's latest loss." The man's face hardened, yet a reluctant admiration drew a slight smile across it.

"Very well, since you do not care to think, I will outline briefly your situation. You know, of course, that you are at present in the power of Sky Line Ranch. Reasoning backward you will come to the conclusion that there is a primal cause for this. Reasoning forward you will know that there is something which you can do for Sky Line, which it wants of you."

"Of course," said Nance, "the whole country knows that—my flats on the river."

"Exactly. Now put your wits in order. Sky Line wants those flats on the river—and means to have them. We don't do things by halves. You have had many—ah—hints to vacate and have foolishly disregarded them."

Arnold dropped his dead cigarette into a tall brass receptacle, rose and stepped into the other room. He picked something from the desk there and came back. "We come to cases," he said sharply. "I have here a properly made out deed, conveying to Miss Cathrew for the consideration of one dollar, the quarter-section of land herein described, lying along Nameless River, owned by the widow of John Allison, deceased, who took up said land under the homestead act. This paper needs only the name of John Allison's widow and two witnesses to make it a legal transfer of property. I am a notary. We can supply the witnesses—the highly important and necessary signature of John Allison's widow you will obligingly furnish—at a price."

Nance swept off her hat and struck it down against her knee. A laugh broke stiffly on her tallow-white face. "If I could swear," she said, "I'd tell you where to go, and what I thought you were. You may consider yourself told as it is."

Arnold became coldly grave. "You refuse?"

"What do you think I do? Put your wits in order!"

The man turned and struck a bell which

stood on a rosewood pedestal. Minnie Pine responded with suspicious promptness. "Send me Provine and Big Basford," said Arnold briefly, and the girl departed.

There came a shuffle and rattle of spurs and the two Sky Line riders stood in the doorway of the room beyond.

"Miss Allison," said Arnold, "I own the men of Sky Line. What I tell them to do, they do. Am I not right, men?" Provine nodded easily. Big Basford agreed sullenly.

"All right. Now, my girl, consider. There is on Sky Line a secret place—a place which the whole of Nameless is not likely to find, so mysteriously is its entrance hidden. Now consider again. You are a pretty fine specimen of a woman, quite likely to appeal to men, especially to men long denied feminine companionship—like Basford there."

Nance flung a glance at Basford. The sullen, lowering face set in its thicket of beard with the red-rimmed eyes above was enough to chill the heart of any woman. Her own intrepid spirit felt a shock of horror but that deep anger in her left little room for fear.

"Well?" she said.

"Now—will you sign this deed, or will you go with Basford to Rainbow's Pot—his blushing bride?"

Nance's breast was heaving. Her hands were shut tight, the fingers on her hat-brim crimping the weathered felt. She thought of her Mammy—of Bud—of their long labor and the hardships they had borne. She thought of the cabin on Nameless—and all it meant to them and to her. She thought of Brand Fair and of Sonny.

"I'm as good as most men," she said, "to take care of myself. I wouldn't sign that paper to save you and all your rustler nest from eternal damnation! And that's my last word."

Arnold snapped his fingers. "Enough," he said, "we'll see what a night in Rainbow's Pot will do for you. Basford, my compliments. I give you the beautiful lady."

But Big Basford shook his unkempt head. "She's a yellow woman," he said contemptuously. "I don't want her," and his hungry eyes went helplessly toward the dark splendor of Kate Cathrew in her velvet chair. Provine surged forward, a sudden excitement in his snaky orbs.

"I do," he cried. "Try me!"

Arnold laughed. "Good! I like an eager lover. You may guard Miss Allison, and Basford shall take the place I had intended for you outside the Flange. We'll talk business some more tomorrow. Miss Allison, I hope by morning you will be more amenable to reason."

Without a backward glance Nance turned and strode away between her guards. Resistance was useless, she well knew. But in her heart once more her lifelong faith was rising.

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord and He heard me," she thought courageously. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

MINNIE Pine could get from one place to another more quickly and with less noise than any one at Sky Line. When Rod Stone came in at dusk she came running to him in the shadows to whisper in his ear.

"The Sun Woman from the flats on Nameless," she said, "has thrown their words back in the faces of the Master and the Boss—and they have given her to Sud to guard—in Rainbow's Pot with Big Basford at the Flange. It's devil's work."

They stood close together in the shadows of the fire beside the corral and the girl talked swiftly. The boy was silent but his lips were tightly compressed and his blue eyes shone with wrath.

"I came," said Minnie frankly, "to you, because you are the only man at Sky Line. The rest are skunks. Josefa says you have the heart of a Pomo chief." Stone stood for a long time considering. Then he drew a deep breath and flung up his head. The motion was full of portent, as if something in him which had long bowed down sprang aloft with vigor, like a young tree, bent to earth, released.

"You're right," he said, "it's devil's work and something must be done. I am the one to do it, too."

He was silent for another space. Then he turned to the girl. "Kid," he said, "I've been thinking a lot about you lately—about making a getaway down the Pipe some night and striking across the desert for Marston—we could find a parson there and drop over the Line into Mexico. Arnold hasn't much on me—perhaps less than on anyone at Sky Line—and we could make a new start—"

There was the soft sound of an indrawn breath and Minnie Pine's hand went to her shapely throat. Stone went on. "If I do this—if I hit down for Cordova tonight—you know of course that it is very likely

[Turn to page 36]

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

ONE POUND NET

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

PURE BORAX

FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

SHOULD BE USED WHEREVER SOAP IS USED

20 Mule Team Hauling Borax Out of Death Valley

20 Mule Team Borax, when used with any kind of laundry soap means softer water—whiter, cleaner clothes—a richer, more abundant soap suds, and an easier, more economical washing always.

20 Mule Team Borax is Nature's Greatest Cleanser and Water Softener. It *protects* your finest wools from shrinking and *prevents* the softest colors from fading. The action of 20 Mule Team Borax is mild but sure. It makes white goods whiter and cleans

all fabrics antiseptically clean. *It should be used wherever soap is used.* 20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens and bathrooms—is it in yours?

At all grocers department stores and druggists. Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet, giving a hundred important household uses for 20 Mule Team Borax.

PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY
100 William Street New York City

NATURE'S GREATEST CLEANSER



MAE MARSH
Wearing Famous "One Hour Dress"
(From original painting by Krieghoff)

Do you want a dress like Mae Marsh's?

Let us tell you free how to make it—in an hour!

THE "One Hour Dress" has created a sensation! Newspapers throughout the country have published pages and pages about it, hailing it as evidence that this season dressmaking at home has come into its own again.

The "One Hour Dress" can be made in one hour and the only expense, of course, is for materials. In silk, it makes a charming afternoon or street dress at a total cost of \$6 or \$7—value at least \$15. In gingham, it makes a dainty home dress at a cost of \$1.50—value \$3 or \$4. And in print or lawn, it can be made for as little as 60 cents—a splendid \$2 value.

The "One Hour Dress" was designed by the Woman's Institute as proof that with the proper instructions you really can make pretty, becoming dresses at wonderful savings, right in your own home. It is just one example of the amazingly simple methods in the

Woman's Institute New Course in Dressmaking and Designing

This New Course presents an entirely new way of learning to make your own clothes, based on the Institute's successful experience in teaching 170,000 women and girls. It is a new method by which you start at once to make actual garments. A new plan that covers every phase of dressmaking thoroughly, and yet makes it so fascinating that you will want to spend every spare moment in planning and making the pretty clothes you have always wanted, but never felt you could afford to buy.

Mail the Coupon To-day

PROVE to yourself, without obligation or expense, how easy it is to make your own clothes. Let us send you—free—the booklet containing complete, detailed, illustrated instructions for making the "One Hour Dress," and also the full story of the New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. Simply send this coupon or a letter or postal to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-U, Scranton, Penna., and both will come to you by return mail.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE Dept. 3-U, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet, "The One Hour Dress and How to Make It," and the full story of the Woman's Institute New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. I am most interested in—

- ☐ How to Design and Make My Own Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Design and Make My Own Hats
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Name _____
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

Planned for Happy, Wholesome Living Is This House in McCall's Building Series



A White House with Green Shutters

Truly American in Line and Treatment, This Colonial House Belongs Equally to the Suburbs or to the Quiet Countryside

By Aymar Embury II

DESIGNED to give a maximum of accommodation with a minimum of floor area, with especial attention to extreme economy of construction, the house shown on this page is planned so that it may be used as a farm house, as a suburban home or as a summer cottage.

The piazza on the front will serve both as a living-porch and as protection to the entrance; but for farm houses, with plenty of land about, a small entrance porch and a piazza opening off the living-room might be better. A vestibule is introduced to obviate the necessity of the unsightly and unmanageable storm door. A hall six feet wide opens on the left to a large living-room and to the right to the dining-room.

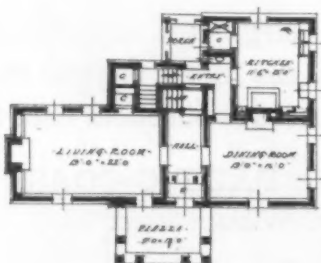
At the rear of the hall are placed the stairs to the second story and also a door leading to an entry which opens to the rear porch, to the kitchen, to the dining-room and to the cellar stairs. This makes it possible to go from the kitchen to the second floor without passing through or in front of the dining-room or living-room, and also enables the hall to be open all the way through for ventilation in warm weather. It protects the cellar stairs so that ice-covered, outside cellar steps are not necessary; and the use of the entry as an intermediate room between the kitchen and the dining-room prevents the smell of food coming from the kitchen into the dining-room.

Were the house to be built as a farm house, the sink in the entry would be useful for washing-up before meals.

The closet off the living-room will take care of coats and so on, and the closet five steps down the back stairs will hold brooms, pails and things of that kind. On each side of the range in the kitchen are two dressers; the one on the right about two feet wide for pots and pans and the one on the left about four feet wide, for condiments, flour and so on.

THE kitchen store closet has an ice-box which could be filled directly from the porch, and outside ventilation for warm weather.

The kitchen sink is located under a window beside the range, and wash trays are placed under the window at the back of the kitchen. A single counter top extends the full length of the room and acts as a drain board for the sink and wash trays, with cupboards below to be used for the storage of heavy articles.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

WHAT is a home? Real folk know it as the center of their world, the place where dreams come true!

Here is a great architect's ideal of what a home should be—fine in line and proportion, with an air of steadfastness and welcoming hospitality that make it a haven to home-hungry hearts.

Aymar Embury II who designed this charming Colonial house, the fourth in our series of McCall Street homes, is among the foremost younger architects, a specialist in small house construction, whose work has won nation-wide repute.

This house is therefore not only satisfying to the eye, but supremely practical of construction and livable as well. Mr. Embury, working with Miss Marcia Mead, McCall's consulting architect, has kept steadily in mind the convenience of the homemaker who is to do the work of the household, with the happy result that extra steps are forestalled and the drudgery of housework removed.

This house can be built for \$10,000.00—a sum which represents a wise investment for the family whose yearly income is about \$5,000.00.

Previous articles in this series of beautiful and livable small homes have outlined plans for houses ranging in cost from \$4,500.00 to \$8,500.00.

Further articles and architectural plans by Grosvenor Atterbury, Frederick Lee Ackerman, James Dwight Baum and other famous American architects will follow.

Mr. Atterbury, who is responsible for the sincere restoration of the old City Hall of New York City, one of the finest Colonial buildings in the country, was also the architect and city-planner of Forest Hills Gardens on Long Island, one of the first and best examples of artistic town-planning in America.

Mr. Atterbury will design a seven-room house at a cost of about \$12,500—an investment advisable, in general, for a family whose income is in the neighborhood of \$6,000 a year.

The following month Frederick Lee Ackerman, architectural head of the U. S. Shipping Board Housing Commission during the War, will present plans of a seven-room house which may be built for \$12,500.

Here is a series so complete and exact that it is truly unique in its service to home builders.

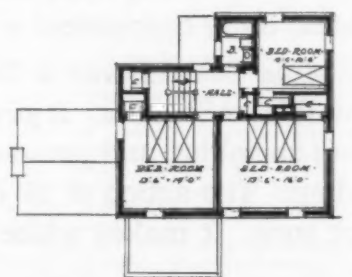
The stairs which are three feet three inches wide, go up to a landing without any winders and from the landing return to the second floor. An additional broom-closet is located on this landing and at the top of the stairs is a small, square, light hall with a door at the left opening into the bathroom and other doors opening into the three bedrooms and the linen closet.

The bathroom fixtures are so arranged that there is plenty of floor space in the room. The bedrooms vary in size, the largest being thirteen and one-half feet by sixteen, the smallest ten feet eight inches square. Even the smallest could be used for two persons. A stairway to the attic could be run up over the main stairs if required, or a drop staircase could be placed in the ceiling of one of the rooms.

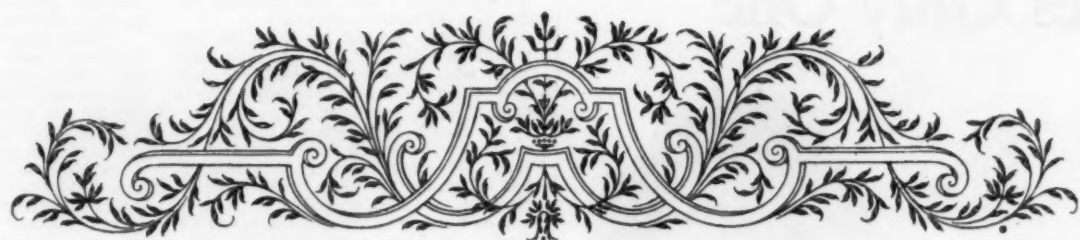
THE living-room and dining-room have fireplaces and the kitchen chimney could be used for stoves in the room above if necessary, but the house should be heated by a small central heating plant in the cellar. The architect invites attention to the fact that all rooms have cross ventilation; that all rooms are square and free from projecting corners or angles which make them hard to furnish; that in the living-room the fireplace is placed between bookcases so that sitting in front of the fireplace one does not look into windows, distracting attention from the firelight; and to the ample closet room which is divided proportionately to the size of the rooms or the use of the closets.

This house has been designed with the idea of using nothing but stock material throughout. All moldings, windows, doors, frames and material of every description are intended to be such as can be obtained from any local lumber yard in the United States. This was done not only in the interest of economy but also from a desire to show how beautiful a building can be constructed even on so little a scale and with ordinary materials.

There is no kind of home that so harmonizes with the quiet backgrounds of our American countryside as this type of Colonial house. Its white frame structure with cool green shutters express dignity and comfort and repose. It speaks of the steadfast traditions of America. It is a type of architecture that belongs to us. It stirs our blood and we are proud of it.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



Living faster, working harder yet giving no thought to sleep

"The pace that kills," a great physician wrote recently, "is a crawl."

Speed is tonic, he declared. Hard work is healthy. But fatigue poisons, unless eliminated, are almost as deadly as disease. Of all medicines, sleep and rest are the best.

And now Simmons mattresses and springs bring deep, refreshing sleep within the reach and buying power of everyone. Built in all types and widths, they range from mattresses of buoyant *new* material to the cradling luxury of *The Purple Label*, the finest mattress ever made.

Before you go to bed tonight, turn back the covers and see what kind and character of mattress and spring you have been sleeping on.

Carry this mental picture to your furniture dealer's and compare what you are using with the buoyant and flexible comfort of a Simmons spring and mattress. A wide choice is allowed you in a range of styles and prices that meet every taste and income.

Then set your own value on the health- and energy-renewing sleep their luxury insures you.

Write for new booklet, "Restful Bedrooms," to Simmons Co., 1347 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

SIMMONS

Beds : Mattresses : Springs

BUILT FOR SLEEP



Pyorrhea Strikes Four— Misses Only One



*When the gums bleed,
be on guard*

All too few are immune to Pyorrhea. The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor. Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the danger signal. When Nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, pus-pockets form at their roots, and the poison in them floods the system to breed neuritis, rheumatism and other diseases.

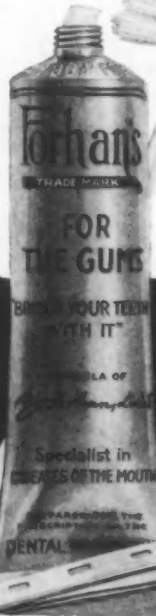
After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth regularly with it. The foremost dentists use and recommend it. It is time-tested, beneficial, and pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
*More than a tooth paste
— it checks Pyorrhea*



to be the end of me. I want you to know anyway before I start—that I'd like that new beginning—with you."

The Pomo girl put her hands on Rod Stone's shoulders. "A chief," she said, "does what must be done—without fear. And a chief's woman follows him—even to death. Saddle two horses."

At Sheriff Price Selwood's ranch an anxious circle watched the still form on the bed. The doctor from Bement had not left his station for seven hours. Outside, cowboys, all armed, walked here and there, and on the deep veranda sat the prospector, Smith, smoking innumerable cigarettes and waiting on Destiny. Though he was filled with inner excitement his dark face gave no sign.

Suddenly in the faint light of the oil lamp on the stand at his head Sheriff Selwood looked up into the face of his wife, bending above him.

"Sally," he said weakly. Then he turned his head and looked slowly around at the others.

"Hello, Doc," he whispered, then—"They—didn't get me—after all! Smith—Smith—" A sudden light leaped into the dazed eyes. "I saw—their drive Bossick's—steers into the face of—Rainbow Cliff a mile west—of Sky Line—"

"That's a plenty," said Fair quickly, "you mustn't talk, Selwood—mind the doctor. I'm leaving now."

And with a gentle touch on the sick man's shoulder he was gone. In less time than seemed possible he and five of Selwood's riders were heading for the rendezvous on Nameless.

All along the flowing river there was the seeming of portent, a strange sense of impending tragedy, for many riders were abroad in the quiet night. One of these was Bud Allison, his young face set and awful, his father's old rifle grasped in a steady hand. Within the narrow margin of a mile Fair was passing toward the north. At the camp on the skirts of Mystery, he found Bossick, and they went on together.

In the shadows of Rainbow Cliff Rod Stone and Minnie Pine waited impatiently for the ranch to settle down, that they might slip away.

The hours of the night wore on. Far down in the open reaches poor Dan was loping gallantly with open mouth and laboring lungs while the boy on his back drove him relentlessly on in a desperate attempt to overtake Fair, whom the sentries at Selwood's ranch had described as on the way to Mystery Ridge. Crossing diagonally down, Rod Stone, safe away from Sky Line at last, made for Cordova with Minnie Pine behind him.

Bossick, having the shortest journey of all, sat in a clump of pines with his men around him, and waited in strained silence for a distant shot—the prearranged signal from Fair's men, who had struck upward through the mysterious passage.

It was well after midnight when two things took place at almost the same moment: Brand Fair rode in behind the clump of willows that were always blowing out from the canyon's wall, with his men in single file behind him—and Rod Stone got off his horse at Cordova. He handed his rein to the Pomo girl and went swiftly up the steps, opening the door upon the lighted room where a group of men were playing.

He told his story. Every chair at the dirty canvas-covered table shot back and outward as the players rose and started for their horses with one accord.

So the night that was so full of portent dropped down upon the country of the Deep Heart hills and Destiny rode the winds. Sky Line Ranch was stirring early, even before the first gray light had touched the east.

"I think the girl will sign this morning," said Arnold easily as he sat down to Josefa's steaming breakfast by lamplight, "and keep her mouth shut, too."

In the shielding clump of pines Bossick waited for Fair's signal somewhere inside the cliff.

Not so far down the great slope of Mystery, Rod Stone was climbing up with the Cordova men behind him and Minnie Pine like his shadow at his side.

And deep in the heart of the earth, Brand Fair was slowly forging upward toward that coup of justice for which he had labored so long and patiently.

Not least of the actors in the coming play, set to function on the stage of Rainbow's Pot, was Bud Allison urging his exhausted horse slowly up toward Sky Line.

There was a cold breeze blowing when Arnold and Kate Cathrew rode along the rock face of the Flange. They spoke in low tones to Big Basford, standing like an image, and slipped into the wall. They rode in silence down the defile, dark as Erebus and full of wind, and came out into the amphitheater. Here and there on the sloping floor the cattle lay in quiet groups, while a little way apart Buckskin

Nameless River

[Continued from page 32]

and Silvertip browsed industriously. At first they saw no sign of anything human in all the shadowy place.

"That's funny," said the man, "Provine!" "Look," said Kate, "over toward the left, against the cliff." The light was in the east, and it struck first at the western face of the precipice, so that an object standing back against the perpendicular surface got its full benefit.

Arnold bent forward in his saddle and looked long at this object. Then he touched his horse and rode forward.

"Good Lord!" he said as he pulled rein a distance from it. "Good Lord!"

For the object was Nance Allison—or what had been Nance Allison some few hours back. Now it was a tragic wreck of a woman whose garments hung in fantastic shreds upon her body, whose great eyes gleamed from her ghastly face with awful light. One long gold braid of hair hung from her head in a dangling loop. The other was loose to its roots and swept in a ragged flag to her hip. Long wisps of it shone here and there upon the trampled grass around. And over her from head to foot was blood—blood in clots and streaks and splotches, while from a small gash on her temple a red stream slowly dripped. The man was awed for once in his relentless life.

"Heavens!" he said, "what have you done? Where's Provine?"

"Dead, I hope," said Nance Allison dully. Arnold struck his horse and dashed away, riding here and there as if he must know the ghastly finish quickly. Suddenly his horse shied from something moving in the deep grass by a spring and Arnold dismounted.

He had found Provine—Sud Provine rolling in agony, his face in the mud. With no gentle hand he grasped his shoulder and pulled him up.

"What's all this?" he rasped. "What's the matter with you?"

For answer Provine took his hands from the left side of his face. Arnold dropped him back with an oath, which Provine echoed.

Arnold rode back to where that grotesque caricature of a woman still stood by the wall.

"You have blinded my best man!" he gritted through his teeth.

Nance nodded her disheveled head.

With a flare of her unbribed temper Kate Cathrew snatched her gun from its saddle-loops and flung it up. As her finger curled on the trigger Arnold plunged his horse against Bluefire.

"No!" he cried as the report rang out clear and sharp. The bullet struck with a vicious "phwit" ten feet above its mark and a little rain of rock-dust fell on Nance's hair.

From all the sides of Rainbow's Pot that shot came back in echoes. Cattle Kate had fired her own signal of fate, and her enemies had heard it.

"What do you mean?" said Arnold sharply. "Would you kill her before she signs the papers? Or after—and have the finger of the law point at the new owner of the flats? Use your wits."

"I have," said Kate sullenly, "and have gotten nowhere."

There was a sound in the rock face, a shout and the rumble of horses' feet hurrying. The man and the woman looked that way—to behold Big Basford come boiling from the narrow opening with a string of men behind him.

Like a Nemesis, Bossick and the ranchers behind him pushed Big Basford down the sloping floor of Rainbow's pot.

Kate Cathrew wet her lips and her hand moved restlessly on the rifle's butt. She did not speak, but her black eyes burned like coals in her chalk-white face. Bossick threw back his coat. A star shone faintly in the light.

"You can thank Sheriff Selwood's tireless work for this," he said, "and so can we. The whole country's deputized. Your work is known. You may as well give up without a fuss for we—"

He stopped, for an odd sound had become apparent—a deep, echoing sound, as of many waters beating on a hollow shore. It seemed to come from the center of the amphitheater where the cave mouth yawned.

For a second the whole group was silent. The roar of waters became the rumble of hoofs and up from the bowels of the earth came Brand Fair and his men.

He blinked in the new light, and then his dark eyes went unerringly to the face of the woman—this woman whom he had sought for two full years.

"Good morning, Katherine Fair!"

"You!" screamed Cattle Kate. "You! You! It was you who did the trick—not that fool Selwood! I might have guessed!" Fair sat still and looked at her and at the man beside her whose face was a study.

"Yes, you might have guessed," he said. "When you and Arnold there robbed the"

[Turn to page 38]



Now their little feet can stretch and grow naturally again

How children tease to go barefoot when summer comes!

Did you ever realize *why* they love it so?

Their little feet are *growing*! They want to stretch, to work those young muscles. They want to get out of stiff, hot shoes—to wriggle and stretch a bit!

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Keds are not only for children. They are an entire line of summer footwear—with styles for all the family and for every occasion.

You'll find Keds very different from ordinary canvas, rubber-soled shoes.

The quality of the rubber from our own Sumatra plantations means long wear—even in the most active use. The construction has

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This is true throughout all the models—pumps, high shoes and low, oxfords and sandals.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind you buy, every pair of Keds gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds—no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds. It will pay you to make sure.

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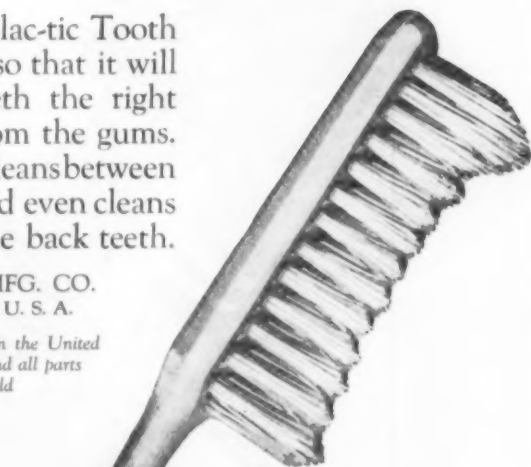
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Not merely a type — but the correct brush

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made so that it will clean your teeth the right way — away from the gums. It reaches and cleans between the crevices, and even cleans the backs of the back teeth.

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Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

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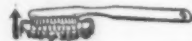


When you brush your teeth

Brush your upper teeth downward.



Brush your lower teeth upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw like this:



Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this:



With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:



Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:



The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this:

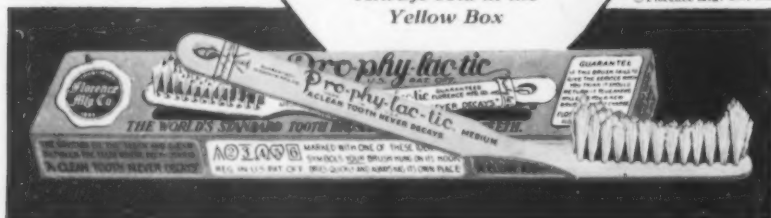


"A
Clean
Tooth
Never
Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Always sold in the
Yellow Box

© Florence Mfg. Co., 1923



Nameless River

[Continued from page 36]

Consolidated and wound the coils of guilt around Jack Fair, you might have guessed that his brother would follow you to the ends of the earth to get you. And he's got you." He, too, showed a deputy's star.

"Jack Fair died in prison, of shame and of a broken heart. I have for a long time had a precious package in a safe place with enough proof in it to send you over, Arnold—but I wanted you both—together—a grand finale. It has been a long trail—long—for me—and for Sonny, the child whom you abandoned, Kate, five years ago." The woman gasped and raised a clenched fist to let it fall in impotent rage.

Not once had Fair taken his eyes from Kate Cathrew's face, else he might have seen the tragic figure by the wall at the right.

"Brother!" whispered Nance Allison to herself. "It was his brother—not—himself! Oh, Lord I—thank Thee!"

Neither did Fair see the newcomers streaming through the cut into the basin—the men from Cordova, under Rod Stone. Minnie Pine's black eyes went flashing round the Pot to light instantly upon the figure of the girl.

"Poor Eagle Eyes!" she said to Stone. "She has walked in hell."

There was one other actor in the small drama whom no one noticed—Bud Allison, on foot now, since big Dan stood at the base of the last rise, completely done. Bud Allison, dragging his lame foot wearily, his Pappy's old gun on his shoulder. The boy stood between the last riders and the wall, looking at them all with puzzled eyes. Brand Fair continued.

"While we are about this we'll finish it completely. I want the men of Nameless and the Upper Country to know just what sort of criminals they have been dealing with, to know that Lawrence Arnold there is a clever New York lawyer who defends guilty men and frees them—by buying juries. That he is getting rich by selling the cattle which you, Kate, steal here, drive down this wonderful underground passage into Blue Stone Canyon and out across the desert to Marston for the shipping. The mystery of the steers that left no tracks is solved by the fact that every time you stole a big herd you drove them up the night before you drove your own brand down—therefore they left no trace. Also I want to say here and now before these witnesses that all the money you brought with you into the Deep Heart hills belonged to poor Jack Fair, the father of your child—the man you betrayed into prison through the devilish legal trap laid by Lawrence Arnold—and that that is why I've followed you. Sonny Fair has a right to his father's property, and I intend to see that he gets it. Have you anything to say?"

Lawrence Arnold wet his thin lips and glanced desperately around. He saw only stern faces, cold and angry eyes. But Kate Cathrew was made of different stuff.

She flung up her clenched fists and shook them at the clear skies where the rose of dawn was spreading.

"I always hated your narrow eyes and that mouth of yours! So you are the prospector, Smith, who has been so inquisitive at Cordova!"

She dropped her hands, caught the rein hanging on Bluefire's neck, struck her heels to his flanks and quick as thought whirled him away toward the cut. The group between her and the entrance fell flounderingly apart before the stallion's charge. With a dozen leaps she almost reached the wall.

"You can't get away with this, Brand Fair!" she screamed. "I'm a match for you!" and she jerked at her rifle in its loops.

The weapon caught, hindering her purpose for a moment. But that purpose was clear to several in the intense group of watchers—to Rod Stone—to Fair himself—and to one other.

Nance Allison, standing in her trampled spot, knew that the moment she had dreaded so long was come. Without taking her eyes from the frantic woman on the big blue horse she began to feel with her foot for something in the grass, something long and dark and cold, but which seemed to her now more precious and to be desired than anything upon the earth, Sud Province's rifle.

It seemed, all suddenly, as if the feel of a gun in her hands had been with her from birth, as if she had leaped the years between and was a daughter of the feudal mountaineers who had marked her Pappy's line.

Her foot touched the rifle. She bent and took it up. As Cattle Kate straightened in her saddle Nance dropped stiffly to her knee and raised the gun. Her blue eyes caught the sights and drew down steadily upon the woman's heart. Her finger touched the trigger.

And here the hand of Destiny reached down—or was it the hand of God?—and

[Turn to page 43]



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No other beauty treatment is as easy and effortless as removing freckles with Stillman's Freckle Cream.

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The Mysteries of Make-Up

Just a Touch of Rouge, a Dusting of Powder, And a Light Penciling of Brows and Lips

By Mary Marvin

WATCH the women in any public dressing-room as they busily renew their complexions—a touch of rouge, a dust from the ever-present powder puff, a lipstick here, an eyebrow pencil there—each is completely absorbed in her own problem.

Who are these women? Are they frivolous girls, showy women?

No indeed; that is the interesting discovery. They are *all* the women we know; our friends, our sisters, our maiden aunts, our mothers—*ourselves*! For the truth is that make-up has become not only respectable, but entirely a matter of course. The majority of women realize that care and a few judicious aids to nature have made many a good-looking woman out of a plain one and, consequently, many a happy heart. Seeing this they act accordingly. They discard the inconsistencies of their grandmothers, who endured tortures to get their hair frizzed yet frowned on make-up because it was sinful for any woman to want a better complexion than nature gave her!

Rather foolish wasn't it? And is not the modern woman who freshens up her complexion discreetly, just as she keeps her hair becomingly waved, much more sensible?

In make-up, as in other things, it is important to avoid extremes. The wrong kind of make-up does not improve the appearance of any woman, and too much make-up only cheapens the unfortunate woman who indulges in it. The first rule is this: remember that the purpose of make-up is to enhance those charms which you already have, *not* to furnish you with an entirely new set of charms. If, for instance, your skin is naturally olive, you must not try to assume the complexion of a lilylike brunette, but must play up to your own deep tones. Or, if you are lucky enough to have a pale, clear skin, do not take it for granted that you will look better with vivid coloring just because you happen to admire the rosy-cheeked type of girl. Study yourself carefully and then try to accentuate your good points very delicately indeed. Crude make-up is at once apparent, and that is something which make-up should never be.

Select the shade of rouge which blends with your skin. Be careful not to use a rouge which is too light or too bright. Cream, liquid and powder rouges are all good and the one you choose should depend on the condition of your skin and the occasion on which you are using it. Paste is best for dry skins, powder and liquid rouges are better for an oily skin. The powder in compact form is convenient to carry in one's bag or purse. Cream rouge, properly applied, blends beautifully with

the skin. Liquid rouge is usually waterproof and so is especially good for vacation time, since it comes through the bathing hour undiminished!

Quite as important as the right rouge is the right powder. Select a powder that so exactly matches the shade of your skin that when it is applied it seems as though the skin itself had taken on new loveliness.

Having selected your rouge and powder, consider the best method of applying it.

First, your face must be absolutely clean. To make sure of this cleanse it with cleansing cream, which should then be removed, first with a soft cloth or tissue and finally with a pad of absorbent cotton wrung out in cold water and a mild astringent.

IF your skin is oily, or if it does not hold the powder well, you will find liquid powder an excellent base. If your skin is so dry, however, as to make the use of liquid powder inadvisable, you can work in a little vanishing cream with the tips of the fingers, instead.

Having smoothed the liquid powder or vanishing cream well into the face, you are ready for the rouge.

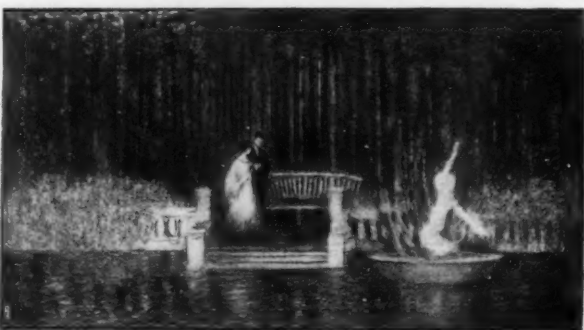
Apply your color as carefully as if you were an artist painting a masterpiece. Work by full daylight when possible, unless you are preparing for an evening party in which case you will want to get the effect of artificial light. Nearly everyone has some natural color, and the secret of making your color look as though it belonged to you is in following these natural lines. Avoid definite edges and patchy effects. Above all, do not use too much rouge.

After the rouge comes the dusting with powder, a fine filmy coating that protects your skin and gives it a look of softness, without crying aloud that you have just had a session with your powder puff. Be sure to powder your neck as well as your face, and please, *please* do not whitewash your nose.

If you wish to make your lips a bit rosier, the rule is, as with rouge, to follow the natural outline. If you have a large mouth, do not hope to deceive the world into thinking it smaller by painting a cupid's bow inside of it.

The final touch should be the eyebrows (which, by the way, should be kept tidy but not plucked into a thin line). Though you do not darken your brows and lashes, see to it that they are well brushed after every application of powder. This is one of the points which make the difference between clever and careless make-up.

And now take a final look at yourself in the mirror. Do you look like a glorified you? That is the way you should look.



The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful, well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful, luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the

entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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The purpose of Heinz Vinegar is to impart flavor and develop flavor—not simply to make things sour. That is why salads made with Heinz Vinegar taste better. All the care in selection of materials, the skill in preparation, the long aging in wood, are to create that rich, mellow tang and aroma.



When Milk Is Pasteurized

It Safeguards Us against Many Diseases—but Insist That It Is Delivered Fresh and Well Cooled

By Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

EVERY homemaker is familiar with the word "pasteurized" on the milk bottles which are delivered daily at her door. At least this is the case if she lives in a city which is thoroughly progressive.

But how many persons know what the word means?

It was Louis Pasteur, a French bacteriologist who discovered that the germs causing certain diseases such as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, and epidemic sore throat, are killed by being heated to 145 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty minutes. Since health officials had traced epidemics of all these diseases, except tuberculosis, around milk routes where investigation showed that someone who was ill with the disease handled and contaminated the milk, it became known that these diseases, including tuberculosis, could be transmitted through infected milk. Tuberculosis does not occur in epidemic form, for its progress is slow and often unnoticed for a long time.

Health officials soon began to insist that city milk supplies should be given the treatment recommended by Pasteur. The results were so remarkable that now bacteriologists and physicians have entire confidence in the protection to health afforded by pasteurizing our milk.

Recently many persons have asked: How about the destruction of the vitamins in milk during pasteurization? They have heard that some, at least, of the vitamins are destroyed by heating. Is it better to run the risk of having typhoid fever, and be certain that our milk contains vitamins in abundance; or the reverse? Fortunately we are able to make a definite answer to these questions.

Only one of the four known vitamins which are essential in the human diet, the vitamin C, is destroyed or partly destroyed by pasteurization. At the time pasteurization of milk was first recommended, and indeed until a few years ago, this vitamin was not known to exist. What was the result during all the years since about 1885 when the practice of pasteurization of city milk supplies was constantly growing?

Pasteurization of milk did do away with epidemics of milk-borne diseases. But during the last five years researches on nutrition have brought to light the fact that foods, when heated, lose most of their content of vitamin C. Therefore the feeding of infants exclusively on pasteurized milk, or of young children on pasteurized milk and cooked foods almost exclusively, is fraught with danger. In that year when a city's milk supply was first pasteurized, there was a notable increase in the number of cases of scurvy, and that higher rate has continued. In other words, a baby which is fed pasteurized milk alone is in danger of developing scurvy. But these same studies on diet showed an easy way to protect infants against this health hazard, while continuing to pasteurize the milk, and protecting thereby the adult population

through the reduction of epidemics. The simple expedient of giving a baby daily a few teaspoonfuls of fresh orange juice will afford it absolute protection from scurvy. In other words, by adding fresh orange juice to the diet we put back into it the one property which has been lost by heating the milk. This is so simple and so satisfactory a means of making complete the infant's diet, that there is no longer any room for objecting to pasteurized milk.

PASTEURIZATION of milk must be carried out in just the right manner, and the milk must be properly handled, otherwise it is without value and may be even dangerous to health. Pasteurization does not kill all the bacteria in milk, but it does kill certain kinds. The kinds which are killed are those which cause the souring of milk and those which produce the diseases already mentioned.

Normal raw milk sours quickly, because it contains a great many acid-forming bacteria. All milk except certified milk contains a considerable number of bacteria of other kinds which do not get a chance to grow when the souring process is going on normally, because they cannot tolerate the acid medium. When, as in pasteurization, the acid-forming organisms are killed and no acid develops, these bacteria, which produce unwholesome changes in the milk, of a type called putrefaction, have an excellent opportunity to flower out in great numbers. These bacteria are certain to make pasteurized milk unwholesome unless it is delivered in a fresh and well-cooled condition, and is kept cold until used.

Experience shows that one cannot depend on farmers to produce their milk under cleanly conditions unless some pressure is put upon them to be careful. Nor can one rely upon the distributors of milk to handle their product in a satisfactory manner unless they are under some supervision from authorities. It is of great importance that our most valuable protective food shall be produced under sanitary conditions, from healthy cows, and cooled immediately to the lowest temperature available on the farm. It should be transported to the city as quickly as possible, keeping it cold the while; pasteurized promptly, cooled, bottled in clean bottles and delivered at the earliest moment that is satisfactory for both distributor and consumer.

Great emphasis is placed on the importance of cleanliness of vessels, and effective and prompt refrigeration. The preservative action of cold is very great. Stale pasteurized milk may be unsatisfactory to the taste of the consumer, but even when taste will not detect unwholesomeness, milk may be unfit for consumption because, owing to improper methods of handling, it has developed a profuse growth of putrefying bacteria.

It is a matter well worth the efforts of all public-spirited persons, to see to it that

[Turn to page 47]



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However inexperienced you may be in jelly-making

You will equal the most experienced by following simple CERTO recipes. CERTO is the key to perfect jams and jellies. CERTO is the actual "jell" property of fruit, concentrated and bottled.

CERTO contains no gelatine nor preservative

With CERTO only one minute's boiling is required, thus saving the color and fresh, delicate flavor of ripe fruit. No re-boilings, the right consistency the first time. No juice is boiled away—you get one-half more product, so with CERTO cost per jar is less.

Make a lot of jam and jelly this summer. Use any available fruit. Jams and jellies are healthful, wholesome and appetizing.

CERTO is sold by grocers everywhere, or sent postpaid for 35 cents. Recipe Book of 76 recipes wrapped with every bottle.

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GERTO

(Surejell)

Mother Nature's Own Jelly-Maker

Douglas-Pectin Corporation

Successor to
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Rochester, N. Y.

Crushed Strawberry Jam

For this jam it is necessary that each berry be broken up. Therefore, crush about 2 quarts ripe berries in separate portions, so that each berry is mashed. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil. Measure 4 level cups (3 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one full minute, remove from fire and stir in 1/2 bottle (scant 1/2 cup) CERTO. From time jam is taken off fire allow to stand not over 5 minutes, by the clock, before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool slightly. Then pour quickly. If in jars seal at once and invert for 10 min. to sterilize tops.

Use same recipe for Raspberry, Blackberry or Loganberry Jam.

A Splendid Service to Home Builders

HOW can I get, when I build my new home, the services of an architect at a reasonable cost?

How can I know the type of garden appropriate for the house I build? How shall I plan the interior decoration of my home?

How equip it with labor-saving devices? These are the questions a prospective home-builder asks. They are answered for you here by a remarkable service:

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The architect's usual fee for designing and supervising the construction of a house is about one-tenth of the building cost.

But through a special arrangement with eight or ten of the leading small-house architects of the country, McCall's offers you full working drawings and building specifications for a series of charming houses. These blue prints and specifications are complete in every way for the guidance of your local builder; and the cost is an amazingly small sum—fifteen dollars for the set for any one of the houses.

A four-room house designed by Ernest Flagg, the great genius who created the Singer tower of New York. This four-room house is an investment suitable for the family whose income is about \$2,500 a year; the house will cost less than \$4,000.

A six-room house, designed by Clarence Stein, Chairman of the Committee on Community Planning of the American Institute of Architects, to cost about \$8,500 for a family whose income is about \$4,000 a year.

A six-room house, designed by Aymar Embury II, a specialist in small house construction whose work has won him nationwide repute. Mr. Embury's house is in simple, straightforward Colonial style—a white house with green shutters, suitable for a farm house, a suburban home or a summer cottage. It will cost about \$10,000 to build for a family whose income is about \$5,000 a year.

Similar plans and specifications for additional houses will be offered later.

A LANDSCAPE GARDENING SERVICE

Mrs. Francis King, author of the Little Garden, and the foremost authority in America on small gardens, has planned some brief suggestions for the planting suitable for each of the houses listed in this series.

A HOUSEHOLD ENGINEERING SERVICE

In addition to the fact that each house, architecturally, is planned with a view to simplifying the housework to be done within it, Sarah Field Splint, McCall's Household Consultant, and Lillian Purdy Goldsborough, in charge of the magazine's department of Household Management, have outlined, for each of the houses listed above, an investment, appropriate for it, of labor-saving tools and equipment.

AN INTERIOR DECORATOR'S SERVICE

Ruby Ross Goodnow, one of the truly great decorators of America, will send to you without charge in connection with this service her booklet, The House of Good Taste, containing delightful ideas for furnishing and decorating the small house.

For this complete and extraordinary service, send fifteen dollars. Indicate definitely for which house of the above series, you want the service. Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

When Milk is Pasteurized

[Continued from page 40]

they have a good milk supply, not only for their own homes but for the community. Insist upon pasteurization and an efficient system of farm inspection. There should be supervision of the pasteurization plants, constant testing of market milk for its bacterial content and for its content in those kinds of bacteria which are liable to be harmful. This is the function of the city and state health departments. Learn what is being done with the milk in your city, and give your support to the health officials who are trying to protect you and your children from the dangers of a bad milk supply. This is necessary because it is an easy thing for the farmer and for the city deliverer to employ careless methods. Care and cleanliness cost a little effort and a little extra money, but both are good investments from the standpoint of health.

By all means use pasteurized milk, unless you have plenty of money and can afford to buy certified milk. The latter is raw milk which has been produced under nearly ideal conditions of cleanliness, from healthy cows, by healthy workmen, and with great attention paid to cooling and promptness of delivery, but it is now too expensive to appeal to the majority of consumers.



A Short Lesson in the New Way to Can

EVERYWHERE housewives are asking about the New Way to Can. Many wonder why this method has not been in use ever since gas became the nation's most popular cooking fuel. In this easy, illustrated lesson we tell you the "why" and "how" of the new Lorain Oven Canning Method.

The Lorain Method of Oven Canning is impossible with the old-type gas range, because the heat of the oven cannot be maintained at a low, even temperature. But, the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator enables housewives to regulate and control the heat of a gas range oven at any cooking temperature, for any length of time.

And now for the short lesson in the New Way to Can. Take cherries, for instance: first you grade and rinse, (pitting them if you wish). Then you pack them into ordinary glass jars that have been sterilized. Next you fill the jars with boiling water, or with syrup if sweetening is desired.

Next you place the scalded rubbers on the jars and adjust the lids loosely. Then you light the oven burners, set your Lorain Oven Heat Regulator at 250 degrees, place the filled jars on the oven racks and close the oven door.

Quart jars remain in the oven one hour, pint jars forty minutes. An ordinary alarm clock will tell you when time is up. Then you remove the jars, tighten the lids, and your canning is done.

All fruits and vegetables canned by this method have a better color, remain firm, and retain that fresh-from-the-garden flavor.

Wherever gas is used are dealers who'll be glad to demonstrate the Lorain Method of Oven Canning, also Lorain Whole Meal Cooking, another remarkable achievement of these ranges.

We'll be pleased to send to you, free of charge, a chart explaining how to can 37 different fruits and vegetables by the Lorain Oven Method. Use the attached coupon.

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One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

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Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart. I have checked my favorite stove.

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- ☐ Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
- ☐ Dangler—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
- ☐ Direct Action—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
- ☐ New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
- ☐ Quick Meal—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
- ☐ Reliable—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio



1. Discard all poor fruit. Grade according to size, and degree of ripeness. Wash fruit thoroughly.



2. Fill sterilized jars with fruit; cover with water or syrup. Adjust lids loosely over scalded rubbers. Place jars in oven. Set Red Wheel at 250 degrees.



3. Fruits being canned and foods being cooked in a Lorain-equipped Gas Oven require no attention. You can do other work, shop or visit.

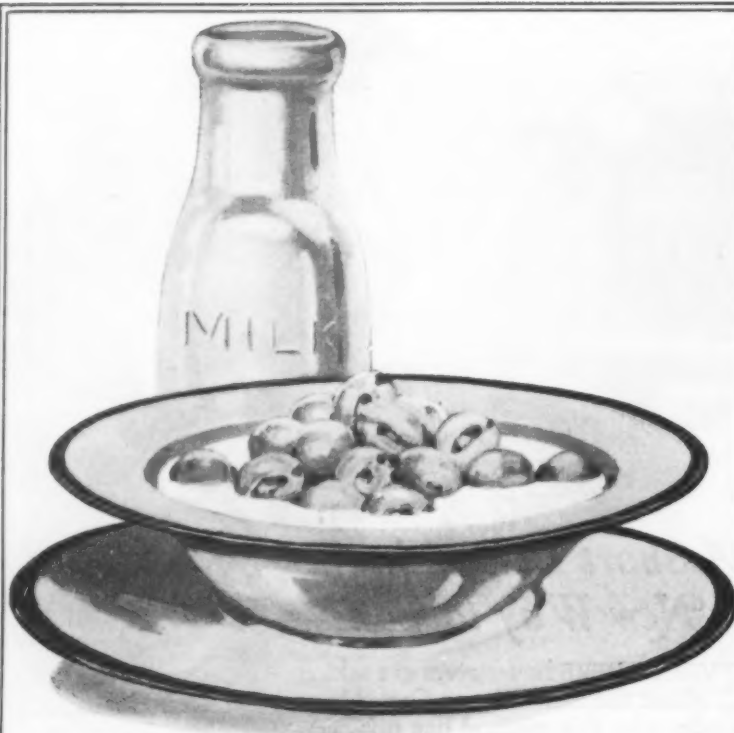


4. When time is up (see Lorain Canning Chart) remove jars, tighten lids, and invert jars.



5. Thus by noon your housework is finished—and a big canning is done—easier, quicker and better than ever.

Moreover you are free for the afternoon, because Lorain will cook the evening meal unwatched, while you're miles away.



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Which every child should get

You want children to eat more whole wheat and more milk. Then on every occasion serve Quaker Puffed Wheat in milk.

These are steam exploded grains—toasted, flimsy, flavory—puffed to 8 times normal size.

Crisp and airy, they crush at a touch, and children revel in them. No dish could be more welcome for supper, between meals or bedtime.

Minerals—vitamines—bran

It means whole wheat with its 12 minerals, essential to the growing child. Millions of children suffer for lack of some of them.

It supplies the needed bran.

The food cells are broken, so digestion is made easy. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. The elements are fitted to feed.

It makes whole wheat a confection, so children will eat an abundance. And it makes the milk dish so inviting that children get plenty of vitamins.

Prof. Anderson, by inventing Puffed Grains, has brought to millions new delights and better foods. Enjoy them to the full in summer.



Ways to serve Quaker Puffed Rice

With cream and sugar, Puffed Rice forms the finest breakfast dainty children ever knew.

Then mix Puffed Rice in every dish of berries.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat in place of confections.

Use like nut meats as a garnish on ice cream.

Use in home candy making.

Recipe on package.

The Quaker Oats Company



Some Cakes for Summer

Sponge Cakes, Light and Fluffy; Delicious Jelly-Roll; Cream Puffs, Plain or for Parties

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NOW is the season of eggs—the time when sponge cakes flourish and various other egg dishes are freely used. Eggs are plentiful and cheap—more so than at any other season of the year—and our consciences will allow us to use them for the good things we felt we could not afford during the winter.

Economy is not the only reason for the popularity of sponge cakes in summer. They are light and fluffy—not so heavy as those we liked at Christmas time. They are neither too sweet to serve with cold summer drinks, nor too rich with ice-cream. Have you tried the *dessert de luxe*—the ice-cream sandwich—made of two slices of sponge cake with ice-cream between, and chocolate sauce or butter-scotch sauce with salted almonds over the top? You may not be enthusiastic about sponge cake because often it is dry and does not keep well. But there is a sponge cake made with sirup which has all the lightness we expect, and is tender, moist and easy to make.

SIRUP SPONGE CAKE

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
6 egg yolks
6 egg whites
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
1 cup flour (pastry flour if you have it)
1/4 teaspoon salt

Sift the flour before measuring.

Put the sugar and water into a saucepan and cook, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, until the sirup reaches 242 degrees Fahrenheit when it will spin a long thread, or form a rather firm ball in cold water.

Pour this sirup slowly over the stiffly-beaten egg whites, beating not only during the addition, but afterward until the mixture is cool.

Beat the egg yolks until smooth and thick, fold them into the above mixture, add the lemon juice and grated rind, and lastly fold in the flour.

Bake in an ungreased pan. A loaf-cake pan, or a sponge-cake pan with the chimney in the center may be used. If the pan is greased the cake cannot cling to its sides and will fall during the baking.

Bake in a slow oven (about 330 degrees Fahrenheit) for an hour or an hour and a quarter. Remove from the oven. Invert the pan and allow it to stand until cool. Sponge cake should not be taken from the pan while it is hot.

JELLY ROLL—THE SPONGE CAKE'S COUSIN

THE jelly roll is a cousin to the sponge cake—only baked in another shape. Cover the bottom of a shallow rectangular pan with paper. Grease this paper lightly but do not grease the sides of the pan. Pour in the sponge-cake mixture, making a layer about three-fourths of an inch thick.

Bake for about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven (360 degrees Fahrenheit). Remove from the oven. From now on work quickly because the cake will break unless rolled while hot. Turn out onto a paper sprinkled with powdered sugar.

In following these recipes use level measuring and standard measuring cups and spoons. Each recipe will serve about six persons.

Peel off the paper which was used for lining the pan. Cut off a thin strip of hard baked edge which is too stiff to roll.

Spread with jelly which has been slightly beaten, and roll quickly. Wrap paper around the roll to hold it in shape until it is cool.

CREAM PUFFS WITH MANY FILLINGS

MANY housewives consider cream puffs too professional to make at home. But they are as easy to make as sponge cake and are a little more unusual. Since they require eggs and butter to be successful, this is the season of the year to make them. You can use a variety of fillings and sauces, making many surprise desserts.

1 cup bread flour
1 cup boiling water
1/2 cup butter
4 eggs

Sift the flour before measuring.

Heat the butter and water together in a small saucepan to the boiling point.

Add the flour all at once and beat thoroughly. Cook for about three minutes, stirring constantly to prevent burning. When sufficiently cooked the dough will form a stiff ball which does not stick to the bottom or the sides of the pan.

Remove from the fire and while hot add the eggs, one at a time, beating for a minute after each egg is dropped in. Beat for three minutes after the fourth egg is added.

The "trick" of cream-puff making, if there is a trick, is to add the eggs while the flour mixture is hot, and to beat well, especially while putting in the first egg, so that it will not become lumpy in the hot dough. The other beating is necessary to have the mixture of good consistency.

Make moderate-sized cream puffs, placing generous tablespoonfuls of the mixture on a baking-sheet or a shallow pan, and rounding them into even shapes. Place at once in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen minutes. Then gradually lower the oven heat, until you have a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit); bake about forty minutes.

The hot temperature at the beginning of baking causes the cream puffs to "puff." The lower temperature at the end gives them a chance to dry out in the center and that is the second requirement. If they are doughy inside, when taken from the oven, they will fall when cold. This recipe makes ten medium-sized cream puffs.

They can be filled with ice-cream and, if you want to "dress up" the dessert, served with a sauce of crushed strawberries.

Often they are filled with sweetened whipped cream mixed with chopped candied cherries and nuts.

For afternoon tea you can make the cream puffs very tiny and fill them with deviled chicken or ham or some other savory mixture.

Probably the filling most often used is a cream made from thickened custard or thin blanc mange mixture. This can be varied by caramel or chocolate flavoring.

This Grand Prize winner

Teddy Burton Graham, second son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Glen Graham, 1338½ Euclid Ave., Santa Monica, Calif., had the distinction of being a Grand Prize winner in a baby contest which included all of southern California. He was the fifth best baby among more than 8,000 entrants.

His mother says, "I fed Teddy Eagle Brand up to the time he was 16 months old. I have known several mothers that were having trouble with their babies, and urged them to try Eagle Brand and in every instance their little ones started to pick up and got along wonderfully."



And thousands of others

EACH year in the baby contests that are held all over the country, so many of the best babies turn out to be Eagle Brand babies!

For Eagle Brand has become the standard baby food, with a successful record that no other artificial infant food has ever attained. More Eagle Brand is used than all other infant foods combined.

If you must resort to artificial feeding the Eagle Brand way is the tried and safe way—thousands of doctors and thousands of mothers have proved it for themselves.

Especially through the hot summer months, Eagle Brand protects your baby. Summer complaints are the result of digestive troubles. Eagle Brand is pure cow's milk and pure cane sugar combined in a way that makes it exceptionally digestible. It is absolutely free from contamination. You can keep it without ice—the milk in the unopened cans will keep indefinitely.

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Wouldn't you like to have an authoritative guide to help you solve each day's problems concerning your baby's care? Then write us for a free copy of *Baby's Welfare*. The Borden Company, 177 Borden Building, New York.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



Nameless River

[Continued from page 38]

ordered the puppets playing out their little tragedy in the heart of Rainbow Cliff.

As Kate Cathrew flung up her gun, the furious rage that fired her stiffened her body in the saddle, shot her bolt upright, standing in her stirrups.

Perhaps some unaccustomed pressure of her posture angered him, perhaps the excitement of the moment loosed something wild in his hybrid heart. At any rate, with the woman's spectacular and dramatic action, Bluefire, the stallion who hated her but obeyed her, gave one scream and rose with her.

It was a magnificent leap. From the peak of its arc the woman, taken by surprise, fell loose from her stirrups.

At the same moment two shots rang out—her own and Nance's—both gone wild with Bluefire's interference. Still on his hind feet the stallion whirled, turning toward the cut in the wall, and came down—his shod forefeet full upon her breast. He leaped over her body and was gone, his empty saddle shining with its vanity of silver. A silence of death fell for a moment in the peaceful Pot.

Slowly the group drew in to look at Cattle Kate lying so quietly after the storm. McKane was holding her hand between his own and murmuring foolish, endearing words. Lawrence Arnold pushed him aside with an oath.

But Brand Fair turned his eyes for the first time toward that farther wall. For a moment he did not recognize the creature that knelt there, the smoking rifle across its knee, its face covered with both hands.

Then—"Nance!" he cried in horror.

"Nance! God Almighty! What's this?"

"I am forsaken of my God," said the girl piteously. "I had to kill her—or she'd have killed you!"

"You didn't," said Fair sharply. "The stallion killed her. Your shot went wild."

She looked at him dully, uncomprehending, and Fair repeated his words. As she realized their import her lips began to quiver, she rolled down upon the trampled grass with her face to the sod and wept.

From the right Rod Stone was coming forward, followed by the half-breed girl and the rest of the men from Cordova. Bossick took Stone into custody and called to Bud Allison who came limping forward, his blue eyes glittering with defiance. Fair stooped and lifting Nance bodily carried her into the heart of the group. "Men," he said, "here's something more to add to our score against Sky Line. Look!"

They looked in astonishment. "Great Scott!" said Bossick wonderingly. "It's Miss Allison, ain't it? What's she doing here?"

"That's a question I'll ask of Lawrence Arnold," said Fair in a voice like a blade, but the bearded man from the Upper Country spoke up promptly.

"I think young Stone and Minnie Pine can answer that, since that is why we're here. Speak, Stone." The rider shook his head.

"Let Minnie," he said, "she was first to know about it." All eyes turned to the Pomo girl, among them those of Lawrence Arnold still holding in his arms the body of Kate Cathrew, and they were cruel as a hawk's.

"I listened," said Minnie calmly. "I always listened when there was devil's talk at Sky Line. This time the Sun Woman yonder stood in the Inner Room where they had brought her, and gave back in their teeth the words of the Boss and the Master. They wanted her to sign her mother's name to a paper which would give to Kate Cathrew the homestead on Nameless. She wouldn't," went on Minnie, "and so they gave her to Sud Province to keep all night in Rainbow's Pot, with Big Basford standing guard outside." There was the sound of an indrawn breath from Fair.

"We knew Province, Rod Stone and me," continued the girl, "and so we went to Cordova for help to get her out. We had to wait so long to get away from Sky Line—"

"Where's this Province? Tell us, Nance," said Fair still in that thin hard voice. He hitched his holster a little farther forward on his thigh.

"I don't know," she said. "I tore his face. I tried to kill him. He crawled that way." She nodded toward the north.

For a long moment there was silence. "It would seem to me," said Bossick slowly, "that there has been a deal of justice done here this day—a very great deal of justice. It's Destiny." Nance Allison looked up at him with a light in her blue eyes.

"It's the hand of God, Mr. Bossick," she said gravely; "no less."

ANOTHER spring was smiling on the Deep Heart hills. On the broad slopes, the towering slants, the conifers sang their everlasting song, tuned by the little winds from the south.

In the doorway of the cabin by the river Nance Fair sat with Sonny in her lap, watching the slope beyond.

[Turn to page 70]



When Mirro Quality Shines

Never does Mirro quality shine more brightly than during preserving time. Then aluminum is ideal and Mirro is the ideal aluminum.

Heating with even intensity all over, Mirro speeds evaporation and prevents loss of flavor from too-long cooking. Unaffected by acids, it insures bright jellies and vegetables free from discoloration.

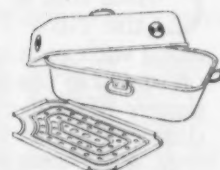
The versatile Mirro Roaster does the cold-pack canning in the most approved manner. The big kettle which has made the soups and tendered the pot roasts proves that Mirro designers knew preserving when they named it a preserving kettle. The Mirro accessories—measuring cup, ladle, funnel—do their work with equal expertness.

Every day in the year Mirro quality is ready to serve you just as well. Mirro has the unmatched durability of pure, thick aluminum, toughened and hardened by rolling under eight tons' pressure. Mirro utensils hold shape, resist scratching and denting, and retain a hard, smooth polish that means easy cleaning.

You will not think beautiful Mirro expensive when you price it and you will know it is economical before you have used it long.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

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Canner and Roaster in One

These features make the Mirro Roaster ideal for the various uses to which roasters are being put by up-to-date housewives.

- 1 Easily holds six one-quart jars. Ample depth for any roast.
- 2 Cover fits snugly, retaining steam pressure as demanded in cold-pack canning. This saves fuel, too.
- 3 Depressed cover condenses steam at center so drippings fall directly on roast.
- 4 Perforated tray has cut-out corner for gravy basting with spoon.
- 5 Extra side handle, convenient when roaster is placed in oven sideways.
- 6 Air vents in side and front.
- 7 Rounded corners and tightly rolled edges make cleaning easy.

Note: The Mirro cold-pack canning rack fits the Mirro roaster (see main illustration). It is sold separately, not being a regular part of the roaster.

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Booklet—
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A post card request will bring you, free, a useful Mirro booklet, "Modern Canning and Preserving," containing valuable suggestions and recipes for canning and preserving.

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Fish, Onions and Cake — Bake Them All Together!

CAKE that is "fit for a king" can be baked in the NEW PERFECTION Live-Heat Oven along with such strongly flavored foods as fish and onions. No possibility of mixing the flavors—no danger of under cooking or over browning the different foods.

In NEW PERFECTION Live-Heat Ovens currents of super-heated air constantly circulate around the baking, scientifically forced to give up every bit of heat and pass out quickly with their load of moisture and odors.

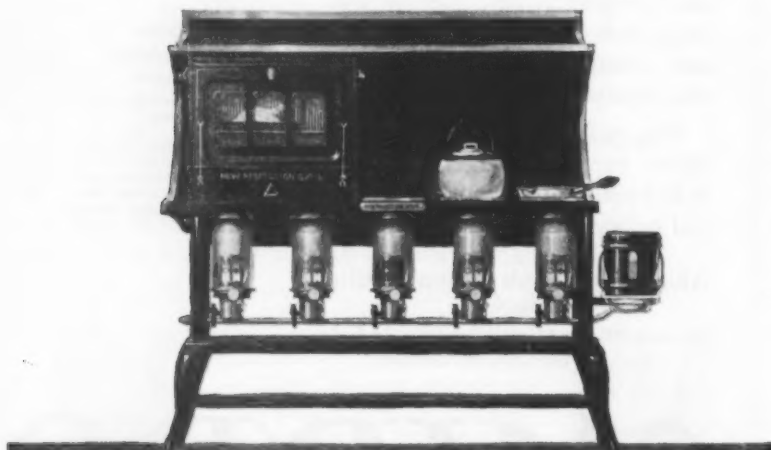
Dinner in an hour's time. That's the economy in time and fuel of Live-Heat Oven baking. Equally satisfactory on both oil and gas stoves.

NEW PERFECTION Live-Heat Ovens are strong, substantial and durable but light in weight and easily lifted. A special heat-resisting finish prevents rust and corrosion.

Like NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves, these Live-Heat Ovens are giving satisfaction in millions of homes the world over. Sizes and style of oil cook stoves and ovens for every home cooking need.

NEW PERFECTION dealers everywhere. Write for interesting folder on "Live Heat" Baking.

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NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens
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the World over



For the Midsummer Meals

*Too Hot To Eat? Not When Our Appetites
Are Tempted by Cool Dainties Such as These!*

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

THOUGH the mercury mounts steadily, the family has to eat, and the home-maker is met by the problem of providing cool, appetizing meals without spending long hours in the hot kitchen.

Plan the day's menu so that most of the cooking may be done in the early morning, and prepare enough to last for two days at least. Plan a roast which may be served cold on the second day, and chopped and well seasoned, made into a loaf to be used later in the week. Jellied bouillon is dainty and satisfying. This may be made from the chicken or beef bouillon cubes if you have no stock on hand. Gelatins, fruit ices, sherbets and molds of cream whipped and flavored with the different fruits which may be packed in ice and salt for several hours, solve the dessert problem.

For breakfast do not serve a cold beverage but have hot coffee, tea or cocoa, and make enough to cool and serve iced for luncheon or supper.

If you are in the country set the table on the porch or under a shady tree. A rolling table or tea-wagon will facilitate this, and the enjoyment that results more than repays the extra steps.

JELLIED SOUP

Use 1 tablespoon gelatin to 1 pint of stock, well seasoned. Heat one cup of stock, soften the gelatin in some of the cold stock and pour the hot stock on it. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Strain, pour into a flat pan and set to harden. When hard cut in one-half-inch cubes and serve piled lightly in bouillon cups garnished with sprigs of parsley.

If the stock has gelatin of its own, as chicken stock is apt to have, the amount of other gelatin may be reduced.

NOVELTY EGG SALAD

Cut a firm head of lettuce into quarters or eighths. Wash, drain and stand in the ice-box for an hour. Make a French dressing and pour it onto the leaves. Chop the whites of hard-boiled eggs and mix with dressing. Arrange on a platter the pieces of lettuce alternately with little mounds of chopped egg whites. Press the egg yolks through a coarse sieve and sprinkle over the top of lettuce and whites.

FROZEN FRUIT CUSTARD

2 cups milk ½ cup water
1 cup sugar 1½ cups cream
½ teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs 1½ cups fruit, cut fine

Dissolve half the sugar in the water, add the fruit, and let stand one hour. Make a custard of the rest of the sugar, eggs and milk. Salt, cool, add the cream, vanilla and fruit. Freeze like ice-cream. Fresh fruits may be used or candied fruits and raisins.

TOMATO A LA FROMAGE

Select small tomatoes, skin and carefully remove the inside, working from the

stem end. Place on a plate upside down to drain and chill in the ice-box. Mash a cream cheese, season, and add to it ¼ cup finely chopped pistachio nuts and ½ cup raisins. Add a little cream, if necessary, to make of packing consistency. Just before serving, cut tiny slits with a sharp knife in the tomato around the top and put a pistachio nut in each opening. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture and serve on lettuce with a French dressing.

VEAL LOAF

4 cups veal chopped fine ¼ cup finely chopped salt pork
2 tablespoons onion 4 tablespoons cracker
finely minced 4 tablespoons cracker
1 green pepper cut fine ¼ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs Few gratings nutmeg
1½ teaspoons salt

Beat the eggs and pour over the other ingredients which have been thoroughly mixed. Form into a loaf, using a little milk or water if more moisture is needed. Bake until brown, basting often. If raw veal is used, the baking must be quite slow and for about 2 hours. This may be served hot with a tomato sauce, and then sliced cold for the second serving next day or later in the week.

HAM GLAZE

2 cups chopped ham 4 stuffed olives chopped
(cooked) 4 tablespoons mayon-
2 cups whipped cream naise or cream dressing
2 teaspoons horseradish 1 tablespoon gelatin
1 green pepper minced ¼ cup cold water
fine ½ cup boiling water

Soften the gelatin in the cold water, then dissolve in the boiling water. Mix all other ingredients except the cream and stir into the gelatin. Fold in the cream. Pack into a mold and let stand 2 hours or more. Serve on lettuce or other salad plant.

PEACH SUPREME

2 cups peach pulp and ½ cup sugar
juice 2 tablespoons gelatin
1 tablespoon lemon juice ¼ cup water
2 cups whipped cream

Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Heat one cup of the peach pulp and dissolve the gelatin in it. Cool, add the rest of the juice and the sugar. When it begins to harden, fold in the whipped cream. Mold and serve very cold.

SPARKLING PUNCH

1 cup catawba grape Few gratings nutmeg
juice ½ cup iced water
1 cup ginger ale Juice of ½ lemon
½ cup sugar

Mix, chill and serve in tall glasses.

FROZEN COCOA

2 cups cocoa 1 cup cream
½ cup sugar 2 teaspoons vanilla
Whites of two eggs beaten stiff

Mix all but the egg whites and partially freeze. Add the egg whites and continue freezing. If eaten as ice-cream, it may be frozen stiff but it is often served in tall glasses and eaten with an iced-tea spoon.

In following these recipes use level measuring and standard measuring cups and spoons. Each recipe will serve about six persons.



MAKE IT OF

Thomas Young's
TRUE
IRISH
LINEN

Handkerchiefs of personality, personally made, make an intimate and cherished gift, and there's pleasure and satisfaction in the giving where the work is simple and enjoyable. Thomas Young's True Irish Linen handkerchief squares of corded borders come ready for hemming and are adaptable to any other little personal touch you might wish to add. Thomas Young's handkerchief squares come also in woven borders of white and fast dyed colors, for both men and women.

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To be had in the wash goods, linen and art departments of the best stores.

Send 35c with your dealer's name and we will mail you a lady's handkerchief with colored thread border, ready to hem, and our book, "The Lure of True Irish Linens," which contains many valuable suggestions on the practical and artistic uses of linens.

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It is very significant that a million women noted for their beautiful complexions use

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It's the scratching, grinding, rasping sound that makes so many otherwise good phonograph records undesirable. BAKERTONE is a little gold plated attachment. It fits any needle point phonograph and is scarcely more than one inch in length. It kills 95 per cent of the surface noises and sells for only \$5.00. Your dealer probably has it, but if not, order direct and send us his name. You can have your money back if you don't like it.

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GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself
Specialty Candy Factory in your community. Establish and operate a "new system" candy business. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't lose it! W. MILLER RAGSDALE, Drawer 120, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

The Story of Auntie Flo

[Continued from page 25]

raised a troubled face. "I am trying to work out a decimal for Tom, but I was never clever at arithmetic."

He stood looking at her a moment, silently. She was so fine, so unlike her sister. Then he said: "How much money has Effie borrowed from you?"

Poor Auntie Flo! The treacherous blood rushed in a crimson wave to her face. "Oh, but I was only too glad—to help her!" she faltered. "I don't want it back."

"How much does she owe you?"

She was forced to tell him. He wrote her a check for the amount. "And in the future, I will pay your quarterly allowance myself," he said.

Auntie Flo stared. "My quarterly allowance?"

"Yes . . . didn't you?" His face paled as he read the truth in her eyes. George Wheeler was loyal to his wife even then. He did not tell Auntie Flo that always, ever since she had come to live with them, he had given his wife a quarterly sum of money for her. But Auntie Flo had never received a penny of it.

The years sped by. In time George Wheeler sold the house facing the Common and moved to Hampstead. Young Tom went to Cambridge, and Margery was sent to a fashionable finishing-school at Brighton. Only Bee and Bubbles were left at home with Auntie Flo.

Effie had changed her tactics and now, under the influence of a popular High Church parson, spent all her days slumming. It was just as expensive a hobby as gambling, but less harmful, so George raised no objection. He was a rich man now and could afford it. To the world he was a hard, severely just man, and perhaps of all who admired and respected him only Auntie Flo loved him. She would have died to save him from a moment's anxiety. That was why when a frantic wire from young Tom at Cambridge reached her one summer's afternoon, she hurried into her best bonnet and cloak, and took the train alone to London.

"Auntie . . ." There was a sob of relief in Tom's voice as he put his hand through her trembling arm and led her into a quiet tea-shop, where over a pot of weak tea he told her his trouble. He had gotten in with a fast set at Cambridge—"Auntie, if I can't get five hundred pounds by the end of the week, I am done," he confessed.

Auntie Flo covered her face with her hands. She was trying to remember how much remained of the little capital her father had left her. After a moment she figured it out. "I think there is four hundred and eighty pounds with the interest—then there's my father's watch—it will fetch something."

His face burned with shame. "It shall never happen again. I swear it." He looked at her quivering face with the gray hair parted under her old-fashioned hat, and suddenly he seized her trembling hand in its cotton glove and raised it to his lips. "You're the best woman in the world, Auntie Flo, and I love you."

She was more than rewarded then.

But Auntie Flo's troubles were never-ending. It was Margery next. She arrived home suddenly one day, accompanied by the head-mistress of the school—expelled. It seemed that her violin teacher had been paying her conspicuous attention, and the romantic young Margery had fallen in love—never a procedure for a select boarding-school!

Auntie Flo was sent for and came to find Margery weeping, the school-mistress very angry, and George looking like a thunder-cloud.

Margery flew to Florence's arms: "O Auntie, they'll never let me see him again!"

It was then that Auntie Flo rose to the one great moment of her life. She was frightened herself, but putting an arm around the sobbing girl, she said with quiet dignity: "I am quite sure that my niece has done nothing that she need be ashamed of. May I ask you to withdraw, madam, while I speak to my brother-in-law."

She kissed Margery and sent her up to her room, and when the door was shut, she turned to George. "I love Margery as if she were my own child," she said. "I think you owe it to me not to stand in the way of her happiness."

It was the first and last time that she ever alluded to the wrecking of her life. Nobody knows what George Wheeler said in answer. Anyway, the school-mistress left with very little satisfaction, and, a month or so later a new star flashed in the musical firmament of London. It was said that George Wheeler was backing him and that the young man was engaged to George Wheeler's pretty daughter.

Then one morning there was no Auntie Flo at breakfast, no reply when Margery knocked at her door. "Auntie Flo! Auntie Flo!" She tried the handle but the door was locked. She waited breathlessly, then suddenly panic-stricken, she ran down to her father.

[Turn to page 69]



Hale and Hearty —from youth up!

Nourishing, body-building, blood-making whole-wheat KRUMBLES should be in the children's diet each day. For KRUMBLES—ready to serve—contain every atom of whole wheat, with its wonderful mineral salts; and besides, KRUMBLES give you the full, delicious flavor of whole wheat for the first time in food history!

Puny children will grow strong and sturdy on Kellogg's KRUMBLES—they delight in the crispy, delightful flakes served with milk or cream.

KRUMBLES should be eaten at least once each day by every member of the family, for they renew the strength of the workers and sustain the aged as no other food can. KRUMBLES are wonderful. Sold by all grocers.

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Ice Cream ~ the quick ALASKA way



The dish that cools deliciously when the mercury broils at 90°

THE "Alaska" makes it so easy to have any kind any time; so economical; so pure and so healthful. Only a few minutes easy turning and you have produced at home the most delicious of all cream foods. Everybody likes ice cream! Select your Alaska at your dealer's today.

How to make Spanish chocolate

ONE qt. sweet milk; one cup sugar; 4 tablespoons grated chocolate; 2 tablespoons corn-starch; one teaspoon vanilla. Scald milk. Mix sugar, chocolate and corn-starch with some cold milk and add this to the hot milk, stirring constantly, till it boils. Boil until chocolate is entirely melted. Remove from stove, add vanilla and beat. Cool, place in an "Alaska" and freeze.

Send for book of special Alaska recipes.

THE ALASKA FREEZER CO., Winchendon, Mass.

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From "Household Hygiene" by Prof. S. Maria Elliott, Simmons College. Published by American School of Home Economics, Chicago.



The deadly door knob

IF THE innocent-looking door knobs in railway cars and stations are such dangerous carriers of disease, what about the places in your home that micro-organisms really prefer—the dark, damp spots where they flourish?

The wash-basin and kitchen sink drain? The refrigerator pipe? The toilet bowl? Musty closets? The dark, hard-to-get-at, out-of-the-way nooks and corners?

Those tiny micro-organisms (germs or bacteria as they are more commonly known) are invisible to the naked eye, yet their dangers are none the less existent. They are a constant menace to health—the source to which most illness can be traced.

The healthful home requires repeated use of a disinfectant—a completely effective disinfectant that *actually* destroys germ life.

The effectiveness of "Lysol" Disinfectant is indicated by its use in leading hospitals

As an antiseptic for personal hygiene (One-half teaspoonful to one quart of water)

"LYSOL" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene because it is safe as well as thoroughly effective. In proper solution, it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing.

The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the realization of women everywhere that antiseptic personal cleanliness is a safeguard of health.

everywhere. "Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. Tests made by pouring "Lysol" Disinfectant in water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope show that every single drop is clear and transparent; there are no undissolved globules.

Be sure of the disinfectant you use

THIS means that "Lysol" Disinfectant solution (in proper proportions as given in the directions) is 100 per cent. effective, *completely* destroying and killing germ life.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is neutral as well as completely soluble. It contains no free acid nor free alkali. Diluted, in the correct proportion, "Lysol" Disinfectant is non-caustic.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant. Ask about the new non-breakable "Lysol" traveler's package.

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COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For household and personal use



The Use for a Man

[Continued from page 13]

I'll try to arrange it; and if I do . . . Beatrice, a sixty-foot man couldn't want you as much as I do. If I do this thing for you—It's a silly thing and probably it will run me into trouble. Well, I won't bargain. I'll do it for you!"

"You are bigger than I thought. I suppose I shall end by—doing what you want."

The next morning the Resident's sister strolled down by the hut.

"Good morning. I must not be seen talking to you for long. Mr. Davis has made a plan for you. Listen very carefully. The second night out you will pass the Straits of Gibraltar. You must try to get overboard then. Just when you are opposite the light on Europa Point—You know it?"

"I know it."

"Try to slip overboard just then. I will bring you some tools that might help you to break out; get bars off the porthole or window or anything like that. There will be a boat sailing about to pick you up. And Mr. Davis is sending the men—three of them—in the local steamer to Gibraltar this afternoon."

"Men from here," said Frankland slowly. "Do you think they can be relied upon?"

"We can't get any other. He says they are reliable. Are you going to do it?"

"Yes," he agreed. "Of course. Davis is the man you were singing with yesterday evening, isn't he? Why is he helping me?"

"Oh! Because you are a fellow Englishman, I suppose. I may have influenced him a little. . . . I must go now. I can tell him you'll do it?"

"Of course. Thank—"

"That's all right. I must go." She ran back to the house. Frankland stared after her; stared at the doorway long after she had gone in. "I wonder," he muttered, "where he got those men from? They'll probably be afraid of the sheik, and take care not to pick me up; tell the sporting Davis that I didn't go over—if I do get the chance to go—or betray me afterward. Anyhow, the project is something to bring her here to talk to me. I wonder if she'll come this afternoon."

The Resident's sister did come that afternoon and the conversation was mostly hers, and mostly about the need of reformation, if he escaped, and had another chance in life. He must let her know that he was making good.

"Because," she declared, "you have promised to try; and you will owe it to me—if you escape."

"There doesn't seem to be any need for me," he said. "To be of use, one must be of use to somebody. There's nobody. I wish to God I could do something, just for knight-service to you!"

"Well," she said, "if I enable you to escape, what you do afterwards will stand to my account; the good and the bad! So you've got to be more good than bad—to give me a balance!" She laughed a little; touched his arm as if in appeal.

"Are you engaged to Davis?" he asked. "No. He wants me to be. He is—very worthy—"

He saw her three times afterward, before he left on the *Armado*. That evening she passed like a flash, just muttering, "The men have gone to Gib." On the following morning she brought him an iron case-opener and a few small tools. She informed him that the boat would lie near the track of the steamer and show a blue light. In the afternoon she came for about half an hour; to wish him Godspeed, she said. "And you have to be good, you know, because it will count to me."

About five o'clock the guard came to take him aboard. The Consul had obtained a considerable armed party from the local authorities, as the feeling of the populace ran high; not so much against the prisoner in himself as against his being taken away from the judgment of their law. There was hissing and cursing and spitting as the party passed through the narrow streets; but the super-sheik and the other sheiks sat at the Customs by the quay with folded arms. When the crowd

had passed them they looked at each other; and, if grave and masterful Moors ever smiled, one would have said that they did.

"Allah is great," the super-sheik murmured. "Among the guards of the infidel on the ship is Muley, the son of Hassan of mine. He will see to it that the prisoner is free to cast himself into the sea of the Straits, after he has seen the blue light of the vessel of the Englishman Davis."

"The Englishman Davis, is he to trust? Says not the prophet: 'He who betrays his own blood will betray the stranger.'"

"The man," said the super-sheik, "has cast his eye upon Davis's woman. She would have Davis contrive his escape. And so he came to me!"

As the *Armado* neared the Straits of Gibraltar, and Frankland was getting out his tools to force the bars of his porthole, the guard called Muley came softly into the cabin, and offered his services to assist. "I am the man of the worshipful Sir Davis," he whispered, "and am sworn to aid you. I will watch for the boat and the light, and warn you, all of good time. It is but to drop lightly and swim; and the rest is to Allah."

"Did the worshipful Sir Davis come aboard your ship and arrange this with you?" Frankland asked.

"Truly so," the man declared.

"I mean did he come himself?"

"Very truly himself," Muley asserted, "I tell you it is but to drop softly; and I will be singing at the time, lest any should notice a sound. Float for a while and do not swim until the ship is past sight. Be sure the boat will search very diligently for you."

"I am sure," Frankland said. "Go now, lest any should suspect; and come again when it is time." When he had loosened the bars, he put the iron case-opener inside his vest—a strange thing to swim with, but he knew that Davis had not been aboard the *Armado*.

"So," he muttered now, "that's it! The sheik has outwitted Davis, or Davis has outwitted her. Davis wants to get her favor by pretending to assist me to escape; but he doesn't mean that there shall be any chance of my doing it, and ever seeing her again! The boat—if there is a boat—is to take me to the sheik. Possibly there is no boat; or it isn't to pick me up. Well, I'm going over anyhow. My God! I'd risk my life for the bare chance of being able to tell her, and save her from him!"

Presently Muley entered softly again. "The boat is just ahead," he whispered. "We are catching up to it fast. Count two minutes by your watch, then go. I will be singing. . . . Allah is great!"

Frankland waited the two minutes, then pushed the bars aside; stood up on the bunk with his head and shoulders out of the porthole. A man above—that would be Muley—began chanting some weird thing. It was what they sang at Moorish funerals, he thought.

There was a boat; a big lateen-sailed craft of thirty feet or more . . . three men; Moors apparently. They had a bluish lantern in the stern. Frankland looked at his watch. Five seconds over-time! He replaced it, squeezed through the porthole and dropped. He heard Muley's voice rise in a great wail then. It was the song for the dead. When he rose, the ship had passed on, so that he was opposite the middle instead of the bows, where he had been cabin. He lay still and floated. The boat did not seem to see him. It was keeping its course. But he must not call or signal yet. Presently the boat was level with him—perhaps a hundred yards away. It still did not turn. Was this a refinement of cruelty—to pass him and not to pick him up? Or didn't they see him? Anyhow he must not give a sign yet. Gibraltar was several miles distant, he thought. He doubted if he could swim it. Perhaps he might wave now. The steamer must be half a mile away. . . . Ah! The boat was turning toward him! He struck out for it; at first strongly; then decided that he had

[Turn to page 67]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices: 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
2240..30	3174..45	3242..20	3249..45	3255..35	3261..35	3266..35	3271..35	3276..40	3283..40
2865..25	3177..45	3243..45	3250..45	3256..35	3262..35	3267..35	3272..35	3277..45	3284..15
3112..25	3179..25	3245..25	3251..40	3257..45	3263..30	3268..35	3273..35	3278..15	3285..20
3126..20	3188..25	3246..30	3252..45	3258..45	3264..35	3269..45	3274..35	3280..30	3286..30
3150..20	3240..25	3247..45	3253..30	3259..45	3265..45	3270..45	3275..45	3281..40	3287..25
3159..25	3241..45	3248..45	3254..25	3260..45					

EMBROIDERY TRANSFERS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
607..20	969..25	1054..30	1142..40	1174..40	1224..40	1253..40	1262..35
690..20	1039..25	1100..35	1150..40	1219..40	1227..40	1257..30	1267..30
806..20							

At the end of the dance

FROM the ballroom floated the strains of a waltz, and from out beyond came the sleepy night-sounds, the faint whispering of leaves in the summer breeze.

The man watched the woman before him in the mellow glow of the lanterns, drinking in her loveliness.

"What is it?" she asked softly. "You look as though you were in a dream."

"I think this is a dream, and you are a dream woman," he answered, "for I never saw anyone so lovely! There is something that makes you stand entirely alone, in a delicate, glowing radiance. I think the greatest charm of all is your wonderful coloring."

The last notes of the waltz were quivering into silence.

"That is the end," she said.

"I think it is the beginning," he answered, still watching her.



"I think it is the beginning," he answered—

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

WHEN you use the Pompeian Beauty Trio you can feel assured that your skin is always fresh and glowing, and that it will remain so almost indefinitely.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin, protecting it from dust, wind and sun. The delicate film that remains on the surface after the Day Cream has disappeared holds powder and rouge so well that constant repowdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is of so soft and fine a texture that it goes on smoothly and evenly. A light coating will last a long time, for this powder has, to a remarkable degree, the quality of adhering.

The Bloom is a rouge that is absolutely harmless. It comes in the desired shades, light, medium, dark and orange tint.

Use the Pompeian Trio together for Instant Beauty, for great care has been taken that all Pompeian preparations blend perfectly.

Remember—first the Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light coating of the Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick is of a rose petal shade and adds yet another touch that will set off your beauty.

- POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing).....60c per jar
- POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER.....60c per box
- POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge).....60c per box
- POMPEIAN LIP STICK.....25c each
- POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE (a talk).....30c a can
- POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (New Style Jar) 60c per jar

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.



POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2009 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

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Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

The Care of the Skin in Summer

By MME. JEANNETTE

About this time of the year, women begin to realize that they look "different" in their dancing frocks and formal clothes. This is generally due to the damage done by sun and wind.

It is always harmful to suffer wind- or sun-burn. Every such experience is an added hurt to the texture of the skin. These abuses of the elements coarsen the skin, and every precaution should be taken to avoid them.

Remember, it is easier to take care of your skin while it is still beautiful than to neglect it, and then try to remedy the neglect. When the skin is wind- or sun-burned, much of the natural oil is burned out and the skin becomes unhealthily dry. An intense contraction of the upper skin (epidermis) takes place and should be scientifically treated to stimulate the natural oils, and supply others till the condition is overcome.

Summer precautions

Before going out and before powdering the face, it is the part of wisdom to use Pompeian Day Cream. This delightful preparation is delicately fragrant and forms a protective foundation for the daytime toilette. It is a vanishing cream, and disappears almost entirely, leaving an invisible film that is healthful for the skin, and forms an excellent base for the application of the powder and rouge. After using, you will find that your powder goes on more smoothly, and stays on longer.

Don't touch water to a new sunburn

If, however, you do acquire a wind- or sun-burn, be sure to use quantities of Pompeian Night Cream as soon as possible. This is imperative, for it slightly relaxes the contracted skin, and has a very soothing effect as well. Let the cream stay on the burned parts a few minutes and gently remove with a soft cloth. If it is night you should leave as much of the cream on as you can comfortably. If, however, you should be severely burned during the day, you should use the same treatment and follow it with an application of Day Cream and Powder for the rest of the day.

Correct powder for tanned skin

Your usual white or flesh-toned powders will look ghastly over a browned skin. Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rich cream tone of powder, excellent for tanned skin, and can be used as lavishly as you normally use any other shade without detection.

The final touch of beauty

In the summer, when all coloring of nature is richer, it is imperative to see that the lips have the correct appearance of health and beauty. The most effective way is the use of Pompeian Lip Stick. It has enough oil for healing quality and adds just the right amount of healthy color.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

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2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below



Mothers — It rests in Your Hands

RIGHT NOW—in this hot, trying weather—you can give *your* Baby the same wonderfully comforting powder that nurses have praised for three generations.

At this season, more than any other, your little one needs the cooling, soothing comfort of the purest powder that can be made. For, to be happy and healthy, your Baby's skin must be kept free from chafing, itching and summer irritations.

Thousands of mothers have learned this secret of keeping their babies well when the weather is hot, and thousands more will use JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER this summer. It will

not clog tiny pores. It allays perspiration and when you apply it freely, your Baby will not fuss and fret, and restful sleep will come. The comfort JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER affords conserves the energy Baby needs to bear summer discomforts, and prattling content will soon tell you the comfort that JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER brings.

You want the best for your Baby—and JOHNSON'S is best. So, naturally, it is the largest selling Baby powder in the world. And it is a JOHNSON & JOHNSON Red Cross product.

Baby's comfort rests in your hands these hot summer days. Buy JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER *now*.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Best for Baby - Best for You

YOUR Druggist is more than a merchant. He studies to serve you dependably and to provide for your Baby's welfare.

Try the Drug Store first.

When Baby is fretful—gently massage body with JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER.

After Baby's bath—shower JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER over his skin.

When Baby's fingers search for itchy spots—JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER will relieve irritations.

Around Baby's Face and Mouth, JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER avoids saliva soreness.

To relieve prickly heat, dust JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER to form a protecting covering.

Whenever you change Baby, sprinkle JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER upon each fold and crevice.

The Missing Wife

[Continued from page 7]

"What is it this time?" Bradley demanded, his black eyes steadily on Clifford.

"I thought we'd better have a little preliminary talk, Bradley. I'm interested in the disappearance of that young Mrs. Hendron."

"So you're butting into my affairs again!"

"No. You are representing the father. I am representing the young husband."

The black eyes narrowed. "You're not suggesting that we work together?"

"No. I'm merely suggesting that we start out with a few facts clearly understood between us. First of all, Bradley, I'll say that you know that I know you run your detective agency chiefly as a blind. That it is chiefly a device for getting valuable information—holding people up—turning any trick you want to."

"I've heard you say something like that before," returned Bradley, his cold eyes not flickering. "If that's all you came here for now, you might as well be going."

"There's a great deal more. Mr. Hendron once tried to buy his daughter-in-law off for a hundred thousand or two. He's probably willing to pay that now to get rid of her. One hundred thousand—that is about your fee in this case, Bradley."

"Suppose it is? What of it?"

"Just this," continued Clifford. "I've sized up Mr. Hendron and how careful he is in all his bargains. He doesn't spend money for nothing. You'll have to deliver the goods before you get your fat little fee. And the real goods."

"I'll have them!" growled Bradley. "You know what this case probably is: the girl has run off with another man. If she's found out, and chucked overboard, she'll just be down where she came from. She'll be no worse off than before."

"Probably you're right about the case. I don't know—now. But here's the big point, Bradley. Mr. Hendron is paying to get back his son, and the son will never come back to the father unless the case against the young wife is absolutely clear, and you'll never get your pay. I'm just warning you that if there is anything crooked about this disappearance, then your frame-up has got to be 100 per cent. perfect or you'll never collect a penny. D'you get me?"

"Guess I do, Clifford," Bradley said easily, though his eyes continued hard. "Any other little directions you'd like to give me?"

"Yes. There's to be no publicity. Starting the rumor that the girl has run away, would help you a lot if it's your game to smear the girl. There's to be no publicity until after you've proved your case—you understand?"

"Or until after you've caught me?" Bradley drawled mockingly.

"Or until after I've caught you—exactly," Clifford stood up. "That's all. I believe you understand me?"

"Perfectly, my dear boy. And believe me, it's a pleasure to play in a game where there is such perfect understanding."

Clifford went out. Despite Bradley's mocking tone, he believed he had achieved the object of his coming. If there was crooked work there, Bradley would see that it was not raw. It would be cautious work and in this instance caution required time. To this extent he had safeguarded young Hendron and his wife; and to this extent he had increased his own chances of solving this mystery and preserving this marriage—if the romantic marriage deserved to be preserved.

Clifford's next step was to learn more of the character of the missing wife; for her character might help determine whether this case was the elopement of a poverty-wearied wife, as he had been told, or was something very different. Half an hour after he left Bradley's he was in the little Harlem apartment occupied by Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Hendron's mother. Mrs. Phillips was anything but the stage mother Clifford knew so well, the scheming, pushing sort that is more press-agent than mother. In fact, Clifford quickly learned, she was a clergyman's widow; gray, rather slight, distinctly a gentlewoman.

She was distracted over her daughter's disappearance, but she answered Clifford's questions clearly and without reservation. No, there had been no serious love affair in her daughter's life prior to her marriage. Yes, Marjorie did like fun; particularly did she like dancing, for she was an extremely good dancer. Yes, there was one man with whom Marjorie, before her marriage, had frequently danced—Gerald Lawson. But that was only because she had been in his company during her last season on the stage and both had liked to dance so much.

Mrs. Phillips showed Clifford a picture of her daughter. The missing wife was indeed a beauty. Her beauty alone might have carried her far in certain types of production had she chosen to remain on the stage. The face was spirited, daring, perhaps even reckless. But was it the face

of a young woman who would stop at nothing?

The next two or three hours Clifford spent in talking with friends along Broadway; in a big booking-office, in two actors' clubs. He talked of many things; but with each friend he managed to have the chat turn as if by chance to Gerald Lawson. The facts and opinions which he there unobtrusively collected were in substance as follows: Lawson was a mighty good actor on the stage, almost a star, but a bad actor off the stage. He was a handsome devil and knew it, and was notorious for his affairs with women; in fact it was common talk that he was unscrupulous in such affairs. A woman might dance with him a few times and nothing much be thought of it; but no woman of reputation could be in his company frequently without suffering. And yet women flocked to him. Despite his big salary, he was always hard up, and would do anything for money. Just now he was not working.

Yes, a year or so ago, he had paid a lot of attention to that pretty Miss Phillips. No wonder, for she was clever and a real beauty. Lucky for her she had not fallen for him, but had married that young Hendron instead. Incidentally, Lawson had been seen about lately with another beautiful young woman—a Miss Mary Regan. There was another fact significant to Clifford. For the last day or so Lawson had not been found round any of his familiar haunts.

While Clifford was collecting these facts they were automatically shaping themselves into a theory. And when he turned away from Broadway environs he believed he saw almost the whole thing: the inside story of one instance of that eternal New York sensation—the eloping wife. And to think that Mary Regan was mixed up in such an affair! The thought made him sick of soul. Whatever might be the effect upon his attempt to clear up this case and capture Bradley, and in spite of his warning to her, Clifford had to eliminate Mary from the business. That was his first duty. There was only one way to do this with such a person as Mary: the direct way. He strode grimly across to the Grantham, and sent up his name. A few minutes later he was in her sitting-room.

"I suppose it is something very important which causes you to intrude twice in one day," she said haughtily.

"It is," he replied grimly. "I've come to tell you to get out of this business of the disappearance of that young Mrs. Hendron."

"Pardon me if I remark that I don't know what you're talking about."

"I expected you to say that. And just to show you that I'm onto Bradley's whole game, I'll tell you just what it is. The elder Mr. Hendron broke with his son because of his marriage to a poor actress, and will have nothing to do with his son so long as the son sticks to his wife. The son has been sticking. Mr. Hendron wants his son back, and would pay one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, perhaps much more, to get him back. The only way he can get him back is to break up the marriage. You see I've got the game worked out clearly so far!"

"Very clever of you. Is there more more?"

Clifford was now expressing his conjectures as facts. "Here's where Broadway enters; I don't know exactly what your part in the game is, but I know you're in it. Bradley undertakes to smash the marriage and bring back the son to his father; there's a fortune in this for Bradley. Perhaps the father doesn't know what Bradley's game is; he's only interested in results—but here's the game. Its whole purpose is to make young Hendron believe his wife is untrue to him. That will turn the trick. Before her marriage she was rather gay, played around a lot with that actor Lawson. You know him, and you know what a rotter he is. Last night she disappeared and hasn't been heard of since. In reality last night she was kidnapped by some plan of Bradley's—a plan in which Lawson, for a price, figured from the first bit of action. Lawson will probably do nothing to harm her beyond seeing that she's kept sufficiently doped. Then things will be fixed so that young Hendron discovers her under just the right conditions. With her will be that lady-killer Lawson; he's been with her all the time. The story will be that she got tired of her hard life, ran away with Lawson, and this is an interrupted honeymoon. There you are—the whole game!"

"But your Mrs. Hendron can easily upset any such game, if she wants to, by declaring the truth."

"A lot of good that will do her! There is the foundation of fact that the two were formerly friends. Lawson will declare she came of her own accord; and if there is any honest physical examination about the drugging, Lawson can say that she had not been sleeping well, and took the drug her-

self and possibly took an overdose. The thing will have the appearance of a woman, frightened when caught, trying to lie out of the situation. Young Hendron is a fine young fellow; but he's jealous by nature, and frightfully jealous of Lawson. He'll not believe her. That marriage will be smashed, and that innocent young wife will be smashed—utterly smashed. The son goes back to his father, and Bradley gets his big fee. There—you have it all."

Mary regarded Clifford for a moment with unchanged expression. Then she asked calmly: "And you? What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm not telling you. Except that I'm going to make you step out of the game!"

"By what methods, if you please?"

"Two methods. First, if I catch you, I'll arrest you, as I told you earlier today. This will be a most serious conspiracy charge."

"And the second method?"

"You have your own strong motive for wanting to keep our marriage a secret. If you do anything further to help put this game across, I shall promptly make our marriage public. This is all I came here to say to you. Good-by." With the stiffest of bows, Clifford turned and went out.

Clifford believed thoroughly that he was correct in his summary of the plot he had just made to Mary—a plot dangerous to the parties, to be sure; but he knew that the confident Bradley believed he could outwit all danger.

His major problem, as Clifford saw it, was to locate Lawson and young Mrs. Hendron, and snatch her away before Bradley could stage before his little private audience his carefully planned bit of domestic drama. He had to work rapidly, or fail. Just where might Lawson and Mrs. Hendron be? Clifford considered the possibilities intently, trying to think as he believed Bradley had thought. Real elopers would probably have taken ship for some foreign port, or else have fled by train to some distant part of America. But flight to a remote spot would not fit Bradley's plans; he would want the couple close at hand, so that he could bring his audience swiftly to the spot when his trap was ready to be sprung. He eliminated New York City, where one or more persons live in every twelve-foot cube of room-space. In a moment of consciousness Mrs. Hendron might cry for help, and be heard by some one a few feet away. That would be dangerous for Bradley's scheme. For the same reason he eliminated all the big resorts and the big, crowded, resort hotels.

He had it! One of those hotels that go in for the cottage plan. A little cottage set away in seclusion from the parent building, where any possible outcry would pass by unheard, which would later be referred to as a "love nest"—that would be the most effective and plausible setting for a runaway honeymoon. But there were hundreds and hundreds of such places within an hour or two of New York: how was he to find the particular one within the brief period in which he had to act? He could not personally investigate so great a number. And he could not ask assistance of the police; that would mean publicity, and he wished to avoid all publicity—that is, until he had snatched Mrs. Hendron out of her danger and had caught Bradley in his own trap.

At last Clifford thought he saw the way. Presently he was seated in the private office of Preston, manager of the Grantham Hotel, who had helped him in many matters and for whom he had done many favors.

"Preston, are you game to do something for me—without knowing too much about the affair?"

"Sure, Clifford," promptly returned the manager. "Shoot."

"You know Gerald Lawson?"

"After him, are you? Of course I know him. As bad as he is charming."

"I want you to help locate him for me. I think he's within fifty or seventy-five miles of New York, staying at one of those country or seaside hotels that have a lot of cottages for guests who wish extra seclusion. There's a woman with him. She doesn't know her situation; she's a victim. I want to save her. And, incidentally, I can save that particular hotel a lot of nasty publicity which it will get if I don't locate Lawson mighty quick. There's where your interest comes in; rather, that of all hotel men. You have a Hotel Association, haven't you? A kind of protective organization?"

"Yes. And mighty active, too."

"I want to use it. But I have no power here, and I want to use it through you. I want to give a description of Lawson to the Association—no need giving his own name; he's probably registered under another—and have the description phoned to every hotel in the region I've mentioned that has cottages connected with

[Turn to page 51]



For light, fluffy shortcakes

SHORTCAKES, cobblers, puddings, custards, ice creams and hot weather desserts of all kinds are made more easily and better by the use of Carnation Milk.

Pure milk "from contented cows," Carnation is most convenient and economical for use in your home. About 60% of the natural water content is removed by evaporation. The milk is then sealed and sterilized. All food values remain. Your grocer is the Carnation Milkman. Order a supply from him today.

Strawberry Shortcake—1 tsp. salt; 2 cups flour; 4 tsp. baking powder; 1/4 cup butter; 1/2 cup water; 1/2 cup Carnation Milk; 1 tbsp. sugar. Sift flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together; cut in butter; add the liquid gradually. Toss on floured board and cut. Bake in hot oven. Split and spread with butter. Sweeten part of the strawberries to taste; put between layers. Leave the largest berries whole and place on top; garnish with Whipped Carnation Milk.

Whipped Carnation Milk—Place one can Carnation Milk in water and heat to boiling point, remove promptly and thoroughly chill by placing the can on ice or in the refrigerator. When cool, open the can and pour milk (the entire contents of small can or half contents tall can) into chilled bowl (place in another bowl filled with cracked ice). After the milk is thoroughly chilled, whip as usual for about five minutes with an ordinary egg beater. Sweeten and flavor if desired. Keep on ice until served.

Carnation Milk will whip satisfactorily without heating, but better results are assured when recipe is followed closely.

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swept up and burned. Use **BLACK FLAG** in the kitchen each night before locking up and flies will not annoy you nor infect food with bacteria.

BLACK FLAG also kills ants, roaches, waterbugs, bedbugs, mosquitoes, fleas, and lice on animals, birds or plants. They breathe it and die! Ask for it at drug, grocery, department or hardware stores, and look for the black flag trademark. Packed in three sizes of red-and-yellow wrapped sealed glass bottles that keep its strength—15c, 40c, 75c each, except west of Denver, Col., Canada and foreign countries. Or mail direct on receipt of price.

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The Nation's Insecticide



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Heat circulates evenly throughout the Boss Oven. Asbestos lining saves fuel. A style and size to meet every requirement. More than two million sold.

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THE
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BOSS OVEN



Keeping Pace With the Bills

John and Marjorie Start the Sane and Sensible Plan of Counting their Pennies Before Spending Them

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

YOUTH, health, a good job, one thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, one thousand dollars in cash, a sweetheart who has had business experience—would not any alert young man possessing these assets consider himself ready for marriage?

John did. He knew that his wife would have to do the housework. His home would be simply—yes, sparsely—furnished. But he and Marjorie were in love with each other; they were brimming with life and hope.

But somehow, things did not keep pace with their expectations. Everything cost so much. The money for furnishing their six-room rented bungalow in the suburbs was gone before half the furniture was bought. John was astounded. How could a tea kettle which cost three dollars and ninety-eight cents, when added to a mop at a dollar and forty-nine cents, break into a second five dollar bill? The pennies slipped away amazingly—a few here, a few there. The figures on the right of the decimal point were important after all.

There was much more than that for this young husband to learn about the purchasing value of his money. He was sensible enough to realize, however, that house furnishings are largely a permanent investment and should therefore be of the best quality. He knew he must not stint too much here. But the money for furnishing having vanished before their home was equipped, what were they to do for the thousand-and-one things yet needed?

There were the Liberty Bonds—but these comprised their savings fund. They must not be touched. The only answer was to buy gradually and on the installment plan. This of course would add to their current monthly expenses. With the rent and the bills for coal, gas and electricity, a new pair of shoes occasionally, and the replacing of Marjorie's trousseau, the outlook was staggering.

During the second year of their marriage came John Junior and the responsibilities for which this important little person stood. How could they stretch what had barely been doing duty for two to meet the needs of three? Marjorie did not recover rapidly and therefore extra help was necessary for the housework. There was the boy's education to think of; his future to provide for. The insurance must be increased. They must not dip into their reserve fund of Liberty Bonds.

Just at this time the business depression was at its peak.

In the midst of this business gloom, the little bungalow in the suburbs strangely began to have a brighter aspect. A davenport appeared in the living-room. Marjorie, who was now herself again, wore a lovely new crepe gown.

The secret of this change dated from the day when the Old Man, as they called him, threatened with the ruin of his business by economic conditions, had assembled his employees at his office and had made a speech in which he said:

"Even the smallest business house keeps a record from year to year of the money it spends and what it gets for that money."

But from now on, it will be the policy of this firm to estimate those expenditures before they are made."

John began to think. Why should not the same policy be adopted by Marjorie and John's firm, the home? Marjorie kept her record of household expenses. John had his check stubs for rent, gas, electricity and so on. They knew what their money was spent for, after it was spent. Did they know beforehand how it was to be expended?

John could not get home fast enough that night. He had evolved a plan on the train and explained it eagerly to Marjorie.

They brought out their accounts and went over their resources. They listed their monthly assets; cash, salary, income from bonds. They recorded their monthly liabilities; rent, food, clothing, operating expenses, interest on insurance, personal expenses. They subtracted. A neat balance stared them in the face!

So illuminating was their discovery that they worked out a plan of living to get their money's worth.

John declares that to get adequate returns to your money in living comforts, advantages, recreation; and the peace of mind that comes from knowing that the future is provided for, is one of the most valuable lessons in the world.

Far more valuable than the achievement of any temporary economy is the development of a sense of partnership between husband and wife. When a wife realizes that her responsibility in spending the family income is as great as the man's responsibility in earning it, her position as the home-maker takes on a dignity that cannot be assailed. Nor can she spend this money wisely without a true appreciation of values, and intelligent inquiry into her family's needs.

By instituting a financial scheme that does away with money worries, one approaches the ideal home.



ARE you spending your money without receiving an adequate return? Read how the young people, whose story is told in this page, began making every dollar do one hundred cents worth of work, and lifted the dread of debt.

Each family must be a law unto itself; but, in general, an expenditure of 25% of the income for shelter, 20% for clothing, and at least 10% for savings, is a fair basis on which to start.

For detailed help in planning your expenditures and savings, send for our booklets on household management.

Spending the Family Income tells you how true economy means living by a plan and helps you to outline a plan. The Modern Home: How to Equip It and Manage It Wisely, discusses wise investments in labor-saving devices and methods for the servantless home.

Each booklet costs ten cents. Address (enclosing postage) The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



Afraid of the goldenrod?

Thousands of people are dreading August, when the pollen of the goldenrod and ragweed begins to fly.

Start now to desensitize the mucous membrane of your nose; you may prevent, or will at least materially lighten your usual attack of hay fever by the use of "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Petroleum Jelly.

Snuff it up the nostrils frequently.

Oil of Eucalyptus—recommended by physicians for hay fever and colds—when combined with pure antiseptic "Vaseline" Jelly is most effective. In convenient tubes.

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Vaseline
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EUCALYPTOL
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Far Better Than a Pair of Hands

No scrubbing. No scouring. No dipping out of water. Sani-Flush cleans toilet bowls better than any other means. Faster. Cleaner. Easier.

Sprinkle a little into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! Gone are all stains, discolorations, incrustations. The bowl glistens.

Too, the hidden, unhealthy trap is cleaned—purified by Sani-Flush. All foul odors are destroyed. There is nothing like Sani-Flush. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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Sani-Flush
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



The Missing Wife

[Continued from page 49]

it. I want the description worked into a discreet, unsuspicious, natural question that will not excite talk. If Lawson got a hint that inquiries were being made about him he'd instantly vanish, taking the woman. Now, how far can you help me?"

"I can do all you ask," Preston replied promptly.

Within an hour Clifford began to be flooded with results. But there was nothing remarkable in these dozen of possibly honeymooning Lawsons, considering the rather casual description of Lawson that had been sent out, and considering that some ten million people lived in the area prescribed to Preston and that this was the favorite month for honeymoons. By this time night was well advanced. There was no way to identify the one man out of these dozens of possible suspects except by gaining a glimpse of them all, and that could not be done until the morning. Clifford felt sure Bradley would not spring his trap for another day or two; the longer Bradley could hold off, the more effective would be the scandal and the greater Bradley's success. Clifford swiftly organized his plan for the search. He recruited the operatives he knew and trusted from other agencies, and to all, except two, he gave a list of honeymoon couples they were to look over. Each man was to motor forth in the morning alone—by riding alone they would be able to cover more territory—and each was to report by telephone in to the office every half-hour or so. The two men were to remain in the office as reserves, ready to ride in a swift car when summoned to the spot where Lawson had been found.

For his own share of the general survey Clifford had chosen half a dozen couples honeymooning at various hotels out on northern Long Island. At one summer hotel, then another, he cautiously managed to get a glimpse of one of the grooms in the list supplied by Preston; in each case there was a likeness to Lawson, but nothing more. Every half hour or so he telephoned in to his office hoping for news and ready to speed to the retreat in which Lawson had been located. But none of his other searchers had had better fortune than himself.

Twilight was swiftly changing into darkness when Clifford motored toward one of the last places on his list, Cedar Top Inn, some fifty miles out. The very sight of the place revived his ebbing hopes. The place was ideal, for Lawson's and Bradley's purpose—that is, if Clifford was right in his deduction. The Inn itself was small and charming, perched on a knoll looking down upon Long Island Sound. Scattered about among the cedars and locusts were perhaps a score of small cottages, each secluded behind a hedge or an especially planted screen of trees, and each having its own drive. As Clifford entered the lobby of the Inn he noted a row of telephone booths and a girl at a switchboard. The next moment he was talking to the affable young clerk about his friend Gardner.

"I was motoring by and I thought I'd drop in on my friend Mr. Gardner," he said. (Gardner was the name on his list for Cedar Top Inn.) "He's staying here, isn't he—with his new wife?"

"Yes sir," replied the clerk. "They have the Three Pine Cottage, the last cottage on the north road."

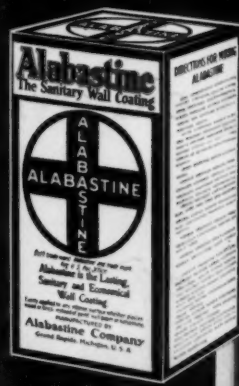
"Thanks," Clifford bought half a dozen cigars, then lowered his voice and smiled in an embarrassed, ingratiating manner. "As a matter of fact," he confessed, "I have never met Mrs. Gardner. I'd be obliged if you could tell me what she's like; it would make things a bit easier for me when I call."

"I'm sorry, but I can't help you there, sir. Mr. Gardner had reserved the Three Pine Cottage in advance and Mrs. Gardner was sick when they arrived three nights ago. None of us has seen her. Mr. Gardner has been taking entire charge of her, even to making up her bed and carrying in her tray which is sent over to her. He's very devoted, sir. Mighty unlucky, being sick like that, at the beginning of one's honeymoon." Clifford had thrilled with a new hope while the clerk had been speaking. This was just how Bradley and Lawson would have managed things! But he controlled himself.

"Indeed it is unlucky," he concurred sympathetically. "Since Mr. Gardner is having trouble, I'll not intrude upon him; and I'll be obliged to you if you don't mention to him that an acquaintance dropped around—he might worry thinking he hadn't been properly hospitable."

The clerk promised. Clifford lit a cigar and his lazily roving eyes seemed casually to observe the row of telephone booths and the girl at the switchboard, and he remarked in the tone of one who is merely killing time: "You have an unusually complete telephone outfit here at the inn. But I suppose that's because the cottages have no telephones."

[Turn to page 64]



For RECEPTION HALLS



For Every Room in the House

There is a correct Alabastine color—a color to harmonize with rugs and furnishings—for every room in your home. For your reception hall Alabastine will give a rosy glow of welcome. And all other rooms may be made equally expressive of their purpose and the taste of their occupants.

Genuine Alabastine comes in five pound packages, always marked with the cross and circle printed in red. It may be used over plaster, wall board or any interior surface, and is sold by most stores dealing in paints. Ask to see the new and beautiful tinted effects of the ALABASTINE-OPALINE PROCESS or write to

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Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered form.

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Your linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. Johnson's Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and makes cleaning easy. Leading Linoleum manufacturers recommend it.

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Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It imparts a durable finish which will not gather dust and lint or show finger marks. It takes all the drudgery from dusting. Protects and preserves the varnish, adding years to its life and beauty. Covers up marks and surface scratches.

Insist on Johnson's Polishing Wax—For Sale at all Good Stores. Our Book Tells 100 Ways to Brighten Up Your Home. Use the coupon below.



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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. M. C. 7, RACINE, WIS.
(Canadian Factory—Brantford)
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cheery and inviting. Understand that it explains just what materials to use and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

My Dealer is.....
My Name.....
My Address.....
City and State.....

Could this be you
in these hopelessly old style
clothes?



DECIDEDLY not, you say. How ridiculous—what a terrible thing to ask.

You are right, it is a terrible thing to ask of any girl, and especially you, whose clothes are always the last word in style.

But clothes are not the only things that express a girl's good taste. How about your letters? Are they correctly dressed? Are they smart and up-to-date? Your friends judge you by your letters just as they judge you by your clothes. Only you are not there when your letters are read. You don't know what people say about them.

So many girls are judged harshly by the letters they write to their fiancés, their friends, or their business associates; and often they are judged quite incorrectly.

"Her letters are worth keeping!"

Isn't it worth a little trouble to make a man say that? Maybe you think he won't care. But he does. A little formality, a little courtesy, a little elusive correctness—these arouse his interest nine times out of ten.

Eaton's Highland Linen in five smart envelope styles and all the fashionable shades may be bought wherever stationery is sold.

*Style is a greater Social Asset
than Beauty*

Use a paper that makes your letters look their best; a paper that is made in nothing but the correct shapes and sizes and shades; a paper that portrays your good taste to critical hostesses, up-to-the-moment friends or the nicest man in the world.

Such a paper is Eaton's Highland Linen.

If there is anything about letter writing you want to know, the wording of invitations, acceptances, regrets, the etiquette of cards, the arrangement of wedding announcements, just write to me. I will be glad to answer your questions, because I know how important these matters are to every young girl who wants to get on in her social world.

Or, if you would like all of this information in a pretty desk book, send me 50c for "Social Correspondence" and usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

Caroline De Lancy

Address me in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City



A Library of Service Books

*Its Volumes Are Small but Brimming with
Practical Help for McCall Street's Homemakers*

RECENTLY I visited a friend in her new home. It is so convenient with stairs and closets and washtubs just where you want them! She got her plans from our booklet, *A Group of Little Homes*. This booklet contains clear photographs and puzzle-less floor plans of attractive homes, each one designed by the best of architects with an eye to a minimum cost—the range of cost being from \$6,000 to \$12,000.

I found, too, that she had been fitting out her house with time-and-money-saving conveniences. She got information about these from *The Modern Home* written for us by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. In it she has compiled a list of a housewife's needs with descriptions of the best devices on the market. Everything mentioned from a bottle capper to an electric washer, has been thoroughly tested and found not wanting. Also there is much good information regarding household management.

One of our newest booklets *The House of Good Taste* by Ruby Ross Goodnow, dwells at length on decorating the small home. It is composed of illustrations with accompanying descriptions and will prove a boon to the woman who wants to decorate her home in good taste and inexpensively and who has heretofore been presented with elaborate and high-priced suggestions.

For years you have had no success with your gardens! Your flowers would not flower and your vegetables would not be vegetable. It was all because you had not direct, concise information on what and how to plant. *Down the Garden Path*, a delightful, illuminating little book will end your troubles. Dorothy Giles has told in it just when and what and where and how to plant to make everything grow and prosper.

The subject of cooking takes much of the housekeeper's time and brain-cudgeling. Therefore our Booklet Library has devoted more volumes to this subject than to any other. *Time-Saving Cookery*, by Sarah Field Splint points the way to keep the woman out of the kitchen more than she has ever been before without sacrificing good and nutritious meals. It also shows how to avoid those hair-raising times that usually occur in a household when company comes without due notice.

Master Recipes can only be described as a book of wizardry, for it starts with exactly sixteen recipes and concocts one hundred and sixty luscious dishes from them!

It is your turn to entertain. What shall I have? looms in front of you in emphatic letters. Shall I ask them to dinner, to luncheon, to tea or to a buffet supper? Perhaps there is a bridal meal or a children's party. If you had *What To Serve at Parties*, by Lillian M. Gunn, your panic would be over, for it has menus and novel dishes galore.

You have no maid perhaps, or if you have she is missing the day you most want her. *Entertaining Without A Maid*, by Edna Sibley Tipton will tell you how to

set your table for formal or informal meals, when the various courses should arrive, what they should be and how they should be served. Even for the family meals, when no guests are present, you will want to follow these simple rules.

Some Reasons Why in Cookery unveils the mystery of food values and perfect diets. This has been compiled by

May B. Van Arsdale, Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber, all in the Department of Foods and Cookery at Teachers College, Columbia University. Information contained in this little book has been established by careful, scientific research in the laboratories of Columbia. No expectant mother should be without *The Friendly Mother* written by Helen Johnson Keyes, and endorsed by Dr. Franklin A. Dorman of the Woman's Hospital of New York City. It tells her how and why she should care for herself, before the arrival of the tiny visitor in order to make him fine and

strong; what to have ready for him and for herself, and there is a very beautiful and enlightening description of the miracle of a new life.

To go with it is *The Friendly Baby* also by Helen Johnson Keyes, and approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. This tells of baby's progress and food formulas to make him grow. These are Dr. Kerley's formulas which appeared in McCall's some time ago. The subject of feeding children is extensively treated from babyhood up to eleven years old.

Good looks have by no means been neglected. In *A Little Book of Good Looks* which has been approved by Dr. Fred Wise, Instructor of Dermatology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, you will find described the methods and treatments of Fifth Avenue's leading beauty salons, all endorsed by scientific authority.

Parties All the Year, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald contains the most original and the merriest parties you could ask for! There is a special party for every month from January to December. Of course there is a June Party and a Fourth-of-July party. For those who want more, Miss Fitzgerald has another booklet, called very appropriately *More Parties*.

To know the right thing to do at the right time, send for *A Book of Manners*.

The Bride's Own Book is one of our most popular booklets. Every girl wants to know the correct thing for a formal or informal wedding, the proper dress for herself and her attendants, the correct invitations, the proper decorations, and what to serve at the reception.

Spending the Family Income,

shows how money can save itself when the household is put on the proper basis.

Then there are two pamphlets, *Menus For Two Weeks* by Dr. E. V. McCollum and *Housecleaning Made Easy* by Mrs. Goldsborough which we will send without charge if you enclose, with your request, a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Each booklet is ten cents. Send the price in postage, to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



10 Summer Salads

—quick, and easy to prepare

HERE are ten nutritious salads to serve frequently this summer in place of heavier foods, especially for mid-day lunches and light evening meals.

Each is delicious, and provides the salts and acids which are so needed in the summer months.

"More raw foods" is the modern dietitian's warning. These salads offer them in most attractive form.

Prepared by Mrs. Gunn

The recipes were prepared by Mrs. Lillian M. Gunn especially for McCall's Magazine and are reproduced here by courtesy of The McCall Company.

All are simple and easy to prepare, while providing different flavors to appeal to every palate in a very dainty way.

Oranges, remember, are rich in vitamins—especially desirable in the summer diet.

And although known as "acid fruit" oranges have an alkaline reaction in the blood which offsets excess acidity often caused by the unbalanced eating of such good and necessary foods as fish, meat and eggs.

These salads, therefore, are important as well as delicious foods which should be served for more than merely attractive, appetizing flavors.

Use Sunkist Oranges from California for their tender, juicy segments which permit easy slicing and cutting with the salad fork.

Look for wrappers stamped "Sunkist" whenever you buy oranges. All dealers sell them.

Best for
Peeling



Slicing



Separating



Note our offer of handy recipe card file. Use coupon now.

The Recipes

(1) 3 oranges; walnut meats, chopped or whole; ¼ teaspoon salt; crisp, fresh lettuce; ½ package dates; 3 tablespoons cream cheese; dash of paprika. Pare oranges and separate sections. Remove stones from dates. Whip cheese until light and foamy. Add chopped nuts, salt and paprika. Shape into little balls and fill date cavities. Arrange sections of oranges on crisp lettuce leaves and place stuffed dates between the sections. Serve with Mayonnaise or French Dressing.

(2) 3 oranges peeled and cut into sections; 2 bananas sliced. Serve with or without lettuce.

(3) Slice the oranges thin; dip each slice in shredded coconut. Serve with French Dressing on lettuce or other salad plant.

(4) Arrange on a lettuce leaf a slice of pineapple; place on that a slice of orange, and on the orange a slice of banana. Garnish the top with 3 raisins arranged like a clover leaf. Serve at once with a cream dressing.

(5) 1 cup orange juice; ¼ cup lemon juice; 2 cups marshmallows, cut fine. Mix and let stand for 3 hours; drain and serve lightly piled on a slice of orange.

(6) 1 cup raisins; ½ cup orange juice; 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Cook all together for 10 minutes; drain; cool; mix with orange sections cut fine. Serve with a French Dressing on lettuce or other salad plant.

(7) Slice the oranges very thin; chill; dip into finely minced mint and serve with French Dressing on lettuce or other salad plant.

(8) 3 oranges peeled and divided into sections; ½ cup white grapes, seeded; 1 cup red cherries, pitted. Chill; mix just before serving and serve with a cream Mayonnaise.

(9) 3 oranges; 2 Bermuda onions. Slice the fruit very thin; peel the onions and slice, and marinate in French Dressing for ½ hour; drain; arrange, alternating the orange and onion slices. Serve with a French Dressing.

(10) 1 cream cheese; 1½ tablespoons orange juice; 1 teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon paprika; few grains of cayenne. Mash the cheese and slowly stir in the fruit juice; add the seasonings; make into small balls; place each ball on a slice of orange; flatten the top slightly and garnish with a tiny spray of mint or watercress.

Orange dressing for salads: ½ cup orange juice; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; ¼ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon paprika; 1/16 teaspoon grated nutmeg; few grains cayenne. Mix just before serving.

California **Sunkist** Oranges
Uniformly Good

Mail This

Send it with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in color. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 75c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 25 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost \$1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins. Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards—75c

☐ Complete Box and File—75c (including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 607, Los Angeles, California

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____



Don't let diapers irritate your baby's skin

Wash them the safe way that keeps them soft and comfortable

NO matter how carefully you bathe and powder him—if his diapers are washed with harsh soap—his tender skin will suffer.

The irritation, the diaper rash that is the source of such severe suffering to babies is caused by this very thing—washing diapers with harsh soap.

Safe for all his little clothes

Keep your baby's diapers soft and comfortable. Wash them in pure, safe Lux suds.

There is no free alkali in Lux to stick to them and make them irritating. No harmful ingredient to inflame the sensitive skin.

The tissue thin flakes melt at once in hot water—a whisk and you

have a rich cleansing lather, safe for all the clothes that touch his tender skin.

With Lux there is never any possibility of solid soap to cling to little garments, no alkaline deposit to chafe him. The suds rinse out so easily—completely.

Use Lux for all the clothes your baby wears—his soft woolen shirts and bands, his petticoats and dresses, his diapers and socks.

Cut out the washing directions on this page. Follow them whenever you wash these important little garments that mean so much to his comfort and happiness.

Get Lux today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



To keep diapers from irritating

To prepare diapers for washing: Soiled diapers should have all solid matter removed immediately and then be put to soak in cold water. If diapers are simply wet place them in a covered pail and let them soak in cold water until you are ready to wash them.

To wash diapers: Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down pressing suds repeatedly through them. If suds die down add more Lux. Rinse in at least three waters. Boil diapers once a week using one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Rinse thoroughly.

To keep his woolens unshrunk

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best.

Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.

His dresses last longer washed this way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down. Press the suds through again and again. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun. Press with a hot iron.

These manufacturers recommend washing baby clothes in Lux

Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger's Woolens
McCutcheon's Linens
The Fleisher Yarns



Keep all the clothes that touch his tender skin soft and comfortable

A new use for Lux—washing dishes Won't redden hands

In pure Lux suds you can wash your dishes three times a day with no fear of harm to your well-kept hands.

It is the free alkali in kitchen soap that makes dishwashing so hard on hands. It dries and reddens the skin, makes it rough to the touch.

The Lux way of washing dishes won't redden or roughen your hands even gradually. These pure flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

So quick, so easy—and 54 dish-washings in a single package! One teaspoonful of Lux—a turn of the hot water faucet—and your pan is filled with the most cleansing suds you ever had for your dishes.

Even using Lux three times a day, a single package will do all the dishes for almost three weeks! Try it!

LUX

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free.
Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 50, Cambridge, Mass.



The Stage Is Set For Midsummer Modes

No. 3263, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires, View A, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch figured material and 1/2 yard of 36-inch plain; View B, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Transfer No. 1267 may be used for Chinese monogram.



3252 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



3263 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1267



3255 Dress
9 sizes 34-50

THE OUTLOOK

By ANNE RITTENHOUSE

WHAT do you want to be this summer? Egyptian, Hindu, Indo-Chinese, mid-Victorian? The choice is yours. Fashion sponsors each one of all these styles.

It is interesting that France shrugs her gesturing shoulders over the Anglo-Saxon enthusiasm for what is Egyptian, yet while she is insisting that her own Colonial possession, Indo-China, should be exploited through clothes, she hurls at us a vast variety of mid-Victorian fashions.

Have you noticed them? And have you observed how rapidly they are taking the place of the nonchalant clothes that have neither curves nor fastenings? Are we to become artificial again? That's the anxious question women put to one another.

Just go through a swift review of the Victorian details that have advanced upon us.

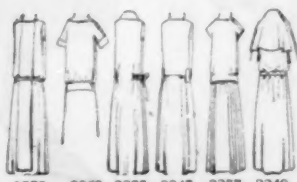
There's the bustle. Oh, yes, it's here. Not in the shape of an unyielding wire cage which puts a hump on our spinal column, but in the shape of a bow of ribbon or fabric. The Victorians, eminent and obscure, liked bows. They plastered them, large and small, over the waving, curving surface of their frocks. So do we.

When an immense bow is not used to make a bustle, it is often placed directly in front, at the end of the long-waisted bodice. On a beruffled skirt a most conspicuous bow, sometimes of organdie, is used to direct the flounces upward at the back to suggest the Grecian bend.

The skirt of a hundred ruffles is likely to return, as women now wear wide, long skirts covered with a rippling mass of small flounces made of ribbon or of the material edged with ribbon.

Could aught be more Victorian than this frock worn to greet the President of the United States when he was on his recent vacation in Augusta, Georgia? It was a chartreuse-colored pineapple cloth, the wide skirt trimmed with narrow ruffles of tea-tinted Valenciennes lace; a round bodice with a lace collar; a pink crêpe shawl with silk fringe; a sunshade hat of yellow straw with a ribbon band whose streamers fell to the waist; bare arms and a wrist bracelet of plaited hair holding a cameo. Just a southern gown of another epoch? No, indeed. Jeanne Lanvin, of Paris, was the creator of the idea.

[Turn to page 56]



3252 3263 3255 3247 3257 3249



3257 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1257



3249 Dress
8 sizes, 34-48

No. 3257, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 7/8 yards. For monogram, Transfer No. 1257 may be used.

No. 3249, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 5/8 yards.

No. 3255, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 32- or 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 5/8 yards.

No. 3252, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 10 yards of insertion. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

No. 3247, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1253 is suggested for the cross-stitch trimming.

3247 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1253

Styles Designed For Daytime That Leave Nothing to Wish For

The Outlook

[Continued from page 55]

VICTORIAN FABRICS HAVE RETURNED

OVER in Paris there is a dressmaker by the name of Madeleine Vionnet who has the good luck to impress her ideas of dress upon humanity near and far. The great lady of the European world accepts what she says, knowing who says it; the girl tucked away in a tiny corner of this continent also accepts it, not knowing the source. It suffices her to know that such and such is the fashion.

Now, here's the point of that preamble: Vionnet has an idea that alpaca is excellent for hot weather and expresses that idea in clothes that are to be commended.

"Alpaca?" you say. "That fabric belongs to my grandmother's day, and it's for men. They used to wear suits of it on hot days. Clerks wear coats of it. Can it really be elevated to a fashionable thing for women who can pay the price of a Paris gown?"

All of which questioning may be answered by the simple phrase: "Quite so." But don't confuse alpaca with mohair. One is thin and silken, cool and dust-proof. The other is harsh and stiff and warm.

Here, then, is another fabric added to the July collection. No woman is apt to go unsatisfied this season nor need she go about in discomfort, for at last fashion and shops have allied themselves to climate.

You can choose a chemise frock of dark blue, of slate gray, or white alpaca—yes, they still wear chemise frocks—or you can choose one of the Oriental coat suits that carries its own blouse or allows a ceaseless variety of separate blouses for health and cleanliness. If you are the type that shrinks from the somber, unadorned tailored simplicity, the chance for its enlivenment lies in the fashion for whatever is Indo-Chinese, pure Chinese, Hindu and Egyptian. Cover your alpaca suit with triangles or butterflies, palm leaves or gourds. Swirls of narrow gilt galloon will do if you are too indolent to work out more complicated designs. Jeanne Lanvin sends to these United States short jackets of white linen covered with whirling wheels of gold soutache, a novel idea that establishes a precedent for much that we want to do with glittering braid.

[Turn to page 57]



3276 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36



3266 Cape
Small, medium, large
Transfer No. 1262
3257 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

3251 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44



3267 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



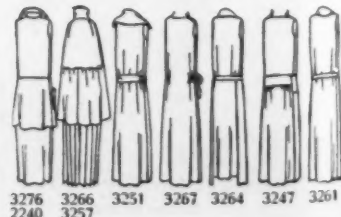
3264 Dress
9 sizes 34-50



3247 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1174



3261 Dress
9 sizes 34-50
Transfer No. 1253



No. 3251, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining, 2 yards of ribbon for sash. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3266, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE. Small size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining. Transfer No. 1262 may be used. For description of Dress No. 3257, see page 55.

No. 3276, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch for lining.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. This tailored skirt combines smartly with any suit coat.

No. 3267, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for cuffs. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3264, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch checked and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch plain. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3247, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery contributes to the rich effect of this dress. Transfer No. 1174 may be used.

No. 3261, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A touch of embroidery, for which Transfer No. 1253 is suggested, gives added interest to the dress.

A Silk Coat or Cape Is Not Amiss Among The Gay Frocks of Summer

The Outlook

[Continued from page 56]

BACK TO 1890

ALPACA, in his resurrection, finds an old companion in cotton crepe. This fabric swept over the Atlantic seaboard of Europe last summer. Like a benign epidemic it has reached our shores. And we like it. It suits our ideas of what goes with our summer weather. It washes and keeps its crinkles. Some of it is covered with a Chinese design in black and if you can find this particular kind make a square blouse or surplice jumper of it to wear with pleated white skirts. Don't wear it with cloth skirts nor colored ones unless the color is black and the fabric satin.

Our grandmothers delighted in cotton crepe and it was resurrected about five years before the last war when it was turned into shirtwaists. There was much dissension about it then, because it did shrink after washing. The manufacturers have cast a spell upon it, however, and the present weave meets all requirements. By the way, you will find it a good substitute for linen and flannel in sport skirts.

AGAIN WE WELCOME SATIN

The French collections shown in this country in April reinstated satin. It had been under a cloud since the Armistice. Its rival, crepe de Chine, sent it into obscurity. But, with the whimsicality expected of the French, satin was suddenly brought into the market in a shining weave that glistens like soft metal tissue. Make blouses of it, if you like, also finely knife-pleated skirts, evening gowns and hot weather evening wraps.

Hand in hand with satin comes along Georgette crepe and other weaves of voile. For two years this transparent weave of crepe has been utterly neglected by the dressmakers.

To embroidery there is no limit, nor is there an end to the wearing of chains of colored beads. Now that we wear our pearls (whether they come from the ten cent counters or the jeweller's glass cases) in a single strand closely hugging the base of our necks, we must depend on beads for chest garlands.

The new method of wearing pearls is borrowed from those quite gay ladies of the Court of Charles the Second. Nothing Victorian in it.



3258 Dress
9 sizes 34-50
Transfer No. 1227



3281 Coat
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3283 Cape
Small, medium
large

Misses' 3/4 yards of ribbon.

Misses' 3 3/4 yards of lining. Be used. No.

Misses' 3/4 yards of 1/2 yard.

CO-PIECE 3/4 yards with, 1 3/4 yard com- mit coat.

DRESS. of 32- 3/4 yard width at

a. Size 32-inch 36-inch

Size 36 inch ma- tch, 1 1/2 tributes s dress. be used.

a. Size 36-inch 36-inch yards. which suggested, e dress.

No. 3281, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch for lining. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3283, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE. Small size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch for lining. Width, 1 3/4 yards. Moiré and silk crepe are suitable for summer wear.

No. 3258, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards. The braid trimming is easily worked. Transfer No. 1227 may be used.

No. 3277, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3270, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 3/4 yards. Transfer No. 969 may be used.

No. 3256, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch material and 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 3/4 yards. The embroidery may be carried out by using Transfer No. 1142.

No. 3241, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with gathered ruffles. Size 36 requires 5 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 3/4 yards. An example of the modish three-tiered skirt.



3270 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Transfer No. 969

3256 Dress
9 sizes 34-50
Transfer No. 1142

3277 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

3258

3241

3241 Dress
5 sizes, 34-42



The Summer Girl and Her Dainty Frocks



Vantine's —Enchantment

OH mystic East, with floral gardens of exotic beauty, where Azima in the turquoise twilight meets her lover, and peacocks preen their jeweled feathers midst a sweet scented profusion of exquisite petal fragrances!

From your fairest flowers Vantine creates aromatic Oriental treasures expressed in the luxurious and irresistible bouquet of

VANTINE'S

Jafleur PERFUME



\$2.50

Exquisite Jafleur Perfume is sold in this dainty glass container of Oriental design. A delightful addition to your dressing table.

Jafleur Toilet Water (4 oz.) \$2.50
Jafleur Powder, in Crystal Jar with lamb's wool puff - \$1.50
Jafleur Talc - - - 25c the Can
Jafleur Cold Cream - - \$1.00
Jafleur Vanishing Cream - \$1.00

Say "Vantine's" at Drug Stores, Gift Shops and Departments that feature the newest in Oriental Scents; or, if unobtainable of your dealer, send us his name and the price.



Vantine's
The Buddha of Perfumes
71 Fifth Avenue, New York



3174 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3250 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1219

3248 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



3260 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3270 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Transfer No. 1221

3177 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 3174, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for upper part and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3250, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 9 inches wide for insets. Width, 2 yards. Transfer No. 1219 may be used for head design.

No. 3248, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3259, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch for collar and sleeves. Width, 2 yards. For Chinese monogram Transfer No. 1267 may be used.

No. 3260, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3270, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with draped front. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1224 may be used.

No. 3177, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece tucked skirt. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



3259

3259 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1267



3174



3250



3248



3260



3270



3177

Featuring the Latest Style Tendencies

No. 3268, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 27½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1150 may be used.

No. 3262, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3275, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and 2½ yards of 30-inch lace. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3265, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. For Egyptian trimming Transfer No. 1039 may be used.

No. 3259, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and 3 yards of ribbon for sash. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3243, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1054 may be used.

No. 3269, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch for collar and cuffs. This dress of dotted swiss with collar and cuffs of organdie has excellent lines and is charmingly simple.



3268 Dress
4 sizes
14-20
Transfer No. 1150

3262 Dress
4 sizes
14-20

3275 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



3259 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3243 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1054

3265 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1039



3268 3262



3275



3265 3259 3243 3269

3269 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



YOU must really use it to understand why so many of the most exquisite women always buy

Rigaud's TALCUM
Fragrant with Parfum
Mary Garden

This fine Talcum Powder cools and refreshes your skin at any time of year—but as the warmer weather approaches, you best appreciate its value.

Always you realize how silken smooth Rigaud's Talcum is; how delicately and beautifully scented.

But it is when heat and perspiration have irritated the skin, and Rigaud's Talcum, *Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden*, has brought the soothing, cooling relief for which it is famous, that you best appreciate the purity of Rigaud's ingredients, blended in the most skillful manner.

Rigaud's Talcum, *Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden*: is much in demand, and attractively priced.

Ask for the rose red tins of Rigaud's Talcum at your favorite drug or department store.

Other Rigaud Aids to Your Summer Loveliness

TOILET WATER COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER COMPACTS
EXTRACT ROUGE

Each Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD,
16 Rue de la Paix, Paris
GEO. BORGFELDT & Co.,
111-119 E. 16th St., N.Y.C.
Sole Distributors



Gay Playtime Frocks For Tub Materials



June! Month of Brides and Roses

Care for your complexion so that on your silver wedding anniversary it will still be as soft and alluring as rose petals.

Boncilla

BEAUTIFIER
The Clasmic Clay
Preserves The Radiance
Of Youth!

Once or twice a week or oftener, your complexion should receive the thoroughly cleansing, rejuvenating benefits of a Boncilla Beautifier Facial Pack. This modern complexion treatment accomplishes, in one process, a skin of youthful, glowing transparency, clearing it at the same time of all disfiguring blemishes, smoothing out lines of age or mental strain, building up sagging facial muscles, and restoring the firm, attractive contour of youth.

Boncilla Beautifier is the original, genuine clasmic facial pack. To get guaranteed results, avoid imitations.

The Boncilla Pack O' Beauty

is an attractive package containing tubes of Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream, and Boncilla Face Powder—enough of each for three to four complete facial packs. It costs only 50c at any department store or drug store; or send the coupon, with 50c, and we will mail it to you direct postpaid.

If you prefer to try only Boncilla Beautifier, just indicate on the coupon and send it to us with ten cents to cover cost of packing and mailing, and we will send you one introductory tube of Boncilla Beautifier.

Boncilla Beautifier Face Packs are given at most good barber shops and beauty shops.

Department Stores and Drug Stores carry the complete line of Boncilla Toilet Preparations. We recommend especially:

Boncilla Beautifier, No. 7 tube \$1.00
Boncilla Cold Cream..... .75
Boncilla Vanishing Cream..... .75
Boncilla Face Powder..... .75
Boncilla Beauty Soap..... .25
Boncilla Shampoo..... .25

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Please send me the Boncilla Pack O' Beauty (30c enclosed). Trial tube of Boncilla Beautifier (10c enclosed).

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

3150 Romper
4 sizes, 2-8

3126 Apron
6 sizes, 2-12
transfer No. 806

3280 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3112 Blouse
5 sizes, 6-14
2865 Skirt
5 sizes, 6-14

3246 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1100

3188 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3179 Bathing Suit
4 sizes, 6-12

3253 Suit
4 sizes, 4-10

3159 Dress
6 sizes, 2-12

3285 Kimono
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 3280, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch for cuffs.

No. 3246, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1100 may be used for the round motifs.

No. 3159, CHILD'S PLEATED DRESS. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Figured voile may be used for this dainty frock.

No. 3112, GIRL'S MIDDY BLOUSE. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar.

No. 2865, GIRL'S SKIRT. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material or 1½ yards of 48-inch.

No. 3150, CHILD'S APRON ROMPER. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material. Dotted percale is suggested.

No. 3126, CHILD'S APRON. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer No. 806 would make a dainty trimming.

No. 3188, GIRL'S DRESS WITH GUMPE. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch checked material and 1½ yard of 40-inch plain for gumpe, belt and pockets.

No. 3285, CHILD'S KIMONO. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Figured cotton crepe is most practical for a little girl's summer kimono.



No. 3179, GIRL'S BATHING SUIT; skirt attached to garment. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch jersey tubing or 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

Here Are The Essentials of A Vacation Outfit



3242 Romper
4 sizes, 6 months
to 3 years
Transfer No. 690

3287 Suit
5 sizes, 1-6

3254 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

3240 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 3254, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 6 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.



3246 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



3245 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



3280 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



3284
Cooking
Apron
Small
medium
large

3286 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3286, GIRL'S COAT. Size 14 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch silk for collar, facing, sash and cuffs.

No. 3246, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch dotted material and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for collar.

No. 3245, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3240, CHILD'S DRESS WITH PANTALETTES. Size 6 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3280, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 14, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3242, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE ROMPER. Size 2, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch. Transfer No. 690 may be used.

No. 3287, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

3278
Undergarment
6 sizes, 4-14
Transfer No. 697

No. 3278, GIRL'S UNDERGARMENT; with knicker drawers attached to underwaist. Size 8 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 607 may be used for scallop.



No. 3284, MISSES' AND GIRL'S COOKING APRON. Medium size requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. A bright apron of cretonne is most attractive for cooking school.

THE Jacquette featured below is numbered 2108, and is made of Lustre Wool and Shetland Flou.



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It is not alone the beauties of texture and color in Minerva Yarns that make them popular; their softness, evenness, and "loftiness" make them a delight to work with and to wear.

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The Minerva Knitting Books cost 15 cents each at the yarn counter (or we will mail a copy, postpaid, for 20 cents; 25 cents in Canada).

MINERVA YARNS

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Fifteen pieces of Minerva Yarns of different colors with instructions for making the wool flowers now so fashionable will be sent for ten cents (stamps or coin). Fill out this coupon.

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Gentlemen: I am enclosing ten cents, for which please send me Minerva Yarns and instructions for making flowers.
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My dealer is.....



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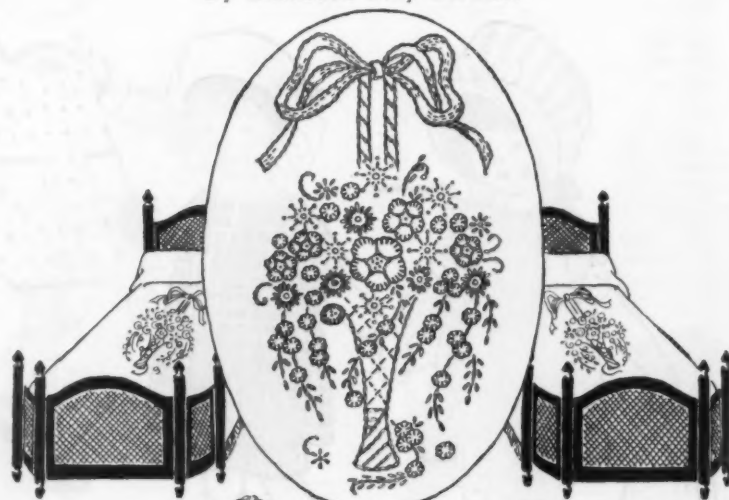
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Sealpax"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DAINTY ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

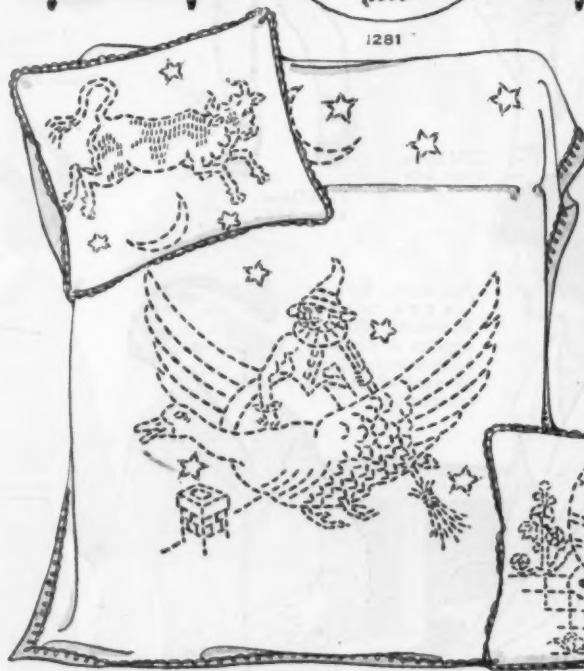
Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron In One Minute

By Elisabeth May Blondel



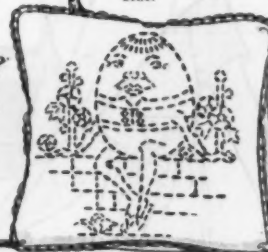
1281

1281—Transfer Pattern for Lazy-Daisy Baskets. Includes 2 basket designs 24 1/2 inches high, 31 1/2 inches across; and 4 corners for scarf. Develop in gay colors in buttonhole, darning, lazy-daisy, and outline-stitch on twin bedspreads. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.



1282

1282—Transfer Pattern for Mother Goose Quilt. Includes center design 20x20 1/4 inches, and design for bolster. Charming for child's quilt of unbleached muslin or sateen. Pattern describes colors. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.



1283

1283—Transfer Pattern for Nursery Curtains or Pillows. Includes 1 Humpty-Dumpty design 12 1/2 x 14 inches, and 1 Cow-jumped-over-the-moon design 12 1/2 x 14 inches. Charming in colors, and quick to develop in running- and darning-stitch. Full directions given. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1288—Transfer Pattern for Motifs. Includes 2 baskets 6 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches, and several duplicates of 4 other motifs. Suitable for wool or heavy silk embroidery on dresses, aprons, scarfs, children's clothes, etc. For darning, buttonhole, lazy-daisy, and satin-stitch. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1286—Transfer Pattern for Grape Lunch Set. Includes 4 large corners 8 x 8 inches; 8 small corners 3 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches. On white or gray linen, work in dark blue and delft-blue for grapes, green for leaves. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1285—Transfer Pattern for Three-Piece Vanity Scarf. Includes scarf center 17 1/4 inches long, 7 1/2 inches wide; and 2 square ends 11 x 11 inches. Set requires 3/4 of a yard of 27-inch material. Dainty in colors on white or colored linen, in running-stitch. Crochet edge described. Price, 30 cents. Blue.

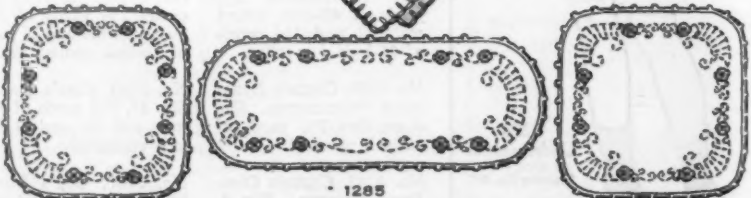
1284—Transfer Pattern for Daisy Scalloped Border. Includes 7 yards of scalloped border 2 inches wide, and 8 corners to match. Suitable for pillow-cases, scarfs, towels, in lazy-daisy- and running-stitch. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.



1288



1286



1285



1284

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 81 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

Our Monthly Dressmaking Hints

By Marjorie Kinney

Supervisor of Clothing, School of Household Science and Arts, Pratt Institute

Edge Finishes

THE addition of a fresh pretty collar to a dress is often the making of a new frock. As the collar is a background for the face it must be carefully chosen as to line, color and texture to suit the dress with which it is worn and above all to set off the face of the wearer.

The narrow bindings shown in the May McCall's are very fashionable finishes particularly for organdie collars. This month two edge finishes are shown for collars or other parts of a dress. Figure I shows scalloped edges with a footing sewed on as a finish. The scalloped line is first stitched then cut to one-sixteenth of an inch, the edge rolled and the footing whipped on. Hold the wrong side of the material toward you, roll the edge

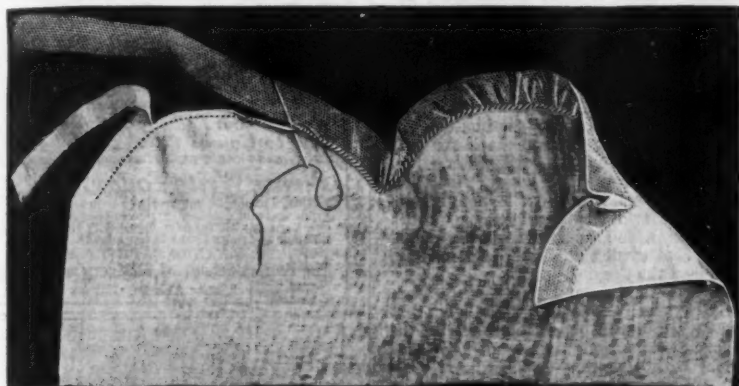


Fig. I

between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, rolling it over the stitching toward you and whip on the footing as you sew the rolled edge.

The finished collar shown in Figure IV is made of double organdie. Baste the pieces together and hemstitch on the outer edge. Make a narrow band either on the straight or true bias, fold through center and hemstitch desired width. Cut through center of both hemstitchings to form picot edge as shown in Figure II. The straight band may be easily handled if narrow, but if wide, a bias must be used to allow it to stretch around curved edges. Draw two parallel lines on a strip of paper, separated for the space desired, for the fagotting-stitch. (Figure III.) One-quarter of an inch is good for a collar finish. Baste

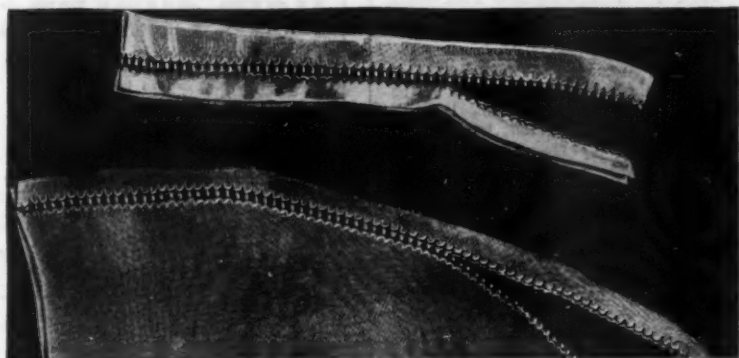


Fig. II

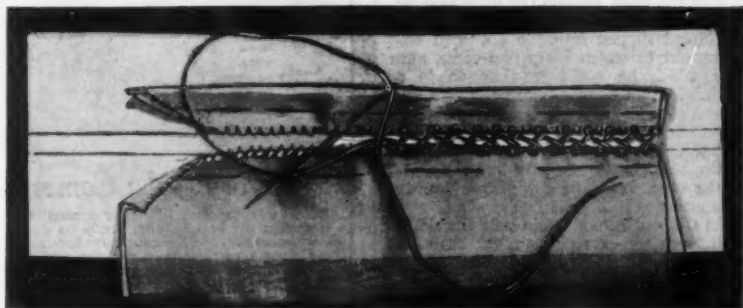


Fig. III

the edge of the collar to one line and the band to the other line, picot edges facing each other. The fagotting-stitch is made by sewing toward you. Put the needle into the picot edge of the band as shown in the picture, hold the thread down under the thumb of the left hand, draw up the stitch, next set the needle into the picot edge of the collar in the same way, holding the thread down. The needle points toward the opposite picot edge each stitch.

This fagotting-stitch is used on all parts of a dress as a decorative seam. The two edges to be fagotted together must always be first basted to paper to hold them in place. When finished, remove basting and paper.

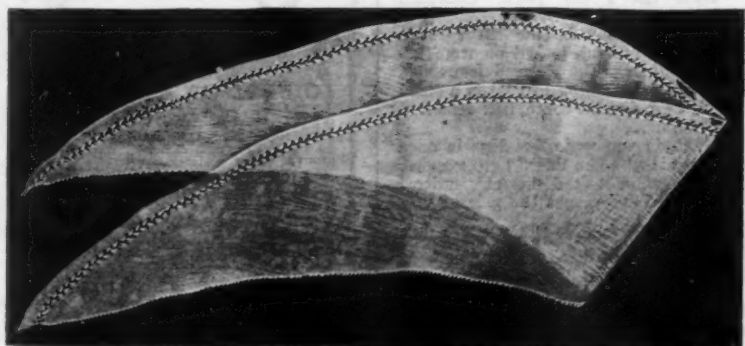
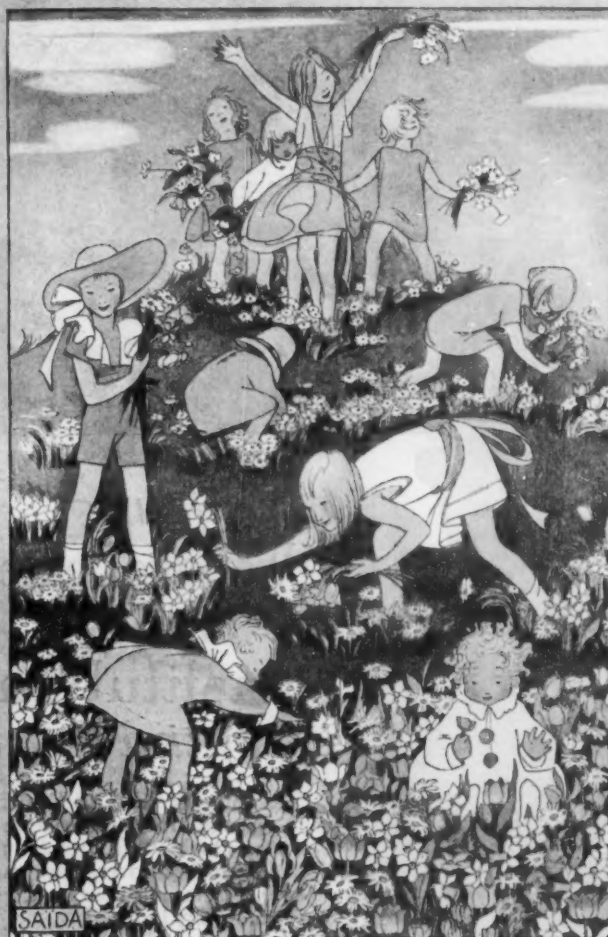


Fig. IV



In Mother Earth's Gay Colors

Clean, happy babies, like the flowers, belong on Mother Earth's sunny lap. She teaches them the blueness of the sky, the grass's tender green, the flush of opening buds and the sunniness of flowers.

That is why mothers dress their babies in these colors—to bring them close to Mother Earth.

The babies' clothes must be washed to keep their colors bright. When mothers wash them in Fab-suds they come out each time fresh and spotless, like rain-washed flowers. For Fab is made of cocoanut-oil.

Cocoanut-oil is one of Mother Earth's bland oils. It is put in Fab to make Fab soft and white and cleansing.

The cocoanut-oil in Fab makes each tiny flake dissolve completely. No bits of soap can stay in Fab-suds to stick to little dresses and spot their colors.

Fab-suds bring back the purity of the babies' white smocks.

Our 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of Fab. No effort has been spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes soft for the washing of children's clothes.

COLGATE & CO.
199 Fulton Street
New York

FAB

A color print of this Saïda (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps. Address Dept. F. L.



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We illustrate below a few of the Watkins Products. Know and use them all. Complete descriptive catalog free from your Watkins Dealer or write the J. R. Watkins Co., 217 Liberty Street, Winona, Minn.



WATKINS SUMMER COMFORTS

The Missing Wife

[Continued from page 51]

"No sir; every cottage has its own telephone which connects with the switchboard and the cottage people can call any place they like." The young clerk smiled. "But you see a lot of big-business men spend their vacations here, mostly for golf. They like to keep in touch with their offices, but don't like to telephone from their cottages or rooms for fear that the switchboard operator may listen in. The wires from the booths are not connected with our own switchboard."

Clifford had learned all he desired to know. He took the north road and within three minutes he was inside the high shrubbery that enclosed Three Pine Cottage. Another minute, Clifford was stooping below a window peering in beneath a drawn shade, into what was the living-room.

Across the room was a couch, and on it, half supporting herself on her left elbow, her thick black hair falling disheveled upon her shoulders, was pretty Marjorie Hendron. She was in a loose house-gown, and a steamer rug covered the lower part of her body. Looking craftily upon her, but out of her range of vision, stood the handsome Gerald Lawson. On a nearby table were two empty champagne bottles with glasses, and beside these was a small vial. That small vial, Clifford felt certain, contained the sleeping-potion.

For all the heavy, vacant stare in Marjorie Hendron's face, Clifford saw that she was beautiful and good—worth the love and fight and sacrifice of the emotional Dick Hendron—and his heart went out to her. Obviously she saw nothing, was not conscious of her situation. "Dick," she mumbled thickly. "Dick"—and with her husband's name on her lips, her head slumped back on the couch, and she was again instantly in her stupefied sleep.

Gerald Lawson lit a cigarette, pulled the steamer rug up over her shoulders and moved softly about the room with the manner of one who is waiting. Then the telephone, which was in the sitting-room, began to ring.

"Yes. . . . You say New York wants to speak to me on the special wire? I'll be right over."

Lawson slipped out of the house, locking it. For a moment Clifford wondered what to do. He might rip through the screened window and carry off the unconscious Marjorie Hendron; but he now instinctively felt that such a measure, with all signs of guilt left behind, would not save the marriage of the Hendrons—and he must get his men out here, as witnesses in the capture of Bradley.

Standing in deep shadow, Clifford saw Lawson pass through the bright main entrance. What might be planning in there—or what might be the talk passing over one of those private wires to New York? A message to Lawson to be all ready to spring the trap? Yes, that was it! And then Clifford's heart jumped a beat. From out the darkened side entrance off into the night hurried the unmistakable figure of Mary Regan.

Clifford slipped into the darkened entrance, out of which Mary had come, and from which he could see Lawson in a booth. Minute after minute passed. Then Lawson stepped from the booth and swiftly passed out of the hotel.

Instantly Clifford was in one of the booths, and almost instantly had his office on the wire. He told his men where to come and was again out in the night.

As Clifford turned again into the north road, there was a rushing roar. Startled, he leaped aside into the grass, and a big car swung lurchingly into the main highway. Presently he was again on his knees peering into the sitting-room. There, her face turned to the couch's back, steamer rug drawn far over her shoulders, was the figure of the drugged woman. The handsome Lawson was again pacing back and forth, restlessly looking at his watch.

Then suddenly Clifford heard a car turn in the opposite driveway. Clifford went running around the house just as three men fairly hurled themselves through the cottage's door—Bradley, the older Hendron, young Hendron.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Bradley's big voice in triumph.

All were now in the sitting-room. Clifford, sick of soul, looked on from behind the others. The drugged figure had not moved, but Lawson had taken a stand between them and the couch, half defensive, half cowering.

"What do you mean, breaking in on a man and his wife like this?" he demanded. "Aw, cut out the bunk!" ordered Bradley. "We've caught the pair of you, Lawson."

"My name is not Lawson," the actor said with affected dignity. "My name is Gardner. And this is Mrs. Gardner."

"I told you to cut out the bunk!" Bradley snapped again. "We've seen you on the stage too often not to know you are Lawson. And this woman you've run off

[Turn to page 66]

MILLINERS WANTED!



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Is it not a wonderful record that of all our graduates, not one, has ever been disappointed in seeking profitable employment? Take up this

fascinating work; you need no previous experience; learn in a few weeks by the

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These Patterns Include a
SPECIAL TRANSFER DESIGN

Exactly Made to Fit
Each Size



3222 Bungalow Apron
14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40

3223 Negligee
Small, medium,
large

3162 Dress
4 to 8

3161 Dress
2 to 8

3164 Dress
4 to 8

3273

3272 Dress
2 to 10

3164

3163 Dress
2 to 8

3203 3272 3271 3274

3161 3163 3162 3222

3222—Ladies' and Misses' Bungalow Apron with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 6 sizes, 14 and 16 years; 36, 38, 40 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The embroidery is in outline, darning, buttonhole-stitch and French knots. Amount of skeins required is stated in pattern.

3271—Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of darker material. Stamp motifs on dress, stamp birds on contrasting material, then work in outline or chain-stitch.

3161—Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. For lazy-daisy, running- and satin-stitch, colors suggested.

3162—Child's Dress with Pantalettes and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 4 to 8 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The transfer pattern gives each part of the design to fit each part of the dress exactly. The embroidery in lazy-daisy, running- and blanket-stitch is simple. Amount of skeins required is stated in pattern.

3274—Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. First cut the dress, then take the transfer and stamp the 3 motifs for front and shoulders. Work in cross-stitch in the four colors described on diagram.

3164—Girls Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 4 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The cross-stitch bunny border requires 4 skeins of six-strand cotton. Place rough side down on dress, stamp lightly with a hot iron, then embroider.

3223—Ladies' and Misses' Negligee with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes; small, medium, large. Small size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. After cutting the garment, stamp the transfer on collar and cuffs and embroider as pattern directs in outline, satin-, lazy-daisy- and darning-stitch.

3272—Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. First cut the dress, then stamp the transfer motifs and pockets on dress. Next, work the embroidery in lazy-daisy- and darning-stitch using the colors described in pattern (amount of skeins stated).

3273—Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. After the dress is cut, stamp the smocking transfer dots as pattern directs. Full directions are given.

3163—Child's Dress with Bloomers and Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The butterfly transfers are to be stamped on the dress after it is cut and then embroidered in outline-, lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots. The amount of floss required and the colors to use are stated in pattern. Bind all edges with white, bias seam-binding, and work over it in buttonhole-stitch.

How To Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-230 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



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BATHASWEET

The Missing Wife

[Continued from page 64]

with is the wife of young Mr. Hendron." Lawson moistened his lips, then lifted his shoulders defiantly. He was acting well. "All right, I'm Lawson. But I'm not admitting anything else."

For the first moment Clifford had been partly stupefied by the swiftness of the climax. Now, with a frantic sense that victory and that the saving of a marriage were being snatched away, he rushed to the fore and seized young Hendron's arm.

"Don't believe what you see or what they say," he cried. "It's a frame-up."

"You lie!" exclaimed Bradley.

"Yes, I'm here, Bradley, and here to tell this young man and his father just what your trick is!" Clifford turned again to young Hendron, but spoke also to the father. "This is all a frame-up, I tell you, with Lawson hired by Bradley to play his part. Mrs. Hendron was drugged—kidnaped—kept under the influence of drugs ever since! She's utterly innocent!"

Bradley had regained his composure. "You will remember that this tale is exactly the story I told you would be told in case Mrs. Hendron cared to put in a defense. That story is all bunk. There was no kidnaping. Mrs. Hendron came of her own wishes. And if she's now drugged, that also is because of her own desire. I told you she was a drug addict." He picked up the vial beside the empty wine bottle. "Here's proof that she's a dope. Read the label: 'Morphine sulphate.'"

"I tell you it's all an infernal lie!" persisted Clifford.

But the elder Hendron grimly ignored Clifford's furious declaration. "Son," he said grimly, "you have here proof of all I've been telling you for over a year. Don't you think you're through with her?"

The sensitive, overwrought young husband was in a state of hysterical collapse. "Yes—I'm through with her!" he panted. "Yes—I'll come back to you!"

Clifford was stimulated to a last desperate effort. Again he clutched the arm of the young husband. "Don't believe this—for God's sake!" he appealed. "At least give your wife a chance to speak in her own behalf! Rouse her, and you'll see that her story agrees with mine!"

Young Hendron threw off Clifford's hand. At this instant he was no longer the trembling figure stunned by proof of his wife's faithlessness. He was ablaze with the fury of love that has been deceived.

"I'll rouse her," he cried. "I'll rouse her to tell her what I think of her!"

He swiftly crossed, threw back the steamer rug, and clutched the shoulder of the huddled woman.

"Marjorie!" he cried, savagely, shaking her. "Marjorie! Wake up!"

The figure moved, came slowly to her feet, and lifted her face to the four men. At sight of that face, all four fell back in supreme amazement. The sleep-heavy face that turned from one to another of the men was the face of Mary Regan.

At the last her blinking eyes fixed upon Gerald Lawson. "What's all this mean, Gerald?" she asked in puzzlement. "Who are all these men?"

Gerald Lawson did not answer, nor did any of the others.

"Oh, I understand, Gerald," Mary continued. "Friends you invited in." And then, reproachfully: "But you should have told me they were coming, so they would not have found me asleep." It was young Hendron who first recovered.

"My God," he whispered tensely, "who—who are you?"

Mary's eyes opened wide. "I'm Mrs. Gerald Lawson. I supposed you'd called to congratulate me because"—with a shy glance at Lawson—"because, you know, we're out here on our honeymoon."

Clifford's heart was racing wildly; after all Mary wasn't—wasn't—He looked at Bradley. In Bradley's face amazement was being succeeded by bewildered rage.

Again young Hendron spoke. "Not Marjorie—not Marjorie!" He turned fiercely upon his father and Bradley. "What's this you've tried to put over on me? Where's Marjorie? What have you done with Marjorie?"

Before either could reply, the telephone rang. Mary picked it up. "Yes, this is Mrs. Lawson. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Does one of you happen to be Richard Hendron?"

"Yes—I am he," said the young man.

"The clerk at the hotel speaking," Mary exclaimed. "He's been trying to locate you for some time. He says he has a New York message to relay to you."

Young Hendron took the receiver.

"Yes, this is Richard Hendron. . . ."

What? . . . What! . . . My God!

He slammed the receiver upon its hook and whirled about.

"Marjorie's safe at home!" he cried sobbingly. "Been trying to locate me to tell me what's happened. I've been a fool—an infernal fool! Whatever she tells me I know will be the truth! I'm off for New York!" Halfway to the door he

[Turn to page 72]

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The Use for a Man

[Continued from page 46]

better conserve his strength, and pretend to be exhausted. For, if his suspicions were right, it was not a rescue, but a capture. He sank limply on the seat when they pulled him in.

"To Spain," he stuttered then.

"To Spain!" The gigantic helmsman laughed. The two great negroes who sat amidships laughed.

"We take you to Sir Davis," the helmsman said, "and to his friend the illustrious sheik—" The case-opener descended upon his head just then! He dropped like a log across the gunwale. The two negroes drew pistols.

"Drop them!" Frankland roared.

"Or—" He sprang toward them with the case-opener. They dropped the pistols and he took them and their daggers and sent them forward, and went to the tiller. In a few minutes he was sailing for the coast of Spain. It was perhaps two o'clock when he found a sandy stretch under some cliffs. He went close in, and made the negroes swim and wade the few yards to the shore, dragging with them the Moorish helmsman, who was just conscious now, but unable to swim. Then he sailed along the coast in a favorable breeze, until half past five, when he thought he must be twenty miles from them. He landed at a little fishing village then.

He professed to be a yachtman from Gibraltar, who had damaged his boat and gave it over for repairs while he went to see the famous cathedral and a bull fight at Malaga. He never returned for the boat, but made his way to Barcelona in a coasting vessel. At Barcelona he found a trader going to Marseilles. In that cosmopolitan city he became a spectacled and bearded professor; and, as such, he took his passage in a little schooner to Hajaba.

But on his arrival, there was rioting going on, the Ship's Agent at the port advised the passengers, and they would be well advised not to land—especially the English, as it was an anti-English disturbance, so far as it was more than an individual matter. There had been trouble for some weeks over the question of a notorious desperado named Frankland. It appeared that he had been held by the British Resident from the Moorish law on the pretense of being sent to England for trial upon a capital charge; and that on the voyage home he had been put overboard to a boat chartered by the Resident's friend, Mr. Davis, and escaped. The people wanted Davis's blood; and the sheiks, while professing to try to quiet them, were fomenting the agitation secretly.

"The mob want Davis's head, and the Resident won't give him up," said the agent. "He's engaged to his sister. It's one of their feasts today, and they're worked up to a frenzy."

"Could we get up to them, and help them fight out?" the sturdy old captain asked. "I could muster a dozen stout chaps, seeing that there's an Englishwoman in it."

"Say, thirteen," the big, spectacled professor suggested mildly.

"Madness," the agent told him. "There are thousands of the Moors, all more or less armed. I've Marconigraphed to Gib., and they're sending a gunboat or so; but they won't be in time."

"I'm going ashore," the professor announced, "and to the Residency."

"It means your life," the agent warned.

"Well," the professor observed, "it's mine!" The captain accepted this view, and allowed him to go.

"He'll never reach the Residency," the agent predicted as he went off; "much less get inside."

In half an hour, however, he had done both; partly because he had assumed Spanish costume; partly because no one dreamed that anyone would wish to enter the doomed place. He just mingled with the crowd outside the front gardens. Then leapt the low wall and walked in. The mob howled and yelled, but did not follow or shoot. The Resident opened the door and waved him back. "You're a stranger," he said. "They haven't told you. Get away if you can. Make as if you came here by mistake. They'll attack the place before the morning is out. We're all doomed."

"That," said the professor, "is why I have come!" He stepped inside; bowed to the Resident and to his sister, and to Davis; took off his spectacles and beard.

"I'm Frankland, you can throw me to the wolves and pacify them."

"Frankland!" the Resident's sister cried.

"Frankland!"

"My God!" cried the Resident. "You're a man! I can't give you over to them, Frankland. I—"

"There's no particular use for me," said Frankland. "Except one—to put a spoke in that blackguard's wheel!" He pointed to Davis. "I suppose he gave out the yarn that he contrived my escape? What he contrived was my capture by the sheik's men. They were going to bring me back to Morocco for death and torture! They

[Turn to page 68]



What secret is your mirror holding back?

NIGHT after night she would peer questioningly into her mirror, vainly seeking the reason.

She was a beautiful girl and talented, too. She had the advantages of education and better clothes than most girls in her set. She possessed that culture and poise that travel brings.

Yet in the one pursuit that stands foremost in the mind of every girl and woman—marriage—she was a failure.

Many men came and went in her life. She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride. And the secret her mirror held back concerned a thing she least suspected—a thing people simply will not tell you to your face.

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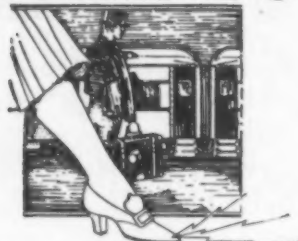
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Eris

[Continued from page 26]

to be alone for a while—a need for solitude. Carter was annoying her again. Her husband was always writing to her, now. Every few days brought begging letters.

And this was not all. Little Leopold Shill, Smull's partner, wrote to her in behalf of Smull, begging her to pardon his unpardonable offenses, to be merciful to a man whose flagrant conduct had been due to love alone—to a mighty and overwhelming passion. Sometimes, from her window, she saw Smull's limousine pass and repress her door, and the man's red face at the window.

One evening in early August, Albert Smull, standing beside his car on Greenwich Avenue and waiting for Eris to leave her house, noticed a shabby individual apparently watching him from the opposite corner. A vague idea came into Smull's brain that the shabby man's features were familiar to him. Ordinary cowardice was not Smull's kind. He walked leisurely across the street.

"Well, what's your graft now, Eddie?" "Yours," replied Carter. Smull, puzzled, awaited further explanation. Carter, twitching all over, stood digging at the bleeding roots of his finger nails.

"Well," inquired Smull with his close-eyed, sanguine smile, "what do you suppose is my graft, Eddie?"

"My wife."

"Hey?"

"My wife, Eris Carter."

Smull's features turned a heavy crimson. After a silence—"So that's the situation."

Carter ceased twitching. He said very distinctly: "When you and Shill sent me up the River, that's what you did to me, too. On the day I was married to her, that's what you did to me. You made a crook out of me because you didn't pay me living wages when I worked for you. Then you made a jail-bird out of me. Now, you've made me a bum."

Smull laughed. "Beat it," he said.

And, as Carter did not stir: "Get a move on, you dirty bum. Come on! Or shall I have to hunt up a cop?"

Carter's visage turned ghastly. "All right; I'll go. But you'll go farther yet if you don't let my wife alone."

He took one step toward Smull, hesitated, then, twitching all over, he turned and shuffled away.

[Continued in the August McCall's]

The Use for a Man

[Continued from page 67]

were the men of 'Sir Davis' and his friend Mr. Sheik. They told me so. Well, this Compassionate Lady gave me a case-opener!" He laughed. "That traitor—! Giving me up may stop them but—"

"Oh!" cried the Resident's sister. "Don't give him up, Henry. Let us fight and die together! You and I and he! I don't want even to die near him! Go! . . . Go!" She shrank back from Davis.

"Ssh!" said her brother. "We haven't long. Better go away from her, Davis, and—from me!" He pointed to a doorway. Davis went slowly out. "To think that any man—any Englishman—"

There was a sudden uproar. They ran to the window and saw Davis running down the path and through the gates. The mob outside closed round him.

"God forgive him," the Resident said hoarsely. "He has died for us, like a man. It shows how great errors can be repaired, while life is left. Perhaps you . . ."

"Please God," Frankland said. "I—I'll try to be—some use in the world." He concluded that his first good deed should be to place the wide seas between the Consul's sister and himself; but she would not have it so; came and stood beside him on the deck of the steamer that night—for they left Hajaba, as the riots seemed likely to break out again—and spoke to him frankly.

"You say you are going away?"

"And you know why," he replied.

"But suppose," she whispered, "that I have—use for you?"

"Dear lady," he said, "very dear lady! You see, I must go . . . somewhere abroad, under another name . . . a broken man, trying to put the pieces together. I'll try. But it must be far away from—all the things in life that you hold dear, and—and—from you!" He bowed his head.

"But suppose," she whispered. "Suppose I wanted to come too? Suppose that I could not find happiness any other way? Suppose that I, too, want to be of some use in the world . . . use to you?"

"My God!" he cried. "If I can make you happy . . . Live for you . . .!"

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The Story of Auntie Flo

[Continued from page 45]

"Father! Auntie Flo's door's locked, she doesn't answer!"

George Wheeler dropped the stock exchange news and went up the stairs two at a time. His face was gray as he tried the resisting handle.

"Florence! . . . Florence!"

Then he put his shoulder to the door and forced it open. His children were all behind him, on the landing of the stairs, white-faced and clinging together. The blind was up, and the early morning sunshine fell across her where she lay on the bed. Her gray hair was scattered over the pillow, and above the old-fashioned, frilled nightdress which fastened high up to her throat, her face looked like a sweet, fading flower that has braved the sunshine and heat of day too long. One hand, a thin, frail hand lay outside the quilt; the other was curled up against her heart, the fingers jealously guarding something—something which George Wheeler afterward found to be a faded pink program in the fashion of more than forty years ago, on which his own name was scribbled twice.

Auntie Flo was dead.

George's children gathered together downstairs, crying and clinging to each other.

"She never failed any of us," Margery sobbed. "Oh, what shall we do without her?"

The house settled down at last, exhausted by its heavy weight of grief.

Downstairs, in the study, George Wheeler waited—waited till everyone had settled down for the night and forgotten him. There was not a sound anywhere—not a sound except the soft wind in the trees outside—when he took off his shoes and crept up the stairs like a guilty school-boy and stopped outside Auntie Flo's door. His heart thumped with dull misery. He had not dared to go in there all day, but now at last he could be alone with her a little while. He turned the handle noiselessly and opened the door, closing it softly behind him.

There was a dim light in the room, and Margery had put flowers in Auntie Flo's pale hands. He stood silently looking down at her and, for a moment, time and years were forgotten and they were boy and girl again, and it was her eighteenth birthday and she wore rosebuds in her hair.

Oh, for a chance now to tell her how he loved her—to thank her for those years of patient service! He fell on his knees beside her, hiding his face against the soft winery of her old-fashioned nightdress.

"O my love! My love!" And outside, the night wind sighed in the trees.

The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 20]

Delilah believed him. During the night, when Samson slept, she allowed her Philistine neighbors to come into the house, and they bound her husband with seven fresh twigs, and they expected to have him at their mercy. The noise they made woke up Samson. He looked around, saw his enemies, shook off the green twigs and went back to bed, while the Philistines fled. Day after day this game was repeated. Samson seemed to find enormous amusement in the fact that the Philistines could never capture him. In the reckless mood of a young bridegroom, he told Delilah all sorts of absurdities about the source of his strength. It would have been better for him had he left this woman who cared more for her own people than for her husband. But he was too much in love to do anything of the sort. He stayed, and of course, in the end, Delilah wore out his patience, and finally Samson told her the truth and how he would become weak and defenseless if his hair were shaven. Delilah called the Philistines. Quietly they entered the house, and while Samson was lying asleep, Delilah cut his hair.

When Samson awoke, his strength was gone. He was captured and bound. The Philistines took him and put out his eyes and threw him into the mill of Gaza to grind corn for the people who had so often trembled at the mere mention of his name. There, in eternal darkness, Samson had time to repent of his reckless bravery and to make his peace with Jehovah.

But while he was in prison, his hair was beginning to grow long again, and the Philistines were too much excited by their victory to think of such an unimportant detail.

Now it happened one fine day that they were celebrating a great feast in honor of Dagon, their god. From far and near, the country people had come to town to be present. Suddenly someone remembered the Jewish prisoner in the mill. Samson was brought to the temple that all the Philistines might see the harmless old man who had once done them so much damage and revile him to their hearts' content.

[Continued in the August McCALL'S]



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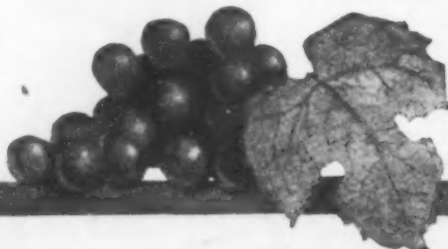
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What Can I Do For My Country?

[Continued from page 28]

Every human being is doing something for his country when he makes of himself the finest physical specimen possible; when he eats moderately, exercises and lives temperately in order that sickness and disease may be eradicated, that we may have air to breathe which is not alive with the germs of cold and tuberculosis, and the water we drink is not swarming with malaria and typhoid. Squarely on this point is based a moral question. Every one of us can do something for our government by being men and women of sound morals, which precludes bodily disease and the transmission of bad blood for generations. If anybody wants any information on this point, let them examine the statistics concerning the young men who offered their bodies for service during the late war. Before our country could avail itself of the services of many men who volunteered, it was necessary to spend money upon them and to send them for months of rigorous treatment until they were physically fit to be sent among their fellow men to do the work imperatively demanded for the preservation of our government. One very great thing any man or woman can do for his country is to be a moral man or woman. I think that we do not realize the depth of the influence nor the extent to which we influence our fellow men. It is difficult to find any man or woman so low in the scale of humanity that there is not some one looking up to them, some one believing in them, some one modeling his course upon the course of another. Even in the lowest depths of the underworld there are men and women who are used as examples, to whom the others are looking for guidance in matters of conduct.

So it appeals to me that the biggest thing that any man or woman can do for their country lies in a sum total, a grand aggregation, that begins with belief in God and ends with love for your fellow man. Between these two extremes lies the self-denial and hard work required to have a healthful body, a cultured mind, and a clean soul.

Nameless River

[Continued from page 43]

"Won't Brand be coming soon?" the child wanted to know.

"Soon, very soon, honey," said Nance smilingly. "I heard Dirk bark in the buck-brush yonder a little while ago." In the room beyond, Mrs. Allison rocked contentedly.

"Nance," she said, "you know this here carpet always makes me think of the floor of the woods, somehow, with its brown an' white. It's so fresh an' fair an' soft."

"That's why I got that warp," said Nance happily. And then, "Run, Sonny—yonder's Brand and Bud!" Brand and Bud came riding up from Nameless in the evening haze. Nance rose and waited for the lean, dark man who swung down and came to her with Sonny on his shoulder. As he stooped to lay his lips to hers he looked long and tenderly into her blue eyes.

"Heart of my heart!" he whispered.

"How's all, Brand?" called the mother as she spread a cloth on the scoured table.

"Fine, Mammy," he called back, "everything at Sky Line's doing well. Rod and Minnie make things move, and I can trust them. The only thing that jars is old Josefa who never fails to tell me that all half-breeds are fools, and that white men can't be trusted. And then she bakes an extra pie for Rod and smiles at Minnie proudly. Yes, all's well. All's well on Nameless, eh, old-timer?" And swinging the boy once more to his shoulder he followed young Bud in across the sill.

[THE END]

Tetherstones

[Continued from page 22]

been much too kind to me already, and I couldn't—I really couldn't."

"Wait!" he said. "I haven't suggested your doing that. I know you wouldn't. What I do suggest is that you should stay here to convalesce while you are looking about for another post."

There was little logic in the argument and more than a little dogmatism; but for some reason Frances found herself unable to combat the point further. He was evidently determined that she should stay, and she was too tired for further resistance.

"We will talk of this again," she said gently. "Meanwhile, I am very, very grateful to you, and—I should like to help with the farm accounts while I am here."

He got to his feet as she spoke. She thought he was going to take her hand, then suddenly she saw him stiffen, and realized that they were no longer alone. The bent figure of an old man was coming toward them over the grass.

[Continued in the August McCall's]

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. D. Hartman who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Asst. Treasurer of The McCall Company, publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 445, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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King Tut-Ankh-Amen's Time

[Continued from page 9]

more into the mountain—space was none too plentiful. It was practicable to store such small objects as jewels, garments and vessels, but there was not room enough for a Pharaoh's equipment of chariots, boats, kitchens and other bulky things. Consequently, the great provided themselves with small models of their heavier impedimenta.

The Egyptian tomb was not the desolate place of mourning that other peoples have made of their sepulchres. On the contrary, it was a cheerful apartment. It was regarded as the eternal house of the dead man. Its walls and ceilings glowed with paintings in the strong shades which the Egyptians knew so well how to blend. The ceiling was usually painted to represent the azure canopy of the night sky studded with stars, or it might be a purple vineyard raised on a trellis, while on the walls the scenes were partly religious and partly domestic, the latter to perpetuate for the dead man the life he knew on earth.

From the tombs—their wall pictures and the objects found in them—we derive a wonderfully complete story of the common life in that halcyon period when Tut-Ankh-Amen lived and flourished.

We know what sort of clothes the Egyptians of the period wore and how the styles changed from time to time. We know what songs they sang, what graceful postures their dancers took and what the lover sighed into his lady's ear. We see them fishing and swimming and hunting. We know what were their favorite foods and how they brewed the universally drunk beer. We have pictures of their pets—cats, greyhounds and baboons, and of the menageries in which the wealthy kept wild animals. We watch their champion bulls fighting matches against each other; we are spectators at the Nile tilting tournaments in which the gladiators rode in frail rush boats, and we patronize prize-fighters, wrestlers, gymnasts and jugglers—for all these are vividly portrayed in the tomb paintings. We observe the affection with families; we peek into the harem and see the mother carrying her infant astride her shoulder exactly as Egyptian women do today; even the pet names of the ancient Theban nurseries have come down to us, and we have found whole in these tombs the jointed dolls and even the mechanical toys of those children of long ago.

The art of the tomb painter was light and joyous, because the Egyptians were a cheerful, pleasure-loving people. In one of the tombs at Thebes the master, a noble named Nakht, is represented at dinner with his family, while under his chair his pet cat slyly devours a small fish it has filched. In the tomb of Menne, another noble of Tut-Ankh-Amen's approximate time, there is a farming scene full of human touches. A small boy left alone is crying; two girl slaves are pulling each other's hair after a dispute; another girl extracts a thorn from a laborer's foot.

And a picture of the marriage procession of the bride of King Tut-Ankh-Amen gives us an intimate glimpse of household customs and family life. The bride accompanied by her mother and sisters sat on a platform on the back of a camel, covered with a tent of gold-braided red linen. The women relatives and friends followed on camel or donkey back. All the furniture of the house carried on donkeys or on the heads of men formed the rest of the procession. Here were chairs and folding stools, and couches, ostrich feather fans which the slaves would use to cool the air during the hot hours of the day, chests full of rich robes of the finest linen, finely carved bottles and vases full of perfumed oils, cosmetics, myrrh, and the brilliantly polished brass mirrors with ivory handles.

Then came the brass kitchen utensils, the pots and pans, the large kettles and caldrons, the tubs where the dough would be kneaded, the presses to crush the grapes and prepare wine.

The procession passed all through the town along the narrow winding streets, displaying the belongings of the bride, to show that her future husband was wealthy and generous and had lavishly furnished his home with all the luxury befitting so honorable a bride.

Hundreds and thousands of tombs have been opened and thousands of such paintings have been disclosed, each one adding its bit to the store of knowledge about old Egypt.

If the youthful Pharaoh's masters taught him history, they could have taken him back over three thousand years of unbroken existence for his country. The earliest Egyptian date we have is the year 4241 B. C., a calendar for that year having been discovered. A calendar presupposes a knowledge of astronomy which no people in a low state of culture would possess, and therefore we can assume that there must have been a progressing civilization in the Nile Valley for many centuries before 4241 B. C. Tut-Ankh-Amen came almost midway between that date and the present. Caesar is closer to our day than the first Pharaoh of Egypt was to Tut-Ankh-Amen.

The dynastic government of Egypt began about the year 3400 B. C., when Menes, the first Pharaoh, united under one rule the Nile delta country and the narrow river valley above.

The rulers of these dynasties, besides developing industry and the arts to a point never afterward surpassed, opened up mines in Sinai, across the Red Sea, whence they obtained copper, green

and blue malachite, lapis lazuli, and turquoise. They established a loose sovereignty over Nubia, the source of ivory and gold. From Asia Minor they bought silver, then the most precious of metals. They exploited the quarries at the Nile cataracts for black and rose-colored granite and quarried the eastern desert hills for diorite, alabaster and porphyry; while their fleets of Lebanon cedar boats sailed down the Red Sea to the African coast of Punt (modern Somaliland) for perfumes and ointments, for ebony, and for gold. These monarchs built the pyramids, their chief monuments.

Two thousand years later there came to the throne the most individual and appealing of the Pharaohs, Akhnaton. A dreamer, a philosopher, a poet, and a pacifist, Akhnaton kept the army at home and remained lost in his contemplation of nature and God, while Egypt's Asiatic dominions melted away.

Akhnaton set the stage for Tut-Ankh-Amen, who married one of his daughters, and whose portrait statues in the Cairo museum show him to have been a victim of tuberculosis. With such a weakling on the throne, the priesthood at Thebes had no difficulty in restoring the old idolatry which Akhnaton had put aside. Tut-Ankh-Amen and a shadowy Pharaoh named Ey brought the Eighteenth Dynasty to a close, in 1350 B. C.

THE wonder of Lord Carnavon's find is its great size—the bewildering quantity of things found—the complete equipment for an emperor in Paradise, and all of it of the superb workmanship which only an emperor could command.

A discovery of so many articles originating in the period when the Egyptian artists and artisans were at their best is almost certain to throw new light upon the life in the great age. One of the most important groups in the treasure are the boxes of garments. Little enough is known about Egyptian dress, because the sculptors and painters were often careless in representing it, indicating clothing often only in outline.

The beauty of the Egyptian white costume resided in its spotless purity and in the fineness of material, which was often elaborately goffered or pleated. The desire for color was gratified by showy girdles, broad beaded necklets, bracelets, and other jewelry, as well as in the wisps of gay ribbons sometimes carried in one hand. The fashion for white lasted practically throughout the thirty centuries of national Egyptian existence. The fashion was probably due to the Egyptian passion for cleanliness, a passion which made both men and women shave their heads and wear wigs. As for a beard, it was regarded as loathsome, only shepherds and the lowest serfs wearing them. Two of the higher court officials were the "royal chief washer" and the "royal chief bleacher," and the tombs show pictures of the washing of clothes.

In Tut-Ankh-Amen's time the modish dress for men consisted of the upper shirt, an undershirt of thick material reaching below the calves, a short outer skirt deeply pleated in front, and a girdle with long ends hanging below the edge of the outer skirt. The upper garment was tucked under the girdle. This costume was sometimes augmented by a short shawl or mantle wrapped tightly around the shoulders and pinned together in front with a jeweled buckle.

In that time women's dress resembled men's in numerous respects, and the changing fashions for both kept up the resemblance. But during the centuries preceding the Eighteenth Dynasty women's dress was even simpler than men's, for it consisted of a single narrow tunic or slip, reaching from the breast to the ankles and fitting so tightly as to reveal every line of the figure. Not even the American hobble skirt of hated memory bound the wearer's legs so tightly as did this archaic Egyptian garment. When the style drifted down to the working classes from the nobility, as it eventually did, women in the fields customarily threw off their tunics when at work. The garment was actually tight enough to stay up without fastening, and it was sometimes worn that way; but more commonly it was held up by two braces of the same material, fastened to the hem of the tunic in the middle of front and back and passing up over the shoulders. During the early dynasties this garment was often colored, either in plain shades of red, yellow, or green, or in all-over patterns woven, printed, or embroidered in colored beads.

THE world which Tut-Ankh-Amen quit so young was itself a young world, gay and brilliant, fresh in its love for bright adornment. He took with him into the tomb chattels which would, in his belief, perpetuate that life for him in paradise.

The most callous visitor at Luxor cannot prevent the feeling that the savage Pharaohs who succeeded Tut-Ankh-Amen and to whom his memory gave no pleasure, nevertheless treated him less shabbily than modern science is now doing. One by one his spiritual possessions in the land of Osiris are leaving him, as science removes their physical doubles from his mummy's last resting place and prepares them for inspection by modern sight-seer and Twentieth Century scholar. At length, stripped even of identity itself, his pauperized Ka, as he called his spirit, must perish among the dreadful demons that people the dark outskirts of YARU.



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The Missing Wife

[Continued from page 66]

whirled and came back, his eyes hard and accusing upon his father. "There's something phony about this layout here, dad. You and your detective, Mr. Bradley, almost tricked me—almost made me lose Marjorie. Now you come clean with me, dad, or I'm through with you forever."

The domineering autocrat of a father hesitated. Then "I'll come clean, Dick. I've honestly believed from the start that Marjorie was not the wife for you—was everything I've said to you. I've been willing to pay half my fortune to make you see the truth. I engaged Mr. Bradley to help me prove it; he was to place temptation in Marjorie's way—she was to yield to that temptation because of her natural weaknesses—and you were to be confronted with the evidence. But that was the limit of my plotting. Until this moment I was as much deceived as you were."

He turned his blazing eyes upon Bradley. "Bradley, what you've done smells rotten," he snapped. "Anything you've got to say for yourself?"

"Mr. Hendron, you're being—" Bradley began, but was again checked by a swift look from Mary. "I guess it was all a mistake," he growled.

The grim old figure turned his back on Bradley and again faced his son. "Dick, I'm the one who has been a fool. If you'll let me, I'd like to go with you now to Marjorie and tell her so."

"Father!" cried the young man as the long-estranged hands gripped. "Father!"

As the car containing the reunited father and son roared away from the house, Mary was no longer the bewildered bride, interrupted in a heavy sleep. She was pale, dominant in her composure. Clifford regarded her with wonderment: wonderment over what had just happened, and over what was still to happen. Bradley had been glowering at her. His black fury now burst forth. "What's the idea—double-crossing me? I tell you, you've beaten me out of perhaps a hundred thousand! And that Mrs. Hendron has been here all along!"

"I'm not breaking with you, Mr. Bradley," she returned in her cold voice, dark eyes hard upon him. "But understand this—I am not in with you in any game to make money by dragging an innocent woman down into the mire."

She turned to Clifford and spoke in the same cold voice. "Believe it or not, as you choose; but I did not know the nature of this plot until you called yesterday, outlined it to me, and insulted me by accusing me of being concerned in it."

"How—how did you do it?"

Her reply was directed equally at Clifford and Bradley. Lawson she ignored. "I learned of the whereabouts of Mrs. Hendron and Mr. Lawson only in time to reach here half an hour ago. Even if I had been able to carry her off, a suspicious situation almost as bad as the original would have remained. To allay suspicion a woman had to be found here by the Hendrons, and a woman Mr. Bradley and Mr. Lawson could not dare repudiate; the situation had to seem real enough of its sort to eliminate Mrs. Hendron. I spoke to the clerk over at the Inn, and got him to phone over here to Mr. Lawson that he was wanted on a private New York wire. That got him out of the cottage long enough for me to get Mrs. Hendron into my car and for me to substitute for Mrs. Hendron."

"But that telephone call from Mrs. Hendron?" inquired Clifford. "She couldn't have been a third of the way to New York when it came."

"You will remember that it was a relayed call. It was a fake. I fixed it up with the clerk; he was to keep watch, and a little after a car drove into the grounds of this cottage he was to relay the message here. That is all there is to my part of it. But as for Mrs. Hendron, there is a doctor in that car working on her; she'll be partly recovered by the time she reaches home. She probably will recall very little of what has happened, and anyhow, you've just heard the older Mr. Hendron say he'd believe anything she told. For her and her husband, and the father, this will be a story with a happy ending."

"But," said Clifford, "to do this you had to put yourself into a compromising situation. And with a man like Lawson."

"I haven't much of a reputation to lose. Besides, I'm inclined to believe that neither Lawson nor any one else will want to talk much about this affair. And now, good night to you all."

With that she turned her back upon all three men and walked out of the cottage.

Clifford strode out to his car and started for the city, thinking not of this one more instance where he and Bradley had fought to a draw, but thinking of Mary Regan. Mystery was his trade, his profession; but, well—he simply could not solve Mary Regan, and he wondered if the day would come when he would.

(Another one of Mr. Scott's stories revolving about the fascinating character of Mary Regan will appear in an early number of McCall's.)



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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

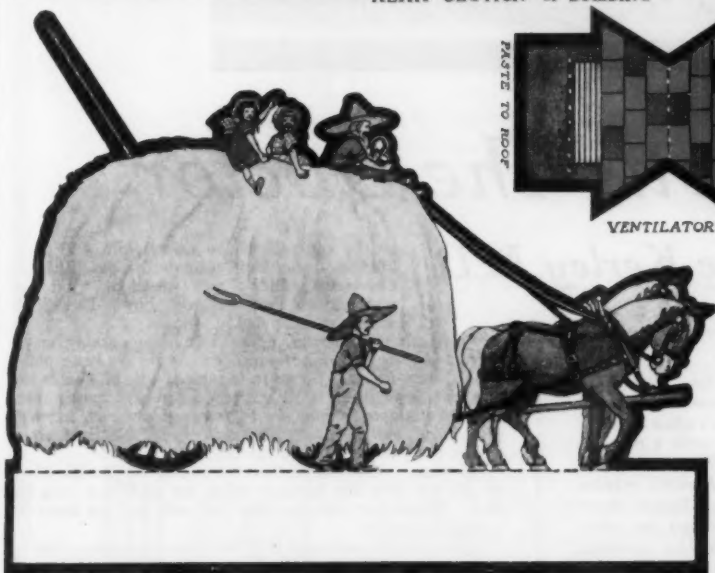
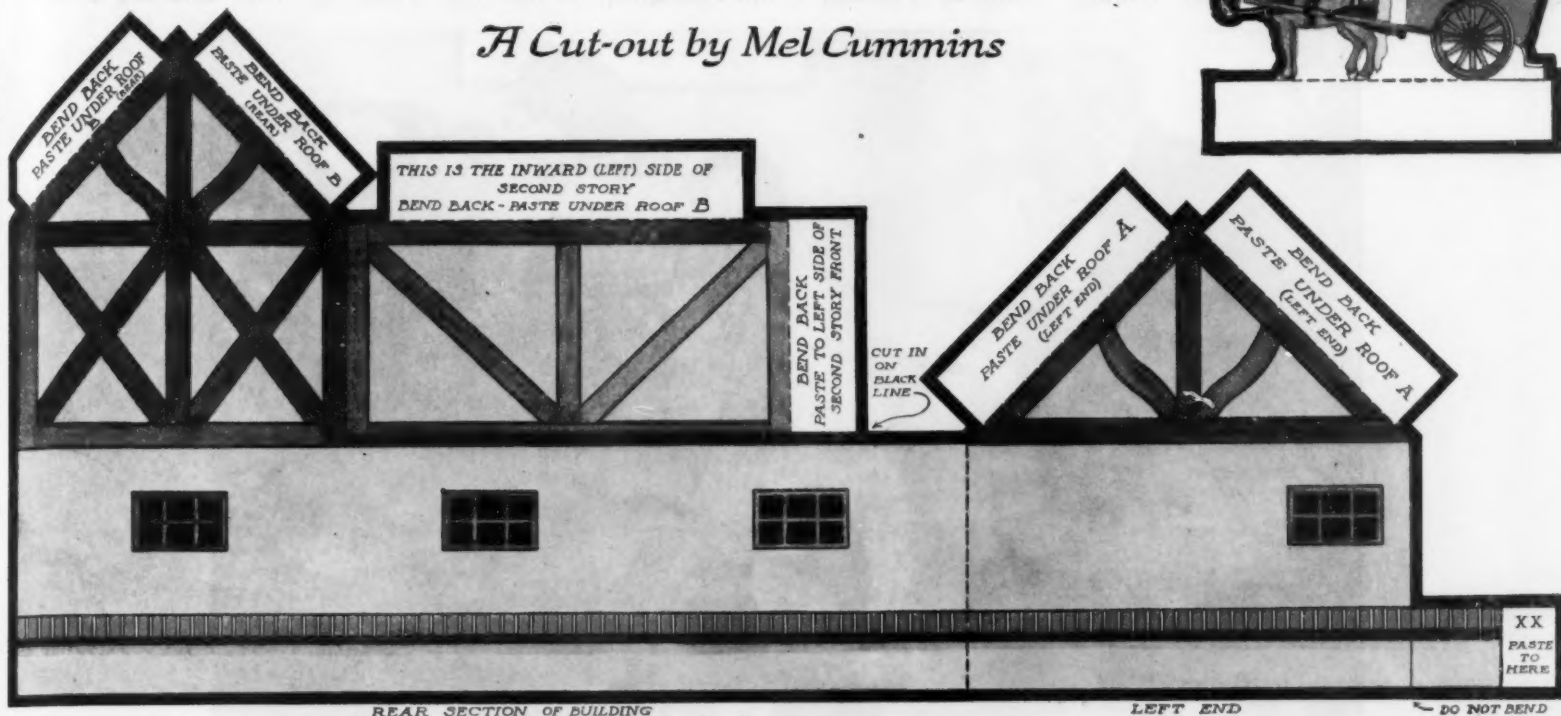
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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"Some Children are Born Nervous, Others Acquire It, and Others Have Nervousness Thrust upon Them; the Majority by Far Belong to the Latter Group," Says a Famous Child-Specialist, When He Tells, in This Drama, How—



Nervous Johnnie Visits The Doctor

TIME: The present. SCENE: Doctor's office.

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

CHARACTERS:

DR. HORATIO BIXBY.....Child Specialist
NERVOUS JOHNNIE (Age 5 years) John Randolph Prime
MOTHER.....Mrs. Prime
OFFICE NURSE.....Miss Kelly

(Enter MRS. PRIME and JOHNNIE.)

DOCTOR: Good morning, Mrs. Prime.

MOTHER: Good morning, Doctor. I brought my boy Johnnie to see you. Johnnie is very nervous and I hope you can do something for him. He jumps and runs and fidgets. He is constantly in motion when awake—he cannot sit still long enough to eat his meals. Johnnie, come here and sit down and show the doctor that you can be a nice little gentleman. I want to tell the doctor about you. Now be good!—He is pale and thin and does not grow like other children. His teacher sent for me and said he could not come back to school because he upset the entire class and that if I did not see a doctor about him he would get Saint Vitus dance.

(While the mother is making her statement of JOHNNIE's case, JOHNNIE tries every chair in the room to see how it fits him. He ruins three pens and several pencils on the doctor's desk. He tries hard to open a peculiar-looking cabinet in the corner and nearly wrenches off the door in the attempt. He makes innumerable faces at himself in a large, convenient mirror. While attempting to take a belly whopper over the end of the sofa he loses his balance and sustains a severe bump on the forehead.)

DOCTOR: Johnnie does not sleep well, you just remarked.

MOTHER: He is restless all night and jumps and talks in his sleep.

DOCTOR: What time does he go to bed? Johnnie is five years old and should be in bed and asleep at 6:30 P. M.

MOTHER: We can never get him into bed until eight and often it is nine o'clock. That's his father's fault—he insists on seeing Johnnie when he comes home from business. He commutes, you know, and sometimes the train is late. Johnnie and his father are great pals and they have rough house, pillow fights and such things. Johnnie loves stories about pirates and Indians.

DOCTOR: Father knows a lot of Indian and pirate stories, I suppose.

MOTHER: Yes, lots of them. He makes them up and they act them together. Johnnie is crazy about his father.

DOCTOR: Johnnie gets excited, I suppose.

MOTHER: Yes, he is so nervous—he talks in his sleep and awakens crying and frightened—and would you believe it?—he actually sees things, he is so nervous! I do hope you can do something for his nerves, Doctor.

DOCTOR: At what hour does he awaken in the morning?

MOTHER: Oh, he is a lively one, Johnnie is! He awakens bright and early, and never sleeps a wink after six o'clock. He has a small room next to mine and he comes in to me bright and early.

DOCTOR: How does that appeal to father?

MOTHER: Oh, I never let him disturb his father in the morning! He sleeps in the front room and locks the door at night to keep Johnnie out. He has to work hard all day and can't be disturbed so early, but he insists on Johnnie having breakfast at 7:30. He has to catch the 8:15 train.

DOCTOR: Johnnie is the first and only child, is he not?

MOTHER: Yes, the house wouldn't hold any more like Johnnie—he is so nervous! I hope you can give him some medicine to quiet him.

DOCTOR: How does Johnnie spend the morning?

MOTHER: He goes to kindergarten at nine o'clock. I take him and the maid brings him home at twelve, and the kindergarten teacher, Miss Price, sent me to you. She said a child's doctor should see Johnnie for his nerves. Has he Saint Vitus dance, doctor?

PARENTS agonize over nervous Johnnies; friends endure them. A dramatic dialogue taking place in a child-specialist's office between a fond mother and the doctor, with a running byplay of nervous Johnnie's antics, on the side, is the form, this month, of Dr. Kerley's regular message to the mothers of McCall Street. Many a mother will recognize herself and her child in the sharply cut satire Dr. Kerley presents. If she does, and if she follows, then, the regime of life laid down by Dr. Kerley for all nervous Johnnies, she may find her Johnnie completely made over, within a few weeks, as was the Johnnie of this little drama—and without the use of "medicine for his nerves."

DOCTOR: Does he have a good appetite?

MOTHER: No, I want to speak to you about that. I have to coax and force every mouthful into him. I tell him stories, to persuade him to eat. When his grandmother, my husband's mother was visiting us she gave him pennies when he ate his dinner and now he demands five cents from me.

DOCTOR: He has to be paid and entertained to eat?

MOTHER: Yes, he is so nervous, he can't keep his mind on his food. And he twitches his face dreadfully sometimes.

DOCTOR: Does Johnnie lie down and take a rest after dinner?

MOTHER: Just imagine Johnnie sleeping in the middle of the day! You don't know Johnnie! No indeed, he is too lively for that—he goes every minute; besides, that is the best part of the day to be out. You wouldn't keep him in then, would you?

DOCTOR: Johnnie has a very active day, hasn't he?

MOTHER: Yes, he is going every minute. My friends say they never saw such an active boy or one so smart as Johnnie. He can't be quiet, he is so nervous.

DOCTOR: He gets about nine hours sleep in twenty-four—is that it?

MOTHER (thinking hard): Y-e-s—just—about.

DOCTOR: How long has he been twitching his face and working his right shoulder up and down?

MOTHER: Oh, not long! Two months, maybe. That is really what brought me here. Miss Price, his teacher, gave me an awful fright when she said I would have to keep him away from school and should take him to see you.

DOCTOR: How long is it since Johnnie had an after-dinner midday nap?

MOTHER: Not since he was three years old. He is too lively for that. We could not keep him in his crib. He would just crawl out and laugh at us.

DOCTOR: How many grandparents and uncles and aunts has Johnnie?

MOTHER: Two full sets of grandparents and lots of relatives—and they are crazy about him.

DOCTOR: He entertains them when they drop in on the family?

MOTHER: Oh, yes! He can recite wonderfully—ever so many pieces, and he can make the cutest bow! Bow for the doctor, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE: I won't. He's a fresh old guy.

MOTHER: Johnnie, I am ashamed of you! He learned that from the boys next door. Yesterday he actually swore

at the cook when she chased him out of the kitchen. (Looking beamingly in Johnnie's direction.) Didn't you swear at good Jane yesterday? You naughty boy!—I wish he wasn't so nervous.

(JOHNNIE, unobserved, opens a window opening on the street and rests with his stomach on the sill ready to plunge to the street below. JOHNNIE is rescued by the doctor who turns him over to Miss Kelly for safekeeping during which time he attempts to ruin the typewriting machine, turns the gas logs off, and burns his fingers in trying to relight them.)

DOCTOR: Does Johnnie eat between meals?

MOTHER: Oh yes, he eats so poorly at mealtime! If we did not feed him between meals we could not keep him alive. When you examine him you will find he looks like a picked chicken.

(JOHNNIE is undressed and the doctor examines him.)

DOCTOR: You are quite right, Mrs. Prime. Johnnie is exceedingly thin, his muscles are soft and flabby, he is six pounds underweight, his blood is below the normal, he has a well-marked anemia and he is in the early stages of Chorea (Saint Vitus dance).

(JOHNNIE, with much difficulty, is dressed by his mother, during which time the doctor dictates a plan of management.)

DOCTOR: Mrs. Prime, I have prepared for you a type-written plan for Johnnie's entire day. Here it is—I will read it for you.

Breakfast at 8 A. M. in bed where he is to remain until 9:30 A. M., then he may get up and go about and out-of-doors until 1 P. M. when he has his midday meal.

Immediately after the dinner you will notice that he is to lie down for 1½ hours. He may then get up, play about the house or out-of-doors. At 5:30 he is to be given a tub-bath. At 6 the supper, and he is to be in bed with lights out at 6:30. No food is to be given between meals. The menu as you will observe contains everything that a six-year-old boy may have. After he eats well you may give him some raw fruit in the mid-afternoon.

MOTHER (reading the schedule): But doctor, Johnnie will not eat cereals and he detests green vegetables! And you say only one pint of milk a day. Why, he takes nearly two quarts!

DOCTOR: He looks the part.

MOTHER: He will starve.

DOCTOR: Let him starve for a day or two and if you do not fill him with milk and cookies between meals, he will have an appetite for his meals when the mealtime arrives. Johnnie, starve if you want to—mother will not pay you one cent or coax you to eat. And mother, remember the meals are to be on time, and absolutely nothing between meals but a drink of water.

MOTHER: Aren't you going to give him some medicine for his nerves?

DOCTOR: Johnnie does not need medicine. Both he and his family, particularly the family, need discipline. Follow this schedule absolutely and bring him to see me again in four weeks.

MOTHER: Good-by doctor—Johnnie say good-by to the doctor!

JOHNNIE: I won't.

(Four weeks elapse.)

(Enter MOTHER): Just look at Johnnie, doctor! You would not know him. Miss Kelly just weighed him and he has gained five pounds in the month and he has lost his nervousness—and without medicine! His appetite is fierce. He just can't wait for his meals. He is so composed. People can't believe he is the same boy.

DOCTOR: You followed the directions?

MOTHER: Yes, indeed, I did! I made everybody stand around. I told them about the Saint Vitus dance and gave his father and all the relatives a good scare, and they just left Johnnie to me. You are a most wonderful man, Doctor Bixby! How in the world did you ever do it and without any nerve medicine? Have you ever seen a case like Johnnie's before, doctor?

DOCTOR: A few thousand.

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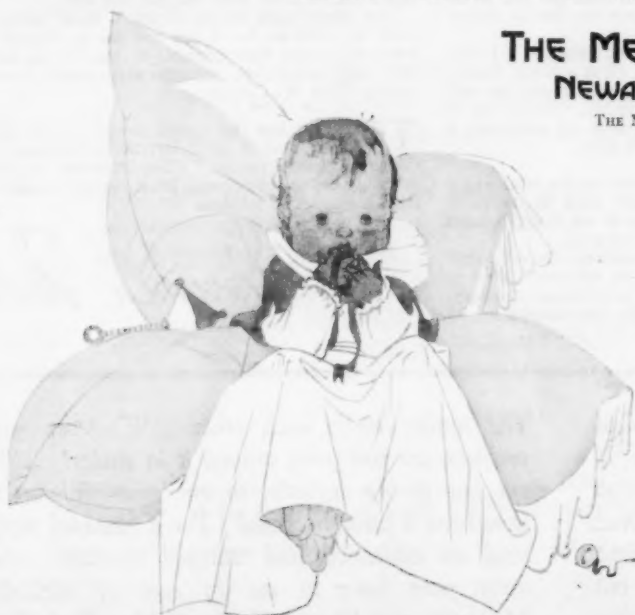
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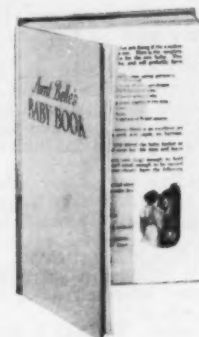
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Mrs. Wilcox's Page



A Monthly Discussion of the Heart Problems of Women

FOR warm weather divertissement I offer, this month, a succession of short confessions detailed by young girls. Not all these confessions are gay. Tragedy and commonplaceness are here, human drama in little, cross sections of youth's experience, instructive because autobiographical.

Frankness leads to sophistication. Youth today is frank, honest with itself, therefore happy. That is the pleasant theory. Does it work?

Girls today know far more about life and love than their mothers and grandmothers knew. They pursue love as the end of life more obviously, more excitedly, more noisily. But it is not plain to those who survey a large horizon that the modern girl has been made happier than her forbears by her vast sophistication.

Here's a letter which illumines this much discussed subject:

Youth Today Is Frank

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am only "a kid," nineteen and a junior in college, and engaged to a man of twenty-four. He has told me that I am the only girl he ever has loved but there have been other girls in his life. Bad girls. He says I ought to

know the truth about his past.

Well, I was a poor sport. I reproached him continually, and at last broke our engagement. But I hated all other men, so we are reengaged.

But I have lost faith in him. I have no illusions about him. I had trusted him completely, adored him. His story has almost killed me. I know I am foolish but I can't help it.

I do not want to give him up. I have had other love affairs, and I care more for this man than any one I ever have met.

When I told him my trust was destroyed, he said he felt like a murderer because he had ruined my ideals. I blame him as much as the girls he has told me about. I don't care if he is hurt. I want to hurt him. I would like to hurt him as badly as he has hurt me. But that cannot be done.

I have agreed to say no more about the subject. We have promised to let it rest in its grave. But it is very much alive in my mind. He swears he has forgotten those girls.

Well, I wish I could forget them.

Of course I'd tell another girl in my position to forget it—it all happened before marriage; but when it's oneself, it's so different.—E. S.

P. S. Yea, more. The man is fine although poor. He has more virtues than any person I ever knew. This is not love-gush. It is sense. He told me the truth voluntarily. We were to be honest with each other. The theory is all right. But now the fact is that I wish I could die.

YOUTH now runs the gamut of emotions which once were peculiar to the existence of the mature. Today it is possible for many a girl to suffer atrociously under conditions which did not exist two or three decades ago. For example:

On the Road to Nowhere

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

In the desperate hope that you can help, I write.

For a year after I went into the business world, I was not

deliriously happy, but content with my lot. Then my employer asked me to take dinner with him. I was shocked, embarrassed. He was a married man, he had two children.

He said he had always been attracted by my modesty, gentility, efficiency. All of which increased my discomfiture. I refused his invitation.

Next morning he brought up the subject again. I refused to listen. He persisted for days, finally I decided there could be no harm in going once—and that would end it. He would cease to annoy me.

But that was the beginning. I enjoyed myself and eventually I went with him twice a week, to a play or a movie after the dinner. Then I gave up my position and looked forward eagerly to our evenings. I had learned to love him. There is no happiness for me without him. I am wretched. I speak the truth when I say I would welcome death.

For his family's sake, for my family's sake, I ought to give him up but when I think of the long empty years, I cannot do it.

At first the wife caused me no concern at all but now it hurts me to think he is going home to her.

I go nowhere, am happy only with him. Indeed, I am rarely happy because I spend so little time in his company. I have threatened to leave him, he implores me not to do so. He says he hopes to marry me some day but he cannot honorably do anything at present.

My predicament alarms me. I cannot believe it is I who have grown blind to all my old ideals. You will not believe after reading this letter than I loathe anything irregular and unconventional. I cannot see my way, Mrs. Wilcox, but if you say that I will be able to smile at it all, sometime, I will give him up.—M. L. E., New York City.

WHY continue in that sad procession on the road which leads nowhere? Why not desert from the ranks of indiscriminating women who are not at all fussy because the men who make love to them are married?

Just a little straight thinking is required. Only through mental control can emotional control be achieved. Here is a method by which to lay the ghost of sentimental misery.

If you wish to develop a fine arm, you exercise it. If you wish to acquire piano technique, you practice. In the

same way, by exercise and by practice, control of the mind may be perfected. Instead of thinking of love from morning to night, concentrate upon other interests. Those who prefer to indulge their illusions and to humor their griefs say this control is impossible. Very well. For them is a paragraph written by one whom psychologists call "the master," William James:

"The solving word, for the learned and the unlearned man alike, lies in the last resort in the dumb willingness and unwillingness of their interior characters, and nowhere else. It is not in heaven, neither is it beyond the sea; but the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart that thou mayest do it."

WHEN conscience wars with happiness, it divides happiness. Stolen sweets are bitter. Youth today pretends this is false doctrine, an outgrown creed. Those who know it for the truth will appreciate the inner meaning of the following tragic tale:

Poison in Stolen Sweets

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

At sixteen, motherless for ten years, I went to work in a munitions factory. I met the man, a sergeant in the army and I loved

him. I can say that truthfully even now. I loved too well, he loved not enough. What an old and hateful confession!

There was no scandal when he left me but a heartache almost unendurable.

Now I am in the business world, straight as a string and successful. I meet fine men. Some have fallen in love with me and have proposed.

But I do not feel free to accept the happiness I crave.

Oh, I know the creed of young people today—"anything is all right if you can get away with it!" The world is not very hard on those who can put one over.

But down deep in my heart, I know better. I have made my mistake but I am too fine to impose upon the honor of a man who proposes to me. I am not twenty-three and this terrible struggle with myself is ruining my nerves.—Alice R., Chicago.

THE writer has the correct theory. Lack of harmony between instinct and convention produces what psychology terms "a conflict." The bitterness of stolen sweets actually poisons the nerves. Most nervous breakdowns arise from a conflict of interests.

Anona Wilcox



TO CONSIDER love at any cost the ideal solution of life's enigmas is the fashion. If love fails to work the enchantments, is it wise to settle down to enduring a muddled existence? Once that was the only way. Today there are various roads. The affinity triangle may be worked out by sociology, psychology, eugenics and economics.

The results verify each other. Whatever your problem, are you going around it in circles? Why not put it, big or little, to one who will try to show you a straight path? For a personal reply, send an addressed and stamped envelope. Address your letter to me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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